

The Court, Lady's Magazine

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THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE

MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM



A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,

MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Embellished with an Authentic full-length colored Portrait, No. 103, of this series,

OF

KATHERINE OF VALOIS,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF HENRY V., AND MOTHER OF HENRY VI. OF ENGLAND.

Whose Memoir appeared in the last number, viz. for December the 1st, 1841.

PHILIP GRESHAM'S

CONFESSIONAL AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE is its own moralist ; why therefore moralize ? Each man, in his own estimation, at least, is a philosopher ; why then philosophise. The moral lies in the meaning of our life ; the philosophy, in the true comprehension of it. Whether a knowledge of either of these has ever been my lot is a secret, hitherto in my own keeping ; and let it there remain.

I was the only son of a country gentleman of independent fortune. My parents, though in comfortable circumstances, did not, as I remember, agree in many respects, saving only this one, the essential one to me, that of allowing me all that my childish caprice might desire—-and of never, on any occasion, controlling the spirit, whether of ill or of good, that inspired me. This, at a very early age, I had sagacity enough to discover, and to turn it to my own advantage. The lesson of self-will is easily conned, construed and known by heart ; and so, ere I had been taught to obey, I had learnt to govern. Naturally, as one ignorant of the laws of just government, I played the tyrant ; possibly, to cover my ignorance of systematic power, perhaps, be-

A—(COURT MAGAZINE)— JANUARY, 1842.

Philip Gresham's Confessional Auto-biography.

A love of dominion is inherent in us all. I know that to have my way was my chief delight. In fact, though to be, to do, and to suffer, are the passive, the neuter of man's existence; I would have my will out of the present and the future, let what would come. However, the power displayed over others, never exercised upon myself; Philip Gresham was ever of uncontrolled passions, which he neither cared to conceal nor suppress. But let me not altogether wrong myself. As childhood departed, and boyhood came, there were, perhaps, some mightier rays of truth where all might well seem shade unbroken. To avoid home disquiet, it was my custom to roam the country around, till every winding lane and devious trace were known to me; and this gifted me with a species of romance, which, by some, might be mistaken for superior intellect. It seems, that walking in solemn woods, or reclining in sloping meadows, with nature's glories all diffused around, can scarcely have done aught but to humanize a nature, perhaps even more inhuman than circumstance has shewn it; or did it rather, through the imagination, instil false visions of this life, which, because they were false, rendered, afterwards, all else unpleasing or dissatisfactory to me. However, these were my pursuits. A reverie, imitative of poetic dreams, often in such scenes beguiled me; and, at last, led me on to arduous study and the acquirement of knowledge which obtained for me, and at an early age, high academic honors; and this, in itself, offered some apology for the extravagant indulgence of my parents, and evidently rewarded them for all the trouble I must necessarily have caused them. Indeed, at this time, I was also not more free than others from the follies of youth, but had run my passing round of pleasure, spent much more than was either fitting or requisite, and committed other delinquencies which are common to young men with money and without restraint.

It is difficult to hit upon this truth at last. One of my boyish day dreams in the still country silence must now be told; not to explain the dream, but the too strong reality.

The vision often came and filled up all my thoughts. Of women, I knew nothing, or only just enough to betray me into strange delusions respecting them. Still, my mind had formed an image that best pleased itself; of something perhaps not often seen—of intellect, of sweetness—in truth, it was the ideal form of loveliness that visits the brain and heart of boyhood, ere it has ever been in love. Though altogether manly in my notions, so it was, this foolish fantasy, alone, unmanned me.

About this time, a new family settled in our neighbourhood, and one of their daughters attracted some attention, not, perhaps, so much from her beauty as from the reputation of it. She was of equal condition, but not of equal fortune with myself, and eight years older, besides, and certainly in no respect resembling my visionary enchantress. I know not how it was—and why remember? Remember what?—Whether it was arranged by her father or mine, advocated by her mother or mine, or brought about by accident, or by her apparent attachment, or by my flattered vanity. To see, to guess, to imagine, to explain, what was it then, what now? My parents thought by marriage, possibly, to secure me against some of the follies or errors of my age. My high-flown notions of life, indeed, of things in general, perhaps alarmed them. They might suppose that the discreet age of the lady, in comparison of my own, might be a check upon me. This I know not. It was represented as morally impossible that I should be insensible to the preference of one possessed of such popular attractions; nor, indeed, was I so insensible; for ere long I was utterly ensnared, offered her my hand, and was of course accepted.

I have a strong remembrance of what passed in my own mind about this period. Doubt and delay beset me at every turn, yet I only urged onward, to delay and doubt again. Still, my vanity, at least, was satisfied. She was the belle of the place, with the fair and fresh complexion that suits all tastes alike; a flashing eye, a high deportment. The triumph of conquest was in her looks, even where she had never conquered. I have since heard it remarked that this manner among women often secures to them that admiration from men which their real pretensions could never otherwise obtain for them. Nevertheless, she had her winning ways; and, as she now openly displayed her affection for me, my self-love was flattered, and the wedding day was at last fixed.

"I hope we shall be happy—that we shall agree; I hope so!" I remembered morning to have said, when my poor mother was forecasting my future married life. It was a chill wintry day; an ivy overgrew the parlour window, and the icicles were hanging, glittering in the sunshine.

"What should prevent your happiness, what can?" she asked; "she is just woman, Philip, to suit—to manage you."

"To suit—to manage!" I said, "What a way-of-the-world notion!"

"You are entering the world," said my mother.

"The only thing she wants," I answered, "is that sensibility, that refinement, that exalted mind—that something which a man expects to find in his first love."

"She has good common sense," was the reply.

"Elevated sentiments do not necessarily preclude common sense," said I; but I was not willing farther to express my inward apprehension—my secret dissatisfaction.

"She is a handsome woman at all events," said my mother. "I have not common patience. What would you more?" and doubtless anxious to break off the conversation, she quitted me.

I approached the mirror at the farther end of the apartment, and asked myself over again the question she had so emphatically demanded. What would I more?

In the glass reflected, there was seen a form that well might pass unnoticed; for, certainly, it was only a reputation for wit, wealth, or virtue that could render it interesting to any one. I was of middle stature, but, perhaps, not altogether ill-shaped, with features undeniably irregular, but somewhat expressive too:—at least, so it appeared to me. I had often heard myself called "an ugly fellow," there was no denying that, and I by no means came up to the rules suggested and developed by a close study of the Apollo Belvidere: for all this I was in some request among the women, prided myself upon some few conquests, and did not think the worse of myself that a handsome girl had favored my pretensions. I stood there till all my scruples were overcome—we were shortly after married.

There never was surely either man or woman that entered this happy, or this hapless state, who did not afterwards experience some disappointment, arising from the temper, habits, or pursuits of one or both of them. The more highly-colored the picture, the more likely to fade before the light. The over-wrought imagination soars above, or falls below the steady flight of reason. But my expectations had not out-run the real or the possible; so have I since discovered. Like other men in the same position, I covered my defeat by holding out a shew of victory. This, during the honey-moon, was well enough, and even, for some time after, it had its due effect. My wife's comeliness was admired—her stately, fashionable deportment, and this pleased me. We hurried also from one scene to another of recreation, yet this, even, could not conceal from myself that another woman might have better suited me; in fact, that there were many things wanting to make me even commonly happy.

The glorious spring had come, clad in her golden sun-shine. We were on a short visit to my parents, and, perhaps, old scenes recalled old associations, early thoughts and wishes. It was the hour of breakfast, and we were assembling in the same parlour, where the ivy overhung the lattices; but now, the verdant trellis of inwoven leaves shaded us from the sun, the birds were singing, and nature lovely both to sight and sense. These are the times to make us feel the soul within us, and mine was of such inspiration; but there were none around me who could comprehend such singularity of intellect—of feeling—call it what you will.

"Here is a lovely morning, my dear," I said, as my wife entered. "This is a poet's day and made for dreams."

"I hate poetry," said she, "nor am I fond of dreaming."

I did not reply, but took a book from the sofa, where I was reclining.

"When *will* you be a man of the world?" she said, impatiently, and stepped into the garden. A moment after, my mother entered.

"What is the matter," said she, "you seem ill, Philip, or melancholy."

"Neither," said I. "But I wish I had never married."

"Oh, Philip!" exclaimed my mother, as though deprecating this avowal. "Louisa

"A woman, accomplished, and kind, too ! You will see, Philip,—a good wife and excellent mother."

"All—all—I have no doubt," was my reply.

"What would a man have more ?" she asked.

"A woman of sentiment—an intellectual companion," answered I, "one who loves me, not to rule me, but to obey me."

"She might disappoint you in some respects," said my mother.

"She might," said I, "hardly so though. Where the sympathies of the mind are satisfied, all else are sure to follow."

"You would surely not ill-treat your wife," said my mother, "because she is not so clever as you are. Now, Philip, if you were less learned, you would be a happier man. What would the world say now, if they were to know that you complain of your wife, only because she does not understand what you do. But you always were eccentric."

"Why ! ridiculous enough to be sure," said I, smiling at my mother's partial representation of my mental powers ; but, after this, no farther mention of my inward discomfort ever occurred between us.

Perhaps, some portion of these feelings afterwards wore away, or were obliterated by circumstances ; for it was now thought advisable to invest a portion of my property in a commercial transaction that promised favorably, and with this view we removed to London. Here, the daily, active stir of business beguiled, in a measure, some unpleasantness that pressed upon me, for if I was a tyrant by nature ; my wife was no less so, in such trifles as women usually intermeddle with ; and my peculiarities of thought or of action were trifles to her. She did not understand anything, indeed, that did not bear at once upon the mere matter-of-fact of life, and that only, nor would she find apology for any who deviated from her will,—and certainly not for me. Indeed, she was completely a woman of the world herself, and herself set a good example of the science she best approved, being a skilful housewife ; an excellent wife, according to the common acceptance of the words ; and, moreover, a good mother, for we had now a young family around us. Possibly none but myself could have found fault with her ; she might have better suited a better or a worse man ; but still I was now resigned, and had now forgotten my former self. Vain delusion ! Who is it that forgets, only so, the more acutely to remember. Nature is all powerful ; and thus we break the chain but to be again enchained. I saw every day other women more agreeable to me. There were hours when I repented, regretted this unlucky union. This is the curse of early marriages. Of all intelligences, that of the heart comes the latest of any,—coming once, and once only.

"You are fond of good poetry," said my wife to me one day ; "there is a pretty string of verses for you. They are written by a poor young lady, a miniature-painter, and they are really pretty."

"Women write verses," I said, "but seldom, well. However, it passes the passing hour."

I took them, and read them over and over again. They were perused, unconscious that they were so : my mind was struck at once with unknown pleasure.

"Are they pretty ?" asked my wife.

Yes, tolerably so,—very," was the answer.

"I think that we must try to serve her, said she ; "she is certainly clever."

Hasty in resolve, as I was inconstant in my purpose, and being really pleased with the poem, I bade my wife engage her to take her likeness, and putting the verses in my pocket, quitted her. The charm of poetry was the greatest in the world to me ; it perhaps awakened some secret sympathy within.

It was some days after, on hearing my wife mention that she had sat during the morning for her miniature, and that she thought it would be a charming picture, that I naturally enquired about the young lady.

"She has been well educated," was her answer ; "she has a very superior mind, certainly. Her parents have been affluent, but are sunk in the world, and she supports them."

"Is she a pretty woman ?" I asked.

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"Oh, no, decidedly not, I should say almost plain; only there is a manner, something,—a clever look in her. She is coming to take tea with me to-night."

I felt an unconquerable curiosity and not easily expressed; but I went out, and knowing that my wife had a companion, did not return till about eight o'clock in the evening. Upon my return, I enquired of the domestic, whether a lady were with her mistress, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, I entered the back drawing-room, where the ladies were seated, and through the folding-doors could hear their voices in conversation. They were, however, in a position not favorable to my catching a glimpse of the young artist, for young she must be.

"I am sure that you will think Mr. Gresham handsome," said my wife, "for he is, I assure you, commonly thought so."

"If his wife but think so," said a voice to me somewhat harmonious, "he has love's requital; for love beautifies all it looks on, I mean, if it looks to love."

"I thought him the ugliest man I ever saw when I married him," said Louisa.

"It was no love match, my dear; such things are out of fashion."

"Oh, I thought, perhaps," faltered the voice, and then was silent.

"Ah, my dear," said my wife, "you get married. If you wait till you are in love, you will wait to be an old maid,—a poor chance that."

"I see now, that you are laughing," said the other; "you do not mean what you say."

"Indeed, every word," said Mrs. Gresham. "It was an advantageous match, and so on, made up between the old people; but neither of us has ever repented; there is not a more happy couple anywhere. It is only simple-hearted things like you,—romantic, enthusiastic,—that dream of love."

"Enthusiastic! By no means. I hope not," said the sweet visitor.

"The poetic vein inspires it," said Mrs. Gresham; and tired of my concealment, and of homespun every-day sentiments so commonly expressed, I passed through the folding doors, and stood before them.

"I have just been talking against love and you," said my wife.

The ladies rose. I would have answered, but found myself incapable, and bowed and stammered; in fact, my manhood had deserted me. No sooner were we seated, than I muttered something about a previous engagement detaining me, and a new one drawing me away for a few instants longer. Would that the night had never come! I left the room and rushed into the street.

Is there a destiny, or do we ourselves forecast our coming lives? This being, this was the creature, the likeness of the vision my boyhood painted. There was the slender form so often seen by me; that plain face, lit up by intellectual power and human love united. There was no display and no pretension there. Perfect simplicity, understood at once. A thought, a sense, a soul, not intent on empty admiration; therefore the more admirable. Thus was it, as I have known her. But on that night I paced the streets in strange irresolution, and returned home, to lock my heart up in that love whence it never flew forth again. I found her all my wild imagination had divined; above affectation, both modest and confiding, and perhaps the more so, since my character as a married man placed her, as it were, in seeming security against the possibility of misconception. My wife was evidently equally prepossessed. We passed a few hours together, never to be forgotten by me, for they were hours creative of a mental heaven. I took her home that night, happy as though the destiny of my life were changed by seeing her.

"You can scarcely know how delightful this has been to me," she said, as we went along.

"Delightful! I am glad," I faltered.

"In a dark existence," she said, "these short glimpses of happiness come like rays of silvery moonlight, glancing through the inwoven foliage of the forest. I, you know, am a hapless little lady, lost in this world's wilderness."

I pressed her hand, I would have said much—too much, perhaps, "My wife has an extensive acquaintance," I said, "she will be anxious to do any thing you wish—she intends calling upon you."

"Our place is very humble—we are very poor;" so, she expressed it, with some confusion, too, of tone or manner. We reached her home, she was, indeed, in want and indigence; and, beholding her condition, you beheld at once the mental energy requisite to overcome the sorrow of her circumstances; yet, selfish regret was cast aside, tender melancholy alone remaining. We bade adieu; I left her the most wretched of men.

It was the following day, early, when I hastened there again. Her parents supposing that it was some visit relative to her profession, or, possibly, willing to conceal their extreme poverty, did not appear; this, in my excitement and embarrassment, was altogether agreeable to me; she presently joined me. It was then I discovered that she was not so young or so good-looking as she appeared on the preceding evening; or rather, that she had that worn aspect which want and inward disquiet inevitably produce. The blight of early misfortune had left both her age and just pretensions altogether doubtful. But though thus untimely divested of youth and beauty, gifts for which, only, we men sometimes admire the fair sex, she was not, therefore, the less charming to me. This emotion of the heart, though sudden, was too strong an infatuation, to be so wrought upon. I admired her the more,—the more blindly, because her adversities and long-suffering had left her so perfect in intellect and feeling; the most natural creature I had ever either seen or known.

The first few minutes were passed in embarrassed silence; she was astonished at my deportment, and I abashed that she should discover my distraction.

"Mrs. Gresham wished to know how you were," I said, "we have been talking together, and she thinks that the children would form a pretty group, I should like it done as soon as possible."

"I am very much obliged to Mrs. Gresham," she faltered out, like one to whom the engagement came, like a benefit conferred, and not a requited service. "I should be very glad to do them, indeed; you are very kind."

Few women speak with soul, but she did, and looked, and moved and breathed with the same spirit. But though this was distinctly seen by me and felt as a perfection, I would willingly have neither seen nor felt. The weather was damp and cold, no fire was burning, nor ray of comfort round. Her dress, the furniture, all betrayed poverty allied to want.

"Will you come," I said, "will you begin to-morrow? Do not let me rudely press it; but do come and do begin." "It is time some different prospect opened to you. Louisa thinks so, this is *her* opinion."

"I will do all you wish, certainly," she said, in some confusion.

I did not reply, my mind was full of a new design, many designs, which it scarcely knew how to compass; not plans of villany, my heart denies, forswears it; but schemes of benefit, protection,—schemes to ameliorate her miserable destiny. At last, though but imperfectly aware of my own meaning, I drew out a ten pound note, and crumpling it in my hand, threw it upon the table, as though in idleness.

"This is a very pleasant room, one of the prettiest little places I ever was in," said I.

"Pretty! pleasant! oh, no, only decently clean and neat," she said.

"I would willingly pass my life in such a place," was my reply.

"With so charming a house, and so handsome a lady, that is impossible," said she. "If I were so situated, I would be happy, and all around me should be so."

"Poverty is a great blessing," I said. "Nature would accompany you in all your doings, but our wearisome pursuits produce only riches and affluence; an artificial system of life, of which the soul soon tires. Our wives, our children, our women in general they may be elegant enough; but they are not spirits of nature—only clods of civilized earth; believe not, neither in the satisfaction they feel, nor in that they confer.

I knew that I was now expressing some of those notions, which had obtained for me a character for eccentricity, and I anxiously watched the impression they made. It was favorable; her rising color shewed it. She was about to reply with animation, but restrained herself.

"Ah!" she said; "yet if you knew how little nature or true feeling is to be found

under adverse circumstance, you would be surprised at your own delusion ; and knowledge at least, that it is better for a woman to have the free, accomplished man of Mrs. Gresham, than to possess the high wrought feelings, the sense of suffering mental and bodily, which all women must experience, who, though their adversities may have taught them peculiar intelligence, are, altogether, the victims of their necessities."

" You speak, feelingly," I said ; " but not more so than myself."

I went to the window, paced the room, made a faint effort at departure, to draw her attention to the gift I wished her to accept. But a fresh idea suddenly dawned upon me.

" Well," I said, as I reached the door, " you don't see the little present Mrs. Gresham has sent you. What an awkward fellow I am !"

She looked amazed, and beholding my glance in that direction, she took the paper, and started, indeed, on perceiving what it was.

" What does this mean ?" she asked

" Nothing," I said ; " it is for you."

She colored crimson, and approached. How beautiful her plainness appeared ! How eloquent her action !

" This is impossible," she said. " Pardon me, sir ; but though poor, I must decline this. Not from you ; indeed,—indeed."

I laughed somewhat maliciously, closed the door, and returned into the apartment. My natural tyranny arose within me.

" Upon my word," I said, " you give me credit for a gallantry by no means intended on my part. The money is sent by Mrs. Gresham, who relies upon your skill to depict her little group of cherubs, heavenly, if possible."

" I am obliged—grateful," she said, in faltering emotion. " She is very good, indeed ;" and, confused by her seeming mistake, she ceased speaking. I threw myself upon a chair, and laughed in feigned raillery again.

" This is a compliment," I said. " Whilst I was thinking myself an old married man, you regard me as a gay man of fashion, intent on wicked machinations. Why, I am one of the most simple fellows breathing. Even if it had come from me, what then ?"

" I do not know, indeed," she answered.

" A man who cannot serve a woman without a motive is a paltry wretch, indeed," I said, with emphasis. " Let us hope I am not that man : that would be bad indeed."

" You have been considerate to me," she said, " beyond measure so."

" I was always a great admirer of handsome women," I said. " That is the reason that I married Mrs. Gresham ; none other could please me."

" It shows how great was my mistake," she answered, quietly ; " but I was also greatly astonished." She walked to a small glass, hanging over the mantel-piece, and added, " I was always plain, and therefore never expected to be admired ; but as I have feelings, I expect them to be respected."

Her simplicity and dignity charmed me at once. I started up. " You are all feeling and goodness," I said ; and with real earnestness, though with feigned mockery, I threw myself on my knee before her. " Your pardon, dear Miss Ledelle, and I am a happy man again."

" You are a most extraordinary gentlemen," she answered, and gave me her hand. I arose and prepared to depart.

" Remember me to Mrs. Gresham," she said ; " tell her all my obligations."

" Hush !" I said ; " You will offend her for life if you mention this to her. She has a mind above mean calculations and delights in all that is kind."

Before she could reply, I vanished hastily, ashamed of my deception, but gratified that I had succeeded in my intention. I quitted the house ; but, loath to depart, turned down the street again, meditating upon what had taken place.

An instant after, Miss Ledelle came out, wrapt in common attire. I followed her eagerly. She entered one shop after another and returned quickly home again. The places she had called at, the parcels she carried, revealed the fact that even the first meal of that day had not been tasted, and that the money came welcome, indeed, to

in such sad want. This was sad, indeed; that a lady, clever, accomplished, such as she, should be sunk thus low. But, though born with some natural pride of my own condition, this discovery drew her still nearer to me, excited pity, and roused in me a more mad desire further to protect her. I returned to my wife, intent in carrying out my plan.

"I called on Miss Ledelle," I said, "and have engaged her, my dear, to take the likenesses of our little ones. What say you?"

"It will be pretty enough in the breakfast-parlour," said my wife.

"I am glad that you wish it."

"My own likeness will be beautiful indeed!"

She continued her needle-work, while I amused myself by drawing a secret comparison between this apathetic civility and that true natural expression, that animated mind. It would not do; one glimpse of it was all-sufficient.

"Strange enough," said I, after a pause; "to-day I was talking to a gentleman who knows Mr. Ledelle intimately. I told him of their distress, and he sent them ten pounds. You have seen Hatton; it was he, my dear."

"Very generous indeed," said my wife. "I am glad of it."

"He did not wish it to be known," said I. "I thought it better for it to appear as a present from you, my dear, I therefore gave it in your name to Miss Ledelle."

The tone of carelessness with which I dissembled my feelings, entirely covered the deceit, and nothing more passed between us. After this, once or twice the same thing occurred, and was accounted for in precisely the same manner; but as she had her parents to support, and no possible means of extending her connexion; as the friends of their prosperity had fled, which is too commonly the case at the first flights of fortune; these small sums were but of short benefit, and, latterly, she began to suspect something, for she received them tremblingly, and with almost apparent terror. The illness of the old lady, her mother, at this time, left her open to access, which was not neglected. Upon some pretence or other, I was there every day, and when not there, was utterly unhappy.

"Well, Philip, what do you think of Miss Ledelle now?" said my wife, as she held the miniature to my view.

"It is an exquisite likeness, most beautifully painted."

"But what do you think of her?"

"A very plain girl; but highly intelligent, clever, and good."

"She has a graceful figure, too," said my wife.

"Tolerable,—only tolerable."

"Is she not pleasing?" was the next question.

"She may be. It is a mere matter of taste."

"What kind of a picture do you think, Philip, she would make?"

"She has nothing that approaches beauty," was my reply; and as my wife had no idea of a woman being admired for anything but personal attractions, the answer satisfied her; but mental picture-drawing is a pleasant pursuit, and my imagination sketched a likeness only too like herself.

"She has a sweet name, however,—Laura Ledelle," said my wife again.

"Laura!" said I; "that is a word of love, indeed. I think I must be her Petrarch, the only one she is ever likely to obtain."

"I think she would make a pleasing, yes, a sweet wife, too," said Louisa.

What a beautiful, strangely painful image these words brought with them; and though afterwards, in familiar badinage, Miss Ledelle was often termed by me my Laura, what a miserable subterfuge it was to cover emotions altogether inexpressible.

It is in vain to describe all the friendship that now ensued between us. My wife was pleased to find one generous enough to depict her, as fair as to herself she appeared to be. The unfortunate girl was relieved to know that she possessed at least some friends; and I overjoyed at any excuse that afforded the bliss of her society.

"How do you like Mrs. Gresham's picture?" she enquired.

"Almost too beautiful, is it not?" I said.

"I was afraid that it would not come up to your expectations," she replied.

"Love gifts with such singular light the object which it looks on. There is beauty that comes up to the beauty of love's creation. It is true that I admire Gresham, but cannot view her with fancy's view, as you do; this is the misfortune of painters."

Not my worst enemy could charge me with neglect, unkindness, want of indulgence, or disregard of my wife's womanly caprices; but why, therefore, imagine love such as this; and, too, when the personification of my love stood, even before me! My rage, my wrath, my misery, must have vent in strange expressions.

"What a pity it is," said I, "that some one does not view *you*, dear Laura, with these imaginative eyes of fond affection; you might then appear less plain—or more comely."

"I should do so," she said, decidedly.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

"Ah! of what avail to win a lover?" she said, "but that you know yourself surrounded by clouds of close illusion."

In the opposite mirror, my face was reflected, flashing with smothered love and kindling anger all in me. I feigned composure.

"Yet I have known some women," I said, "take more pains to win affection than to keep it."

"I shall not take trouble to win, but may to keep," she said.

"Alter yourself—your person—and you may do so," I said. For the first time, I saw a pained expression pass over her countenance.

"Come, come," said my wife, "I will not have Laura teased, she has troubles enough elsewhere."

At that instant, I could have torn my heart out, and held it to view before her—thus to extenuate errors and appease my rising conscience. But she had left the room—re-assuming that timid reserve which generally accompanies the unfortunate. I was at once repentant.

"How very rude you are sometimes to Miss Ledelle," said Louisa. "I am amazed beyond measure, Philip. If any man were to attack me so, I don't know, indeed, what might occur. Pray remember yourself."

I did remember all in one. Seeking for opportunities we miss them; so it was on this occasion. I hastened at last to her house and mouthed again the same apologies, unmeaning explanations, detestable lies that, meaning nothing, so belied me. She told me that she had forgotten all about it. What did the words imply, but that she had forgotten *me*. Yet, it was generous too, thus to efface unkindness.

Was this the generosity of love or the forgetfulness of utter indifference; but she should love me; in this, at least I would be conqueror. About this time, I grew more intimate with her father, pretended to solicit some of his early friends to relieve his temporary necessities, and when my schemes were unsuccessful, myself supplied the funds for their relief. This was heroic enough; this obtained me easy and constant admission to the house; in fact, so far, all was friendly confidence and gratitude. But what can bribe the saints of heaven out of paradise? not love—not my love, however.

I now pretended that my wife would most of all value my likeness in miniature, if it were taken by her, and insisted upon her alone executing it. She was under obligations; in want; in daily anxiety and doubt of a subsistence; she could not refuse: I knew she could not. The miniature was begun, and every day I passed some time with her. Her parents relied on her, or thought too little of me; or saw their own inevitable state of distress too distinctly, to offer one objection. Laura herself was ever calm and mournful; yet, methought, at times, there was a painful effort, as though life and the cares of life weighed on her heavily. Under the name of friendship, my feelings now broke forth at intervals. Her gratitude forbade unkindly acts or rude rejection. Sometimes, she did not, would not, could not understand; at others, disdain, amazement, grief, a sense of mockery and insult appeared in her. But was I blind! Not so. Love had enlightened me. I knew that she was tender, energetic in her affection—grateful and generous, brimful of all the natural sweetness of woman.

It was the very evening of that day that she had given the last finishing touch to my picture, when all my real madness—my blinded passion shewed itself.

Philip Gresham's Confessional Auto-biography.

"I am a sad ugly fellow," I said. "At least, in this picture I look so."
"Not at all," said she. "I never see ugliness in any one who is good."
"Have you so little taste?" I asked. "A painter! and not know the change from symmetry to deformity?"

"Oh yes. I know the grandeur of the eagle," she answered, smiling; "but if an owl were to leave its ivy turret to perch by me, I should certainly, at the moment, prefer the owl to any eagle that ploughed the upper skies. And so would you doubtless."

Unconscious of the meaning of her words, she critically examined the picture, and held it towards me. I looked at the likeness; a true likeness of my ugliness, endowed with graces of expression which she alone could give. From the portrait, I glanced at her. She blushed. I caught her hand and would have clasped her. She threw herself sideways on the seat to avoid the intended kiss; but my heart could be denied its ecstasy no longer. I lifted her in my arms; though scorn and regret were seated on her lips, the kiss of love was stamped there.

"Remember—remember, dear girl," I whispered, "it is you that I love—you—*you* only;"—but here, the tears burst from her eyes, and with wild energy she pushed me from her.

"My father is old," she exclaimed. "I have no brothers; sir, sir, my poverty has taught you this."

"Nothing, dear Laura, but yourself," I answered, in triumph, at her anguish; for methought that indifference would have treated the affront far more indifferently. But there she stood, in exquisite bewilderment, all heavenly to me.

"I—sir—I!" she gasped, "Great God!"

"He is great, for He created *you*," was the reply; "dear Laura."

"Dear! Most miserable to be so insulted," she said; and thus, strongly, she recalled her self-composure, and spoke in tones that touched my soul at once.

"I have been grateful.—yes, very grateful," she repeated; "it was natural for me to be so. You have been good, indulgent, charitable; and because you have been so, my heart was thankful."

"Hush,—hush!" I murmured; and vowed and protested that my regard was merely friendship, fraternal love, the ebullition of some sudden impulse of admiration, not to be controlled.

She would have answered, but could not; and in an instant those looks of scorn, more beautiful than looks of love from others, passed away. "But take a seat," I said, for she was pale and trembling, and sunk upon it. "Yes, you are ill; fool—wretch that I am!"

"It is a strange sensation," she said; "aversion, horror, disgust, something that I never felt till now, and never guessed it."

After this, we well might both be silent; *she*, with some untold emotion—*I*, with anger and love conjoined. One glance at her attitude alone—the supplicating hands and downcast eyes—belied the words she spoke. I did not believe her. Nay, I guessed, felt, was convinced, and held the precious thought fast to my heart, she loved me. If not? By the dear word of honor, which then at least was dear, I had no design of injury. Love was in my heart—my brain; all sense and soul were stirring with it. All but my duty to my wife was forgotten,—my love to this unfriended creature. However irreconcilable were these opposite sentiments, to me they were altogether reconcilable.

After awhile, I again approached her, gazing intently, till the blood mounted to her face and temples at the fervor of my gaze.

"Aversion!" I said, with slow and pointed emphasis. "Horror, disgust, and something never felt till now! If indifference can seem so much like love, or half so lovely, how heavenly must love itself appear in you."

"Leave me!" she said, in lost emotion. "Spurn me, loathe me,—hate, despise me! Yes, pity me; do any thing but dare again insult me.—Want, poverty, necessity, utter destitution, is happiness compared with this! Never let us meet again!"

"And what will become of you?" I asked; for tyranny still urged me to extort the truth.

Philip Gresham's Confessional Auto-biography.

"I shall have found a friend and lost one," she replied, in such a soothing tone, my heart relented.

"Say, lost a lover, and found a friend indeed," I said. "Dear Laura, I would not pain you for the world. Remember still the thorn you have planted in your poor friend's heart; pity and treat him kindly. Good bye,—good night." A smile shone through her rising tears, and so we parted.

I now denied myself her society, altogether. Though seldom in her company, my thoughts were always with her, and every day new inventions of kindness were devised, whereby she might be reminded of me. My wife still was pleased to cultivate her friendship. Through this channel all my doubts and fears were, from time to time, satisfied. What did I fear? I scarcely knew what. That she did *not* love me—that she might love me. But my arguments, either of passion or reason, embraced no feelings nor emotions but my own—hers were utterly forgotten. At length, my resolution was taken, my self-love must be satisfied.

"Miss Ledelle looks very ill indeed," said my wife, as she returned one evening from visiting her. "I fear she is harassed to death, poor girl. She looks very ill—so thin."

"Ill!" I exclaimed, but checked myself suddenly, and spoke more calmly. "If she is ill she must want many comforts."

This was all that passed. Who could guess the agony those words excited. The hour was late; my mind was now upon the rack to see, to hear her, to be convinced that she was safe, in want of nothing, consoled and kindly tended; she must be so, she should. Alas! who was I; what power, what place was mine in the poor girl's esteem or confidence; and what relation of sympathy—of aught else. None, none; my heart, my brain replied. During the night, sleep was unknown. The pale, wan moon afloat in the wide atmosphere, beguiled my strange distraction, to distract me farther still. At last, the morning came.

"My dear," I said to Mrs. Gresham, as I was playing with the children in the breakfast-parlour, "do, my dear, think of some little kindness, attention, some delicacy that might please that poor girl, yonder. There's a pitiable state for a lady! Ah! ah!" and with a sound between a sigh and a child-like salute, I closed the request. It was granted; and Mrs. Gresham, at my suggestion and wish, did many things, all things that could be done to alleviate her state. At last, I heard that she was recovering, and my mind was again released from its anxiety; it was a transition from hell itself back again to earth. Again I beheld her, changed, but not to me. I sought, many times, to find her alone, but always unsuccessfully.

It was after some days' absence, that, one morning, when the snows of winter were melting fast away, I waited upon her. It so happened that the blinds of the house where she lodged were all drawn down. This afforded me a pretext for calling. She herself opened the door.

"How is this?" I cried, immediately we were alone together. "Has anything happened? The blinds are down. Your father—mother—are they well? But you—you look ill indeed."

"I am better," she said; "but we were not very happy, so—so daylight was forgotten."

I did not forget to enquire the cause. But why question; she was in sorrow and adversity; a weak creature, struggling between want on one hand and labor on the other. I had my motive, though, in coming there. Some sudden losses, passing financial difficulties, had of themselves hinted the deception, paved the way to that manœuvre, which my fancy no sooner suggested than my mind was ready to perform. She was thin and altered; but why not play awhile with some pretence, that might reveal her nature, or her sentiments, or serve to conceal my own.

"I see," I said, "you are unlucky like myself. This day will scarce be forgotten by either of us."

"Unlucky! you!" she cried; "I hope not. The dear children—but you look pale."

"I have only lost the best part of my fortune," I answered, coolly. "My wife may come to want; my children."

watched to see the effect of my words upon her. She was whiter than ashes, still stood firm before me.

"It is," she faltered, "as it should be." She held out her hand, like death itself so cold. Her look was beautiful with the light of friendship, almost sweet enough for love. She let me take her hand and hold it.

"If you become poor," she said; "oh! there are many things that I could do for you. Teach the children, make their clothes, do many things for Mrs. Gresham; and we, she and myself, we shall be dearer friends than ever."

"And nothing," I asked, "will you do nothing for me?"

"Tell me what," she said. "What is there I would not do to serve, assist, console—her—you—the children!" She colored and broke from me.

"Laura," I said, "you—yes, you love me, and—you know so."

She smiled wanly, and turned her countenance right upon me. It seemed almost blasphemy my lips had uttered. My soul shrunk into itself abashed.

"Is this fair, honest, kind, or just?" she asked. "Few have befriended me. You are good and generous; you know my heart that it is grateful. If any man loves his wife and treats her well, is a good husband, it is you; and a good father, too; and that is why, indeed it is why I honor you so much. There, sure you have not quite forgotten yourself—forgotten me!"

The rebuke was felt; but this was not satisfaction. To possess her heart, soul and mind, and make them all my own, this was what my mind, soul, and heart were set upon. It was, nevertheless, to my conception, a mere fraternal feeling, platonic affection; something more energetic, possibly; but that which must not be whispered to her, must not be to myself. I told her, with trembling lips, my mad delusion, my blind idolatry, my phrensy, passion, name it what you will,—that she alone could call me back to reason and to duty; she only, and this, at least, was true. But, whether with disappointment, or with shame—but no, with the delirium of my feelings—I sunk upon a chair before her, pale and motionless.

How was it that her feet fled far away so fast to tend upon me! that those willing hands were not remiss in kindly care or aid! Did she not see the wretch, hopeless and pitiable; or guess the villain thrice accursed, which this one hour had made me. Did I see—know myself? In my distraction, all was lost, but the one sense of loving her. I caught her hands and pressed them in my own; she smiled, like patience or like pity; and—and I threw her from me, yes, and struck her. Why did she not speak—look—breathe something that might express affection? Why not weep, or soothe my rage with gentler fondness? But there was nothing; not a look.

"Shall I strike again?" I said. "How speak my hatred, love, both in one."

"You strike too hard upon my heart," she answered, and would have quitted me.

"Dear girl forgive me; one word—one kiss."

She *did* smile then, and such a smile! Wanly as the virgin moon through clouds. I felt that she was gone.

A prey to contending thoughts, I hastened home. Through my introduction, she had lately gained a hard and scanty subsistence by painting miniatures. Perhaps, she only suffered me, because she could not part with this support. Surely, love is the meanest or most generous of passions. What she had, she earned; lately I had not ventured my assistance; she fled from my protection. Strange stratagems amused me, being alone intent on proving if she loved me.

To what purpose can tend the destiny of man, if the mind so pervert it from its real meaning. My home was now no home to me. My wife was nothing, my children's love was nothing. This angel—for angel she is proved, engrossed the past, the present and the future; even the vast eternity. Life was a worthless falsehood—a prevailing lie. At one time, my mind was amused by talking of or doing trifling actions for her; but now, health, strength, and manhood were forsaking me; my friends regretted, my wife sought to cheer me, and Laura came, sad in her sad seclusion. My wife welcomed her the more, because my angry feelings, mad perversity, seemed soothed when she was near. At mention of my malady, Laura sighed and shrunk away.

It so happened that one night I took her home. The old people had been cut out by the sudden illness of a relative. I followed Laura up stairs. The warm summer moonlight fell upon the room, making an atmosphere of twilight shade. I seated myself. She could not refuse that welcome which past kindness had obtained for me.

"Sure it is cold to-night,—very cold," I said, and shuddered inwardly.

"It seems warm," was her reply; "but you are ill again." She closed the window, and came to me. I touched her waist tenderly and regretfully. She quitted me, and presently returned, bringing a lighted candle.

"So modest," I said. "Are you afraid of the twilight or of me?"

"Of neither, I hope," she answered, and busied herself in laying aside her walking dress; still there was some trepidation in her manner. She was, also, unusually pale and fearful.

"You are unhappy," I said. "In want of money, dear Laura?"

"No, nothing—not at all," she said, and smiled as though she would have wept.

"I am wretched," were my words; "soul, heart, and sense filled up with you."

"And why be so?" she said. "You do, and have done, all you can for me. To be friends with your wife, your children; this is delightful to me."

"Friends!" I cried scornfully.

"What word so sweet," she said; "*you are my friend.*"

"Or enemy," I murmured.

"Impossible," she faltered, "that is impossible."

"Friend, indeed!" I said, "a miserable, pitiable friend; bathed to the lips in misery and anguish,—a living hell within me."

"Oh, Laura, would I had never married!"

"You know your wife is kind and good and true," she said, "Think of her and of the children. Oh call your mind back to itself again."

"Fly and with me," I cried. "To see you suffer want, it is that destroys me. My wife—my children—let me resign them all for you, dear girl."

"This is horrible," said she, and would have fled; but I caught her by the wrists and held her firmly.

"Nay," said I, "but you shall hear me."

"You do not know," she said, "you cannot understand me." She spoke coldly, but with trembling accents. "I was not born to be so base a creature to her—to you. And I could never look upon your face again. You would not crush me down into the dust; no—no. Now I can speak and look at you and be your friend. There, you hurt me. Nay—no unkindness."

She did look on me, till all my looks were blinded by her presence.

"You are not angry," I said, striving against myself.

"I don't know why," she faltered, "but I am not angry."

Madness—madness—madness! my brain was reeling. I raved incoherently, with passionate actions and distracted mien. I talked of deserting home and family.

"I would return no more to the vile bondage my spirit loathed—and she must bear the blame. How could she mar the mind, the hopes, the intellect of one who loved her." With curses on myself—blessings heaped on her, and contradictions of every various character, I charged her with her love for me, protested that my hopes were cherished by herself—now blasted and destroyed—but still she loved me.

Where was her just anger gone—her just resentment. She leaned against the mantelpiece, cold and inanimate, and answered nothing.

"If I did love you," she said, at last, "were not my fate most wretched. No, if I loved you, down at your feet my spirit now would fall, never to rise again. Oh this is, too—too cruel!"

I started up and stood before her. Her voice sounded so piteous, it might have awoke pity even in me. I seized her hands in mine.

"And you *do* love me. Dear—dear—dearest Laura," I whispered. She gazed in painful scorn upon me, half beautiful, half horrible—and then drew back.

"God is my witness," I whispered. "How much—how strong my love. I shall do something terrible, kill you or myself to-night: Believe me mad, dear creature, mad; anything—all—but not quite a villain. But one kiss—one—only."

I took her in my embrace and held her closely ; her tender limbs were powerless. "Softly," she murmured. "Indeed, indeed, I am not impudent."

She turned her face away ; but not the bosom or the cheek would do—the lips—the lips alone. I gazed upon her—her eyes were closed ; but still the shadow of her soul was in her face—and I would catch that soul upon those lips : I pressed mine there to meet the fleeting spirit—but it was gone. Her feet sunk softly under her—she had fainted.

"What more ?" I murmured, "now what more, dear girl ? This *is* horror—aversion—strange disgust.—Sweet horror, kind aversion, fond disgust : dear, faithless creature."

My heart beat audibly beholding her ; nor do I know how many minutes passed in contemplating an insensibility so near akin to death, as even at last to startle the wrapt passion of my trance and rouse it into sudden terror—the fear lest she had gone for ever.

"Wake, Laura, wake," I whispered ; but she still slept on. Oh precious villain. Thus was my self-love satisfied. There, even as she lay there, triumph was in my heart. But villainy had some compunction still and dared not venture farther. This shrine of saint-hood yet was holy to my unhallowed thoughts. Alarmed, I left her ; and went to seek the woman of the house to bring some further aid.

"It was the heat of this hot summer weather, the closeness of the room," this was the paltry excuse that best befitted the occasion.

"Ah, sir," said the good woman, as she attended her, "it's all over exertion, sir, harsh of mind, not fit for such a fair young lady, sir."

"Fair ? dark," I said : "Call Mrs. Gresham fair."

"Lord, sir," said she, "it's the soul after all ; and so it is with your lady, sir, though you don't know it." The soul of Mrs. Gresham ! What did the woman mean, was she laughing at me ? I could have laughed, madly, ironically—laughter that draws tears of truth at last. But these were now flowing fast enough from the pure fountain of a heart, whose hidden crystal springs were to my grosser nature all unfathomable. I left her, hastily—and, from that hour, was changed, to her and to myself and to the world. Yet, not to her ; for cruelty more cruel had become, tyranny more tyrannous. Here, let me meditate, and draw the picture, perfect in light and shadow of its own.

I believe there is no woman likely to be so ill-treated, as she who shews she loves a man, and yet has power to resist him. This is indeed, holding a heart in your hand, to wring it to ecstasy of torture—to handle it at will—to crush it kindly or unkindly—to hold it hasty or to let it go—in all and each to deal unmercifully—or with mercy strained that it may lengthen out that weak heart's punishment ; and this admirable chastity, the exalted purity of womanhood is now changed to ice-bound prudery in our conception. Thus woman's truth, so held in earnest veneration, now becomes the error and the fault we would chastise with open insult, or covered injury—with hard indifference or more chilling coldness.

I remember that, at my instigation or request, my wife still continued some casual intercourse with Miss Ledelle. She still, at times, visited her ; and at length, led there by other motives than those which had once induced me to seek her dear society. I also ventured into her presence once more. I was now resolved by scorn, insult—or contumely to bend her to my wishes. Not that they were clearly defined, even to myself. It was enough for me that she could love and yet reject me. Perhaps I thought to beguile my passion by acts that might persuade my mind that it no longer loved her. Harsh words and slighting conduct were heaped upon her, by unseen inuendo, words of satiric import, and pretended ways of rude neglect. It was my determination to break her down, submissive to my will ; to chide and taunt till she should follow me, and sue me for my friendship back again.

When we met again at her own lodging, she colored scarlet red, faltered a civil greeting and shrunk beside my wife ; but I was cold and calm with my own designs and shameless purposes.

"Nay," said my wife, "we must have no nervous sensibilities now, my dear, for we have called on business, pleasing to you."

"How is that possible," said Laura.

"Mrs. Gresham is always attempting some kindness to those around her," said I; "and she thinks, Miss Ledelle, that she may be of service to you."

"She is very good," said she, whom yet I loved, or love had taught me hatred.

"And what are you?" said I.

"Why quite as good as I am," interrupted Mrs. Gresham, "for every one is good to me, while she is good to every one."

"Good, indeed," said I; "a good little creature, good enough to be played upon by any one who wishes. Why, a man might make love to her, win her heart out of her bosom, tread upon it, and give it back again, and she would courtesy probably, and thank him for his politeness."

"Hush! No folly, Philip," said my wife. "There my dear, never mind him."

The eye, surely, is love's weapon. To look at the eyes of Laura Ledelle:—what an eye was there! Doves wrought into rage look not more fiercely. I watched her bosom, but it heaved not, even with a sigh.

"I was talking to a gentleman about you, my dear, the other evening," said my wife, "and he thinks that he can introduce one of your pictures into the exhibition; so, you must set to work."

"This," said I, "is Mrs. Gresham's own wish entirely, and you have only her to thank;" for, though my wife spoke by my instructions, yet there was a trembling hesitation in Miss Ledelle's manner that made me fear that she was about to refuse this offered kindness.

"If I thought that I could do any thing well enough," said Laura, "I should be happy. It might be of the greatest benefit to me."

"Oh, you are sure to do it well enough," said Mrs. Gresham; "you can do anything."

"What is a woman of genius worth in England," said I, "but to do, and to do, and to be passed by unheeded. Who loves them, but to laugh at them; and for what are they fit, but for their professional pursuits? Beauty is the rose of England, and intellect its thorn; a rose that blossoms fairly, a thorn that pricks the bosom where it rests."

"It is a pity it should be so," said Mrs. Gresham. "However, my dear, you are to begin the picture, and the gentleman who intends to buy it, and get it before the public, has sent you this." Miss Ledelle glanced from my wife to me.

"You may rest satisfied," I said. "It comes from an old friend of your father's. Why, my dear little friend, don't you know that if you were to receive money from me, presents, or gifts of courtesy, we should be the talk of the whole neighbourhood; this would be what they call encouraging a married man. The fair Laura Ledelle is far too pure for such a supposition. But I beg pardon, Miss Ledelle."

If she blushed before, she now was pale, indeed; for she had suffered want and I relieved it, with no open undisguised protection, but with a seeming generosity, no more dishonorable to her than unworthy of myself, a fitting friendship. But by these bonds I held her, as it appeared, submissive to me. There is no doubt whatever that the plan I was now pursuing was intended to throw her more completely in my power, by awakening those feelings of gratitude and kindness which were so natural to her. She saw not through the deception, for the necessitous seize the occasion, nor wait to question the motive or the views of those who serve them.

The painting was begun—a beautiful representation of Psyche, and one that displayed the power and poetic mind of the artist—a soul depicting the soul in its most perfect purity. At this, she worked both night and day, till she herself appeared the spirit which she drew. Sometimes, we went there to see the progress of her labors, and, during this, everything was done on my part to wipe from her remembrance all trace of my affection; and such was my perverse delusion, that I really thought my boasted coolness would prove an effectual remedy to my passion. Certainly, there was an audacity in my conduct beyond belief; in some such way as this, for instance:—

"Nothing is more unfortunate," said I, as I strolled one morning up and down

her little parlour,—“nothing is more ridiculous than the forms and customs of society, where, if a man wants to amuse himself with the tender passion or sees an amiable woman whom he would befriend, he cannot serve her or seek to promote her interests—but the simple creature thinks the man must love her; his friendly acts of feeling are all set down to love; and if he kindly ask a kiss, the lady faints at once. These are the follies of society.”

At first, she gazed in scorn; at fresh attacks, the gaze was changed to wonder and to pity mingled, as though she doubted the evidence of her own senses, or feared for the soundness of mine. But, afterwards, she bore all outrages with patience and unwearied fortitude; and shameless and contemptible was the base mind that wrought her such iniquitude. Other plans succeeded. I withdrew gradually my poor protection from her, cut her off from little kind resources, once obtained through me, and worse than all, feigned an entire forgetfulness of her condition. She still went on until the painting was nigh finished; and now was come the period of a new trial for her; one she could not escape.

I had all along pretended that the style of the painting was not to my taste; that it did not reveal that consummate skill my hopes had once anticipated: now, therefore, was the time to torture her with doubts of its success, and myself play the part of critic. It was however easy to protest that she should not lose all advantage by it, for, in case of failure, I myself would purchase it. In this, it is but just to say Mrs. Gresham had no share; for she had been all along deceived by a fabrication on my part; and would have been the first to declare against such usage. Here altogether, indeed, was falsehood heaped on falsehood, for this little work of genius had added to my passion another sentiment scarcely less powerful, resistless admiration. Still, the game must be played in my own way, or not at all.

About this time, also, as though it were necessary for the conduct of this trivial affair, repeated letters were written and sent to her, all guarded in their expression, but intended to remind her of my exertions for her welfare. Also, frequent messages were sent up and down, early and late,—perhaps not altogether decorous observances of that respect most due to her, but only intended to shew, that she dare not object to any thing my humour dictated.

It was late, as late as nearly ten o'clock, when one evening I halted at her door, and asked to speak to her on urgent business. I knew that she had not yet gone to rest; a light was burning in her humble parlour, and though denied, I still insisted, and at length was, with some reluctance, admitted, and made my way upstairs. She started on beholding me, and arose in evident terror.

“I could not wait to let the night go by,” I said. “Dear Laura, we are successful; my friend admires the picture, all will now be well.”

A sudden joy seized her, as suddenly she turned away and wept.

“Nay, this is foolish, indeed,” I said; “but you must laugh now. What do you think? My friend, seeing me so anxious in your service, will not believe but what we love one another far too kindly. He wonders that Mrs. Gresham is not jealous. He often sees me writing to you; thinks your letters the prettiest in the world. Certainly, they tell rather against us, my dear Laura.”

Her tears were stayed at once.

“Are you a man or monster?” she asked, “that you can be so cruel and so kind; so like, and so unlike yourself.”

I heard and did not hear, for my thoughts had wrapt me in a pleasing ecstasy that yet beguiled me. I caught her hand and kissed it; and assuming some sedateness, laid out the remainder of the price to be given for the picture.

“I must believe in your friendship,” she said, “this comes most welcome to us. How can I thank you?”

“Believe not in my friendship but my love,” was the reply. “Yes, Laura, yes, you cannot escape me.”

She drew herself away with dignity never perceived before. She seated herself. Her voice trembled slightly.

“I have long wished for this occasion,” said she, after a pause; “and I do hope, that now you will rather pity than condemn me. Let us not meet again.”

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"Nay, dearest Laura, let us fly together," were my words; but she spoke more calmly than before.

"You have been kind, too kind," said she; "still, there is some money that at one time you advanced, and this I should like now to return. You must, if you please, receive it."

"Poor, foolish girl," I cried, "and do you think to part with me so coolly, and so calmly, so chastely and so coyly; but it shall never be." Here I seized her hands in mine, and held them with such force that she cried out; scorn was upon her lip, her brow, and breathed from out her bosom.

"How I despise you!" so she spoke the words. "How I lament your kindness, how bitterly reproach my own weak heart; how weep my own sad degradation. My soul, sir, spurs you as something all unworthy of itself. Unhand me, Philip Gresham. Dare once again approach me;"—but her words were stopt by a short gasp, a smothered inward cry, as my rude lips touched her sweet bosom,—but such horror and such anguish were set in her fixed aspect, indeed, I did *not* dare again the shameless boldness.

"We will come now to the real state of the account," I said, with quiet malice, and held my prisoner still. "Now believe or not whether I ever loved you; or you can pay all you have ever owed me."

"Release me, or kill me quite," she said, "Sure you were born to teach the wretched lessons of humility, hard indeed to learn."

I felt her throbbing hands; the pulse beating too strongly, as with hysteric passion; and then as suddenly the living tide was checked to rise again. My heart read the fond riddle over, and then my hands released their hold.

"You remember,—you will remember," I said, with malicious emphasis, "when first we met, some services were done, and stated to be done by an ancient friend of your poor father's."

"Yes, I remember all," she answered.

"Then, others done and charged to Mrs. Gresham; petty kindnesses, perhaps, but——"

"The difficulty would be, not to remember but to forget," said Laura. "I have owed a great deal to my father's friend,—to Mrs. Gresham too."

"To me—to me!" I cried; "only to me. All you have yet obtained has been through me and by me. Now, Laura, now!" and breathless with excitement I paused there. She spoke not for some minutes; transfixed in pale surprise.

"And this money,—this, for my last picture?" she at length said. "This, Mr. Gresham, is perhaps yours as well, and you the secret purchaser of the picture."

"Certainly so," I said, in triumph. "There is nothing I would not do for the honor of being publicly known as your protector—the admirer of your genius. This is the lowest reward, dear Laura, of your love—the meanest price for that affection with which you honor me; a love, yes, a love, dear girl, that all have noticed, even my wife remarked upon, in fact that cannot be concealed."

She blushed at this, and shrunk within herself appalled; and yet rallied her spirits quickly back again.

"This ends my misery," she said, with indignation seemingly irresistible; "that one, so mean, so base, so paltry, so much beneath the common character of manhood should ever so far have helped my sad necessities as to leave me grateful. Great God! all thy chastisements—all—anything, all but this! To have died in utter poverty—to have been most wretched of the wretched—to have been branded as a worthless creature—but words! words such as these! Let me forget myself. Oh, Philip Gresham!"

"Curse on this accursed tongue," I cried, "that so belies my nature! Forgive me, Laura, all the errors of my love—the cruelty of my conflicting passions. If I loved you less, I then should treat you far more kindly."

"Can hatred cut more keenly or act more cruelly?" she asked, showing her tender hands and wrists, where my rough hold had left no trivial traces. "These bruises are the only bracelets fit for me, and best express my misery."

"Dear, injured, suffering creature," were my words, "let these dear hands sign

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my forgiveness ;" for as she was wrought to this paroxysm of impassioned feeling, she roused anew the kindling flame within me and stirred the man's affections once again, the manly sense of pity and protection in me ; in fact, my love was newly awakened, and my lips sought once again to touch her hand in friendship. She drew away, uttering a smothered cry that told her deep distress.

"Horror is in my heart," she exclaimed, "a nameless horror of you—uncontrollable disgust. Kill me then with a kiss, for it will do it," she added, with a laugh that told the truth of the expression. She started up and paced the room, distractedly ; then sunk upon her seat again with folded hands. "If the skies," she said, "had fallen ; if nature had become no longer so ; if my own soul had changed to senseless matter, I could not be more struck with terror and expressionless surprise. That you should play at play, game with a woman's heart, a suffering creature too, insult her better feelings, deride her sensibility, and make even her virtue your unworthy sport, then hold her up to scorn and ridicule—boast of forced favors and resisted passion gained only by superior strength,—a stratagem—to bind me to that precipice where you yourself had led me ; this—this is dreadful—so to be deceived in you. But I will be humble—very humble."

"You are still the angel that my mind has painted," I exclaimed.

A vacant look of wonder was fixed upon me, and there was seen, indeed, that some emotion of the heart was struck with sudden dumbness. There was some water in the room, I fetched it for her, and having taken some, returning animation visited her once more. A lengthened interval ensued, wherein my mind recalled all that had passed between us, which ended in contrition.

"It is growing late," she said, at last, with faint and trembling utterance. "Let us then bid farewell, sir."

"Where shall we meet again ?" I asked, in some confusion.

"Never, sir, never again,—impossible ;"—and she arose while speaking.

"It shall not be," I fiercely cried ; "not even now shall you escape my love."

"Love ! love !" she cried, with short contempt ; "christen it, 'hatred,' pray."

"Sweet devil," I murmured.

"The money, sir,—yonder," she said, and there was a modest dignity in this. You must again receive it in part payment of past favors. Worlds would I give to return you all your bounty ; it sits too heavy here."

"Promise me," I said, for this kind of separation, so cool, so keenly civil, came like an unexpected shock upon me. "Promise me, faithfully, that if you need help, protection, money, you will let me know. Oh, Laura, pardon me, let me still be your friend."

"And promise me," she said, "that the next simple, single-minded woman whom you meet ; if, Philip Gresham, she be virtuous, you treat her with just that manly tenderness that best becomes her modesty and honor."

"As if—" I cried, "as if there breathes another woman like yourself,—one whom my soul would seek to covet."

"There—good bye—farewell—God bless you," were her words, as I pressed round her, and she was gone.

I left the money there, and hastily quitted the house, mad with my own mean pretences, with my vain boastings, with my brutal conduct ; and mad with love besides.

This was not all. The following day she enclosed the money, directed to my wife, explaining the real circumstances,—enough perhaps, but not too much. This doubly galled me : that she should shut me out for ever from any farther protection of her, that she had outstepped me in generosity and all honorable sentiments. I do not think that on any other occasion save this shameful instance, I ever evinced such contemptible baseness and unmanly harshness. Accursed folly so to befool myself. Yet, while I was building pile on pile of injury and insult, I would have given life itself to have contributed to her happiness. Besides this, my wife began to guess some disagreement : she questioned Laura, who now shunned even her society ; and to rebut all troublesome enquiry, I threw out hints, facts or suggestions not to be explained, but which might be at will construed. These were carried up and down, repeated by my wife, who again told me all that Laura said ; thus, such folly met

her ears, as all my wrongs had reached her heart. At first, no wonder that it was so, she was all agitation when we met by accident; this afterwards gave place to a calm air of gentlest resignation. She was still in poverty, for there was none now willing to assist her; and ere long her face had lost its blushes, her form its trembling hesitation; she was calm, nay, dignified; and her voice! how melodiously harsh and soul-less was the sound! Yet, when my little ones met her in the streets, they boasted still of her love and kindness.

Besides this, my conduct excited even the notice of our acquaintance; for by my introduction she was known and admired by some, to whom my bitterness, my rudeness, my desperate madness could not fail of being apparent. Mrs. Gresham had been laughingly told by me that our dear Laura was in love with me; her embarrassment gave seeming color to the insult; some guessed and some surmised; of course, the impudent boast was repeated to her; and as the hunted fawn, in the last distraction of pursuit will face its pursuers—even the dove defend itself against its mate—so she.

No, it was not enough to see the anxious energy, the laborious zeal whereby she sought to support herself and parents,—nor to know her wasted strength and sad depression—no—: to clasp her tenderly, or crush her cruelly,—this was the temper and fervor of my passion.

Our residence was still in the same neighbourhood; day by day she avoided me and refused the further friendship of my wife. At night, such was my restlessness, that even the blinds of my parlour being left partly open, seemed not quite to shut her out; a trifle too.

At length, however, another contrivance was invented, which was intended to force myself again into her favor, to discover if one kind feeling or sympathy yet existed. A favor was requested of her, that she would copy the enclosed miniature to oblige me. No answer was returned; in utter silence the thing was done and sent to me. Then I pretended to insist upon payment,—the money was sent back again, still with the same silence. I knew her poverty, nay, her wants; and shame and rage, combined, distracted me. Another interval succeeded, and another device followed close upon it. I pretended that if she would send a specimen of her painting to a certain address, by this means I might indirectly serve her; but now, the petty exercise of tyranny must have its sway; I remained silent, indifferent;—indeed, if she would not receive my love, it was only just that she should know my hatred; and if she loved me, there was my revenge.

It was one autumn evening that we met suddenly in the streets. Though in the garb of absolute poverty, this did not check her, for she motioned with distant courtesy, and questioned me—whether it were true—true—for she had been told so, that I could dare to talk of her as of a common creature, and boast of her afflictions too, and hold her up to pity and to scorn? This was easily evaded. I caught her hand with uncontrolled delight, and charged her with the fault of all my conduct.

"You have utterly deceived me," she said, "and played a paltry trick upon my nature. There, sir, enough."

Was it her coldness or what else? My kindness was now nothing but insult. I asked her how she prospered.

"Well, very well," she said, and endeavored to pass by me.

"How are we so changed?" I asked; but let me remember no more. 'Unkind, unmanly, base, dishonorable,—aye, paltry,'—these were the words she used. The truth I had sought—the truth was extorted from her.

"At one time," she said, with earnest simplicity, "who was, to my fancy, most kind, merciful, generous, noble? Oh, it was you! I would have ventured the living world, my life upon your honor; my life, the world would have been lost. Be satisfied, so far you have deceived me."

I told her she had been mistaken—I had never loved. She was only the object of my charity, my benevolence, my fraternal love. This was said partly to satisfy my malice, partly in the hope that she would permit me again to serve her.

"It was mere friendship," I said, with an insulting laugh; "pure platonism,—a cold platonic kindness. You understand the meaning of the term?"

She spoke once more with tranquil emphasis, not easily forgotten.
"Philip Gresham," she said, "you are the man to kiss and bite in the same breath." She turned away at once. The expression suited well my nature, was full also of the energy of her own; I doubly loved her for it. So we parted.

After this, all was calm—such calm indifference! Why, love, from the worst of women, would have secured more civil treatment, and from the best, at least ensured respect. Yet was it agony to meet or part with her; to remember or forget her. Love! Where was my claim or right to say she loved me? Torture will extract the cry of misery; joy excite enjoyment; the harp respond to the hand that touches it. Had I not wrought upon her gratitude and better feelings, offended her delicacy, and terrified her modesty—what more? That hour of fainting! might she not have feared and doubted me? That hour of sweet insensibility—of returning life! Oh, God! a life of tears can never wash away that truth, then happily hidden in futurity. The future now is past.

It is something amusing to see the deceptions of the human mind; that we can take up with one prepossession or another prejudice; can reject the one, or assume the other at pleasure, and never find out the mistake of either. We can even persuade ourselves that when we most remember, we have most learnt to forget. As for me, my wife was as flashy as ever, I as gay; or, if not so, the mental alteration was not discoverable.

However, by mutual and gradual consent, all acquaintance and recognition between Miss Ledelle and ourselves ceased; and, after a time, we learnt that she had left the neighbourhood. There were hours, doubtless, when her image returned to me, and came with all the strength of feeling to plead against my present happiness. Times, too, when secretly I blushed for all my baseness. By a display infinitely beyond my fortune, by an expenditure averse from all the rules of prudence, I sought to beguile myself, and believe myself a happy man.

But four or five years, though esteemed a period in human life will not efface impressions, where the mind is, as it were, imbued with mental passions stronger than itself. All things assume this likeness, or this color of the soul; or take no shape or hue that memory will retain. Though great changes had taken place, there was, therefore, no material change in me. Where there was little real happiness, or home content, or thoughtful satisfaction, remembrance willingly sought refuge with the past. Without, indeed, descending to other and odious comparisons, Laura Ledelle was, in intellect, conversational powers and social qualities, also in a peculiar nature of character, incomparably above any other woman it had ever been my fortune to meet. She was one, too, with a soul not lost in the forms of society, but ever burning bright and pure with every grace. To this conclusion my mind ultimately came, and rested satisfied.

Meantime, willingly, of my wife I would say nothing. That constant indulgence, that unceasing expense, those luxuries and delights of dress which are esteemed by most wives of this every-day world, were not refused to mine. She—she ruled me, too; but by what power? Let it remain unspoken. Such generosity as was expended on her was yielded literally, because the magic influence of marriage compelled it. If in idle amours, if in frivolous connexions apart from home, my hours were spent, my heart, at least, by this time had discovered that nothing new could please or could beguile it. Inexplicable as my conduct had been, I loved Laura Ledelle, if ever my lost soul were sensible of love; and years had passed away like days; my children were no longer infants, but still, when my thoughts wandered far away from home, from daily cares, anxieties of business, passing intrigues, or late imprudence, they were always to be traced to this last asylum of my hopes. Yet I loved her no longer; this was my persuasion.

It was a lovely summer's day; one of those when no sun seems shining, for all is sun around, when first we met again; she was alone. Perhaps it was the genial warmth and beauty of the season which led me to perceive that she was clad in mourning; and there must have been certainly something attractive in that air and figure,

or so many admiring looks had never followed her. She bore my soul away in one short gaze. I bowed, blushed, hesitated, bowed again; and she returned it with calm politeness, and passed on. My eyes pursued her. Thus fashionably dressed—how could it be. Perhaps her parents were dead, or long since she might be married. My heart leapt to my lips, and I rushed after her.

"Forgive me, dear Miss Ledelle," cried I, "forgive me all the past, dear Laura."

"Ah—it is *you*," she answered, with singular self-possession. "Forgive! dear me, I had quite forgotten all about it; so long ago, with other thoughts and prospects to engage me."

Forgotten! could she forget. My soul sunk down at once,—my footsteps followed her.

In one pleasing, painful moment, I learnt that her parents were still living,—she herself not married. But then, that dear confiding manner was so changed. Change of seasons, time, fortune, life, may well occur and be well borne; but change of friends—of feeling—from love to worse than hate, a kindly coldness,—this was too—too horrible. Though well deserved, it was not well endured.

"Good morning, and good bye," these were the words with which we parted.

"God bless you now, Laura, now and for ever," I murmured; for fearful truths were thronging fast upon me.

The beauty of this life, the spirit of past and present happiness, all, anything I would have given to bring back again that holy union of our friendship in which we had once indulged. Besides, deep private cares, harassing daily difficulties surrounded me. My fortunes were fast sinking; my wife, accustomed to free expenditure, not quite so provident as many wives might be,—and for this, and because of this precious consolation my heart had lost, I could have wept tears from the soul itself; tears of stern anguish; yes—aye, tears of love's deep remorse. The truth touched me: how unworthy many, how worthy she, of faith, of lasting truth.

By a strange coincidence, we heard shortly after, that, by the death of a distant relation, Laura had come into a pretty, perhaps a considerable fortune. She visited, in fact, some of the immediate circle of our own acquaintance, as though anxious to return, in some degree, the kindness she had once received from them. By some kindly interference, past unpleasanties were sunk into oblivion; my wife courted anew her society, pleased, as women are with wealth. Her sight, presence, conversation were not now denied me.

She was not now dependent on the world; her modest gratitude was here exchanged for generous virtues, becoming to her state; her diffident modesty was turned to modest dignity; her timid grace to a most graceful frankness; for all things, and for every one she had a mind of sweet intelligence, a soul of sensibility, a heart of most true feeling; but neither were for me.

There was one thing too that worked me into phrenzy. She showed her coldness—showed it! That she did not even despise me. Contempt might have revealed that she once respected: scorn that she once admired; hatred, that she once loved me; aversion, even, that some strange antipathy had followed a too powerful prepossession—the long affection that she once had felt. But this was darkness unlit by stars,—daylight without a shadow;—a frozen country where not a streamlet flowed to welcome the lost traveller. How often, with skilful manœuvres or concerted plans had I attempted to wring some recognition of my previous claims upon her; to extort some fleeting word, some evanescent thought or ray of memory which might reveal that she had not forgotten all—all;—not forgotten to feel for me.

I caught her at last alone in my own parlour, waiting for my wife. The elegance of her dress too well displayed a person, improved by fortune and daily comforts into such charms of womanhood as my most high-flown fancy had not pictured. A word, a passing conversation, and then another wild interview took place between us.

"I remember, yes, Laura," I cried with frantic energy, "cold, kindless as you are, without remorse or feeling, I remember, dear, lovely, faithless creature, yes, at my touch, you fainted. Nay, don't deny it, you loved me then—then you loved me."

"I do remember," she answered, with a smile of scorn to blind the startling tears.

"Then, Philip Gresham, then, and you are married too! then I loved you;—as never woman yet loved man,—so blindly and so truly. I *do* remember. You have played, sported, trifled with the best feelings that lay around my heart. Fainting you left me and resigned me; your self-love—your vanity was satisfied. Oh, have I not a heart that might be broken."

"Not by me," I said; "the heart of a coquette—a worthless creature."

"Not even your wife," said Laura; "tell her—she is too generous, she will not defend you. Go, talk no more; or talk to some coquette or worthless creature."

"Much do I hate you and despise myself," I said, and flung a flower in her face while speaking.

"Fie, sir," she said, "fie! We have buried our old friend, dear Philip Gresham, long ago; we have taken a new likeness of the past; therefore, our friend must now be more polite."

So tauntingly, so carelessly we met, till her presence drove me at once from that society I sought so much.

It was now I felt all my past cruelty, infamy, degradation. To dally with her modesty, work on her tenderness, this was shameful; but to be generous only to be base,—to overstep such difficulties to secure her love, only to throw it from me with contumely, this was monstrous. My infernal machinations had all ended thus.

A short time had elapsed, when my business engaged my attention altogether. The failure of many large commercial houses at this period drew me into the vortex of their ruin. After those vain exertions which we use to swim when we are sinking; after all was done that could be, with nerves unstrung and tortured with contending anxieties, I found it necessary for my wife and family to resign that state in the world to which they had been accustomed. But this dared not yet be told; for this was the living happiness of Mrs. Gresham,—the pomp and pride of life, the all of life that she could comprehend. She, doubtless, had her worldly virtues, though a knowledge of the world was her one chief attainment.

Also, about this period, my wife broached other opinions, averse from her old conceits, of jealousy of Laura Ledelle, of belief in my infallibility of judgment or of action.

In other days, she had amused herself or me by a species of amiable badinage, lightly hinting, openly laughing at the attachment of Miss Ledelle, or my supposed conquest of one who appeared doomed never to be married. Now, this was transposed into something more rational,—into an entire confidence in Laura. She very freely told me that she feared there had been something wrong in my treatment of her. I asked her hastily what reason she could have for such a supposition, as to imagine me blameable or inconsiderate in my conduct to a lady, when she knew they had a claim upon every man's attentions.

"There is nothing so painful to my pride," was the reply, "as to see Laura when any one speaks of you."

"What, she has no opinion of my sincerity?" I asked, eagerly, "of my conduct, or of me?"

"None whatever," said Louisa. "I think she believes that you have not one human feeling."

"Indeed!" I cried. "Yes, I have feelings—deep ones. What does she say of me."

"She is very ardent," said Mrs. Gresham, "but so cold if we speak of you. Every one thinks that she is going to be married."

What was this to me! I started and dropt the subject. Married! yet we were nothing to each other, still there was anguish in the thought. If I did not possess, then no one else possessed her; if I did not, then none other claimed interest in her; this was my satisfaction. Even this friendless and distant intercourse was preferable to the fact of losing her entirely. This was more endurable than to know her feelings, though not mine, were given to another.

The climax of my fate arrived. My property came into the hands of my creditors, my furniture and household goods were advertised for sale; we hired lodgings for a time. The man of spirit is the one whom fortune conquers still; so have we often

found it. I was not the man ever to fall into half measures; and it was my pride to know, that though I were left a beggar ultimately, the world could never suffer. My wife complained as women will do. Laura grew thin and pale, but was far more kind than heretofore.

It was the morning of the sale. We were all lamenting that this should come to pass; and in my anxiety the day had passed away but slowly. A messenger suddenly arrived to say that a gentleman had bought in the furniture; it was at my own disposal. My wife, with an expression of joy, started up, and ran to give the necessary orders respecting it, but Amelia, who lately had never been absent from my wife's society, was now seated at work, making something for the children. The most acute observer could not have remarked any peculiarity in her. A conviction of the truth, not easily mistaken, struck me at once. In my good fortune I had many friends; but in this crash, I knew there were none faithful enough to follow me. I approached her; call it not with respect, but with a reverence akin to absolute idolatry.

"Dear, dear Laura," I whispered, for my emotions choked me; "you,—you, at least, have not forgotten us."

"I remember many things," she said, mildly, "and, amongst them, when we were poor you used to bring us assistance. You were then our friend."

"Do you remember this," I asked, and looked on her with love, never to be mistaken; "it was a generous thought."

"And when you left us," she exclaimed, "then we were sad indeed; but then you did not think. We now, at least, are friends once more."

I caught her hand, and gazed upon her till all her soul was burning in her face; I touched it with my lips.

"There, enough," she said; "be sure these clouds will some day open, and shew refulgent day, brighter than ever." The children were playing in the garden.

"Mind," she added, "those sweet creatures when it rains take shelter, and then look out again for sunshine."

I laughed in spite of care, for there was often a quaintness in her manner, that made one smile even when inclined to weep.

Did I not love her now; and with no common love, but with a sentiment deserving her. During our troubles, she it was who gave consolation to us all, befriended our children, comforted my wife, and conferred on such a wretch as me, a seeming happiness; and money was not spared, for this was not a calculation that ever entered the mind of this most generous woman.

We were all seated one summer's afternoon in a parlour that overlooked the garden, and even our altered fortunes had assumed the shew of comfort. My utmost endeavours had been tried to ascertain if Laura was engaged, but all in vain. My thoughts were just dwelling on the possibility, when my wife spoke.

"I do think, my dear," said she, addressing Laura, "you were certainly wrong to refuse Mr. D. A woman has always more dignity as a married woman,—more command and influence."

Amelia colored deeply, and said, "yes, but I thought, dear, this was a secret." My wife laughed.

She was then free, her friendship might still be mine! I started up,—I sunk down again, trembling and chill. "Did you see that flash of lightning," I asked. "Strange the effect!"

"Louisa, Mr. Gresham is ill," said Laura, calmly, but she did not move. The blood rushed back again to my heart.

"I wonder, dear, you are averse from marriage," said my wife, as she brought some water.

"Never wonder," said Laura. "One bad man—the knowledge of one bad man—is enough to perplex a single-minded woman. Imagine what it would be, to give a person credit for every virtue breathing and find him all swallowed up in vices of the heart."

"But this is all imagination," said my wife; not so to me, for the words were as the pricking of thorns within my bosom.

But onward now. She learned, through Louisa, the real state of my affairs and fortune. She smilingly offered to embark a portion of her property in my business, and called herself my partner, a shareholder in the concern; thus beguiling the hours with innocent mirth to win us from our griefs. All this she did as if she cared nothing for me. Her only answer to my expressions of gratitude was, "that I had done the same for her; that she wished not to owe me obligations." Shortly after, my wife was taken ill, she tended her like a sister; my children found a second mother in her. There, once—yes, it was so—I told her my weak thoughts. The strong belief was then most strong upon me, that I should some day live to marry her.

"Hush! be humble," she answered; "Louisa is your wife—the only woman that could ever suit you."

"You know, Laura, you know," I cried, "that you would never refuse me; if only to save me from my inevitable misery, that I might repay your wrongs."

"You have taught me too much," she said; "you would not suit my notion of the manly character. Kind to others, cruel only to me, what can you expect? But we shall quarrel. You were once good to me; be happy as you are."

There was a decision in her words that stung me to the quick. I could have kissed or crushed her. Then a thought for the first time suggested itself; a thought of infernal origin; an expedient whereby I might still discover if this were merely feigning. I drove the base design away and wiped it from my memory. But fate led me: incidents led on fate.

She was no longer young—but love is ever young; and besides, she was a woman who never could grow old, so fresh and full her feelings to the last. She was the Psyche who outshone Venus' self. There was a deep solicitude, a zealous watchfulness too in her; her mournful countenance and weakly form might have revealed too, that there were some sentiments within, more powerful than will or reason. And for all this I loved her. Oh, had she dealt more mercifully, I had never been this hapless wretch! But we were talking one day accidentally of step-mothers.

"There is but one woman in the world," said my wife, "who, in my opinion, could be trusted in that situation, and that is our Laura—my dear Laura."

"Answer," I cried; "and answer kindly, too;" and, for the first time for years she blushed and looked embarrassed.

I arose, hastily, snatched the love-lock that hung upon her bosom, and pressed it to my lips. My wife smiled at my enthusiasm, and kissed her friend in kindly gratitude. But that lock of hair never again had so fair a resting-place. The following morning, she had cut it off;—some other fashion was more pleasing. This little thing was great in the exquisite torture that it wrought upon me. The action spoke enough. That fatal thought, the plan and scheme uprose and would not be rejected; but, by the mighty world above, there was no guilt in the design.

However, at this period, the ill chances and unlucky spite of fortune followed me. Because the money of Laura Ledelle should not be lost, more strenuous exertions were used by me in the prosecution of my trade, than on any other occasion before; but at each venture, great sums were either sunk or only just recovered back again, so that, in fact, my family were living upon Laura's property. If, sometimes, an inactive life will still acquire riches; so oft-times again, even the efforts of despair, or of laborious enterprise will not ensure a decent competency. It is the difference between the mariner sailing with wind and weather in his favor, and the same mariner, tossed in the whirling tempest, the sport of boisterous gales and ocean waters. My health could barely contend against all this, this overpowering adversity; it was evident that either Laura's fortune, or the common comforts of our family must fall the sacrifice. I entreated her to withdraw it, gave her every authority over my affairs to secure it to herself, but she heeded not my entreaties.

"When it was done," she said, "it was so, with the full intention of risking future consequences. I have enough to satisfy my humble wants. The golden sunshine of life is over, and twilight is now coming. I am happy in the happiness of those around me. I shall never marry—I have no friends. This money Providence has sent to be of benefit to others."

It was strange, but while I felt that she was fast conquering me in noble qualities,

Philip Gresham's Confessional Auto-biography.

in generosity and goodness, there was an inward longing to conquer her, to make her tell her love, to force her to reveal that my content and peace were all she sought, and I the impulse of her spirit—her soul and heart in one. Why, this great bounty, this enduring sweetness, but for me!

"Tell me not," I cried, with breathing fervor, "this love, dear Laura, exceeds all common love."

"It does, indeed," she answered, quickly, "for it is friendship and pure gratitude united, that is it. Indeed," she added, with a playful smile, "I make my kindly actions pay for unkind thoughts, and so, keep an account against myself."

Alas! was this the answer: mine was no common, mean affection now. Her mind had given light to mine, her soul was transfused in mine, her heart had grown beside my own and lighted there a kindred gentleness. I was not all unworthy. Oh, if she had but shown one spark of tenderness—yielded one sigh of sweetness, granted one look of sympathy, the hell of my remorse might have been changed to mimic paradise. My nature then had never dared to sin against her; never should my hands, my eyes, senses, touch, have once offended her; then my lost spirit should have reigned in other worlds, free from the abiding curse.

Day after day, however, led on to farther ruin, and shortly also, my health began to sink beneath the turmoil and the torture of my mind. With most womanly regard she waited on me, with gentle conversation soothed me, and wandered, like a hallowed shade, around me. Coldness had vanished, and gentler mercy followed. Perhaps she guessed my deep endurance, and my proud debasement; perhaps she pitied me.

The first news revealed to me on my recovery was, that the insolvency of some influential houses, and the panic that beset the commercial world, were gradually undermining the whole resources of our trade, and must terminate inevitably in our ruin. At this point, I was unable to draw poor Laura's money from the vortex, and it was swept away, leaving me none but the last resource of telling her how great and miserable a wretch my fate had made me. If heretofore contemptible, methought, how much more so now. Heavens! what thoughts of what might have happened and all that had oppressed me.

My wife undertook to reveal it to her; though possibly, my wasted health and spirits had partly prepared her for the shock. I was leaning on the sofa; my face buried in my hands, as they entered; I scarce heard the echo of their footsteps, ere they were beside me.

"I have been telling dear Laura," said my wife; "that, Philip, though we are so unfortunate, may yet get on, and then all will be right again; she knows our gratitude."

I started up, and sunk upon my seat again. Mrs. Gresham had been weeping. Laura was pale as death, and, whether it was the pleading patience of her manner, but as I took her hand, overcome by mortification, shame and grief, tears burst from my eyes involuntarily, honest tears as ever boyhood shed, and like a boy, I wept. She gently pressed my shoulder.

"This is not well," she softly said; "Oh, Mr. Gresham, where is the fortitude that overcomes great sorrows. As Louisa tells us, all will some day be well, Philip, and fortune favor us again."

"It is best to speak to him yourself, dear," said my wife, and quitted us. As Laura stood before me, I drew her towards me, and put my arms around her waist.

"Why do you not curse me, that would be kindness now," I cried, in my distraction; "or bless me in pure mockery, dearest Laura."

"We will hope so," she said.

"Reville, reproach me," I exclaimed. "This would be merciful. Now, tell me how you scorn me."

"I do not scorn you," was the answer.

"What then?" I said.

"Be sure," she said, "whatever happens," and she spoke with anxious fervor, "be sure I will not neglect this pleasing gratitude, but ever think of your dear children and your wife, and serve them to the last."

"Dear, precious, noble to the last," I whispered. "Oh Laura!" and I looked

to her face, so pale and passionless; and touched her figure, slender as a shade, till she appeared some spirit just transused from mortal bondage to immortal life. So I should have thought, when on my burning temples there fell a tear, cold as herself. She dashed it hastily away; and smiled back into life again.

"Come, come," said she, "never repent the loss of fortune; so long as just a decent home remain. For me, I have often seen a palace of the stars in moonlight, or built upon a day-time cloud, infinitely more beautiful than this earth's fortune could have raised for me. So, to-morrow we will look within the clouds, or to-night amid the stars, and this will be true wisdom. Good bye." She broke away, and I broke after her; but she was gone.

Here let me pause. It is an undeniable truth that my feelings were not satisfied; but of sisterly softness; and generous self-devotion; great and unparalleled personal sacrifice; there had been surely ample evidence to confirm the truth of her affection. But then her confidence was placed in herself and not in me. My wife now loved and honored her as one removed in mental beauty far beyond herself; neither was she jealous; not because she had no doubt of me, but none of her. She was, indeed, beloved by all alike, excellent in all virtues, in grace of motion, grace of mind, beyond idea. Let me dwell awhile upon this thought, this time, when my depression, conjoined to my misfortunes, compelled, induced this noble creature to yield me the rich gift of her society. What demon could lead me to the destruction of such bliss. But though tried and tempted to the utmost on many passing daily occasions, nothing could be extorted, till, from day to day, she never came before me but my thoughts turned to this one alone. Could I but discover if this reserve were only feigning; a deceit to cover dearer, deeper feelings. Often I smiled upon the thought, methought she often faintly blushed in wonder at the smile. Why swear by Heaven!—since Heaven best knows my honor. However, events were now thronging to aid in my design; this even gave sweetness to the fearful thought. Seemingly, in order to preserve the remainder of her fortune to aid in the support of our family, or for the future benefit of our children, Laura now retired from all society; and to preclude the possibility of intrusion, took two handsome apartments in our near neighbourhood. These rooms led into one another with folding doors, and were to my contemplation well adapted to my scheme. In this retired abode how often did she welcome me, and here we spent many an hour, while she leaned over some lovely portrait, for her perfect skill had long since gained her both popularity and liberal reward; and latterly, she had pursued her art, with an ardor and unwearied labor that indicated rather the desire of emolument than the exercise of an elegant amusement. Here we often expatiated on subjects of mind and science, pleasing to her and me; but—no, she did not see the damning cause of my attentions; she did not know this intercourse was madness to my feelings, steel ranking in a wound—death in the midst of life. But one trial! one, my Laura, not to conquer you, but to shew your truth is mine,—that something, and that all, that may convert this living darkness into light. One trial. Horrible fool.

"It is singular enough," said I to my wife, one morning, "to think only for an instant upon the cause of Miss Ledelle's retirement from society, her kindness to our children and to us."

"She is a woman of most exalted mind," said Mrs. Gresham. "There has been a loss to all mankind, that she should have never married."

"What is the cause of this—the cause," I repeated. "Has she never told it you among her woman's secrets?"

"Never," said my wife, and she paused, "never to my knowledge."

"Is Laura at all capable of love?" I asked.

"Oh, depend upon it," said my wife, "she has most powerful, lasting, generous feelings. But an ordinary man can have no conception of her. Only such a woman as myself is fit for this every day world."

"I should like to see Laura's love," I said.

My wife looked at me enquiringly, but said nothing more.

The one, one thought was always with me, and took deeper root than ever; and after some few days again I called upon her. It was towards the evening; she was

alone, and rather more pensive than usual; and while I sat there, the question naturally arose within me, how it was that she should thus create my admiration. No longer young—clad very simply—a pale face shrouded in a close muslin cap—how was it. The soul—the soul!—heart and mind seated there,—there, beneath the gauzy folds that veiled her bosom. The riddle thus was read.

"I am so unhappy," she said.

I started, and turned pale. "How and why?" I cried.

She was under great anxiety, she said; and presently after began to tell me further. A young servant-maid in the house had been charged with stealing some valuable property belonging to the next door tenants, and all the household were engaged, some gone in search of her, and some in quest of the stolen goods.

This was a fortunate chance, which never could have been anticipated. The family were employed upon other things; the occasion was not to be omitted, and this was the moment, or never, to execute my project. I was resolved.

In her room—in her bed-room—there, at night, together, there might my soul best judge of its security in loving her; but for no further ill, none which the day itself might not look in upon; only to prove by her tears—her ways—her words—her anguish—whether she loved or scorned me. Once more to see her fainting spirit shrink away—once more. This was it. To harm her? No. Who dared do this? Not I, for all the treasures of the world below.

"How melancholy you appear to-night," she exclaimed; "quite unlike yourself."

"Am I so?" I said, starting from my reverie. "My thoughts are rather pleasing to me."

"Did you see the moon-lit rainbow that shone last night?" she asked. "It was most beautiful,—more singularly so than those that shined upon a day-time cloud. I wish that you had seen it."

"Why?" said I. "Why do you think of me?"

"It struck me," she said, "that if you had beheld it, you would have thought how pleasant many things appear in our misfortunes, though forgotten in prosperity. How very lovely things may be at night, which in the day are never heeded. It shone most heavenly."

I started up. Sure she must guess my thoughts. This was the night, and she, most lovely in the days of my adversity was still more lovely now. I turned away—returned again—bade her adieu—resumed my seat—and sunk into abstraction; bewildered by the present scheme that occupied my fancy, yet my heart trembled at the bare idea.

"There is no new unhappiness at home, I hope," she said; "you are not well."

"My head is racked—my heart—my feelings altogether," was the answer. "Fetch me a glass of water."

She left me; and while she was gone, I examined the apartments to be sure that nothing could intervene to interrupt my plan.

Each chamber had a door that opened into the passage of the house and led on to the staircase. There were, therefore, ample means of escape in case of any intrusion, but this was hardly possible. The short glimpse I caught of the inner sleeping room, was sufficient to satisfy me that there were certain nooks of retreat there, where I might lie unobserved till the convenient time arrived for my re-appearance,—the moment of delight for me, and for her love's strongest trial. I had scarcely made my survey when she returned.

"How shameful it is of me to trouble you," I said, but my trembling hands gave seeming evidence of my illness, and drew from her some information relative to the real state of things.

"The house is in utter confusion," she said, "scarce any one at home. It is well you are here, or certainly I should be alarmed to be so lonely."

"Alarmed at loneliness, and not at me," I said, and she then looked doubtfully upon me; but presently recovered herself, and held out both her hands to me.

"No, no," she said, "what should I fear in you, you are my friend."

I took her hands in mine and wrung them in distraction. The fear, the horror of offending her restrained me, or I had clasped her there at once; and with a fond extortion compelled the truth from her.

"I am not myself to-night," I said, "some demon or some angel goads on my thinking mind to madness. Good night, dear Laura, there, good night."

Terrified at my energy; retiring, as she ever did, from all impassioned language, she drew herself away, murmured, "good night, God bless you," and hastily I quit-
ted her, confused at my own thought.

I never was more myself; nature was never more evident within me. I retired—but not down stairs. No, like a midnight plunderer, or the stealthy ruffian to his midnight work, I crept back slowly through the dark, into her chamber. The gentle moon lent me imperfect light. I stepped with caution onward, feeling along the furniture, when her footstep was heard approaching. She appeared with a candle. At that instant, I was at the farther end of the apartment, and saw a closet door ajar. She did not notice me; but retreated like one who had been alarmed, but whose fears were suddenly quieted. That one short ray of light directed me, I stole back unheard and concealed myself in the closet, which fate had apparently pointed out as my best hiding place.

How was it that though my nature still revolted at the act, it was nature urged me on and would not be denied. My conduct all along was as a portion of my destiny. Oh world and life, would that the soul were nothing, rather than have to answer for such sins and sorrows! There was no premeditated injury—God is my witness—none! It was the work of fate doomed to betray the wretch who once relies on it.

Hours of weary suspense passed slowly on, and as they elapsed, Laura ever and anon entered the room. Presently, some one else approached and locked the door leading into the passage, but this was of no consequence whatever. The inner door of the parlour was now half open, and she was evidently now preparing for repose. Once, looking from my concealment, I saw that she was weeping; perhaps over my wrongs—for me. Then, she knelt down to say her evening prayer, was there a thought—a prayer devoted to me. This thought aroused repentance, doubt, distress, fear of my own designs—but how escape and leave her now—impossible.

A moment more, and she was now undressing; in garments held, and clinging softly round her, as if to hide her from herself—for what else could she fear. And now—now—willingly would I have sprung out upon her, but shame and fear hung like strong chains upon me. Her heavenly vision came but once upon me clad in white; and in an instant, by a slight trembling thrill—a hasty breathing, I knew her tender form was there reclining. The closet was immediately in front of where she lay, I beheld her with a Bible, perusing it, languishing, as though almost half asleep—so peacefully would she leave the world in prayer. I thought of nothing now but to escape. Worlds would I have given never to have been there. The instant of my hope was that of my despair, for at my first slightest movement, she started up aroused and listening, and shortly after sunk to rest again. Still, though the hour had come wherein the trial was to pass, none was yet attempted: the sight of such a perfect purity withheld me, defeated me, here was love's last religion:—Yet. Oh Heaven!

My heart leapt up at once. The house was heard in sudden great confusion, clamor of voices and the stir of footsteps; and Laura, as she heard the sound, wrapt hastily her things around her, fearful of interruption, and fled into the farther room. Chance is the devil that directs us still. But one short interval, and some one rapt at the outer door and asked if they could be admitted. But few words passed between them. It was the officers, who, through some intelligence, had come in search of the stolen goods, a portion of which was supposed to be concealed in her apartments. My poor Laura made some hesitation, but after awhile I heard them enter; nothing was found in the first apartment, and they approached her bed room. Here, she again faltered, as any timid creature might to have her last retreat invaded. I heard the coming footsteps—felt the doom. The cold perspiration stood upon my brow. For the first time, Philip Gresham trembled—not for himself but for her. Here was the mistress of the house; here were servants, hirelings, vulgar menials, men, too! all to be witness of my presence, of—of her—of what!—

I opened the closet door and once looked forth. She, my Laura, saw me. If death could look more deadly—aye, full of horror—that was she. She ran back into the

Philip Gresham's Confessional Auto-biography.

parlour again, as though under some distraction of the senses. They came—the! and she came with them as the victim to the sacrifice. They searched every corner at last the closet, and I came forth. Oh, hell! oh, heaven! no sound—no shriek was heard.

"Fear not, dear creature. I—I will protect you," were my words; but the coarse knowing laughter of the men, the wonder and the questioning of the women, "sorry to interrupt such good society." This was enough.

Laura stood, her hands locked fast upon her bosom; her eyes, the lids covered, like eyes cut out in marble. Even these wretches were amazed; and nothing but the undying power of innocence could have wrought this upon them. I gave the fellows money, and they went their way. I spoke in whispers to the women, and they followed. There stood the criminal, there the innocent, face to face.

"Oh, Laura! had you but shown you loved me, this—this would have never happened," I cried out. "Dear girl, the world shall never wrong you. These arms shall shelter you. Speak! oh, speak! dear love."

The rigid lips began to move, and death smiled wanly in her face. The lips still moved, but spoke not; and her eyes were now all unearthly bright, as though the latest ray of life was centred there.

"Believe it," I whispered wildly. "Dear girl! by the just God I never meant you harm. I came here to claim once more that innocent kindness, love, and truth which once were mine. No one shall ever harm you."

She drew back slowly, and seemed to glide rather than walk away. She still looked full upon me, her lips still moved, but not a sound was heard. I sprang after her, alarmed, and caught her in my arms. A faint shivering, like the shivering of glass before it breaks, passed through her. My lips sought hers—a kiss, yet once again.

"My heart—my heart—my heart! There; lay me gently down. My heart—my heart!" she murmured. This was the only sound—short sighing of the death-wail.

And I did let her rest in that too hard embrace, whose touch had killed her. The truth flashed in upon me; she was dying. My prayers and my distracted cries brought quick assistance. My wife, at length appeared; and all that night we watched beside her; in vain—the bolt was shot—the arrow sped. If cruelty could kill, it has been so; if blood for blood can so requite, it shall be so. Well, art thou conquered, Laura, or am I? Has my dear girl escaped me? her truth, her thought unspoken; the secret of the other world—there to be known at last. Alas! dear shade; let me then still pursue thy shadow.

Reason—reason alone creates this living world; at least, this world of thought. When it is gone, why, all is nothing. If we no longer understand the truth, why truth is nothing; but, even though we kill this life, truth will exist beyond us. This truth kills me. That such a lie, a falsehood of my fate, should so betray me and so ruin her. Soft, dear girl! the dead know not the name of ruin; ruin is swallowed up in death. Is not this comfort? Why do men whisper of what they do not understand? It was the whisper of the town still; the town again repeated it; it came out in evidence, that, on the accursed night, when in quest of this lost property, they entered a poor lady's chamber, the nest of my loved Laura; that they found there a gentleman, called Mr. Philip Gresham; that, horrible infamy! but this angel is immortal. Can mortals, then, hunt spirits from out the eternal skies? Why not be at rest upon the theme? The saint, unblemished, still looks down upon us. Farewell, my girl! farewell!

Shortly after the above incidents, in a newspaper of the period, there appears a paragraph, wherein is stated the death of Philip Gresham, Esq., who died by his own hand; and, curiously enough, some allusion is made to some unfortunate and unexpected casualties, unhappiness, and aberration, which, if not comprehended by less impulsive natures, has been often pleaded in extenuation even of the desperate act of suicide; and not inaptly, on this occasion, was such indulgence exercised. By reference to the will, we find that the remaining fortune of Laura Ledelle, she bequeathed, when dying, to his wife and children. This was the last arrow which reached home.

THE SEPARATED.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

THEY met by moonlight, in a grove retir'd
 From the world's gaze,—its quiet paths were free
 From all intrusion, and eve's lonely bird
 Poured from its bowers her softly mournful song :
 It was the spring-tide of the year, that time
 When smiling Nature wears her gayest vest,
 And all things breathe hilarity and joy.
 The sky was tranquil, and the air was calm,
 No breeze disturbed the pure lake's glassy breast,
 That back reflected all its flower-gemm'd banks
 In lines unbroken, as from mirror clear.
 So pleasant was the scene that none might gaze
 Upon its charms, and, gazing, think of change :
 Oh, who would willingly in Spring's fresh hours
 Muse on dark Winter's storms and dreariness?

They met—a graceful youth and slender girl;
 Children of beauty both,—on each soft cheek
 Sat damask roses thron'd, and from each eye,
 Full of sweet light, Love's silent language beam'd.
 The flowers beneath their feet breath'd to the air
 Perfumes delightful; and the nightingale
 From the green bough that gently swung o'er head,
 Warbled enticing strains;—but oh, less sweet
 The violet's odors;—far less musical
 The night-birds' songs, than were the speaking sighs
 And whisper'd words which that young pair exchange'd
 Their hearts were full of hope; nor would they see
 Aught that might blight that hope, or give them pain.

They met once more—at the same quiet hour :—
 The scene was beautiful still; the violets
 As fragrant; and the many nightingales
 Warbled as sweetly to the listening woods :
 No passing clouds deform'd the moon-lit sky
 With threaten'd tempests—all lay hush'd and calm;
 And that fair pair stood 'neath the forest boughs,
 Where oft before they met; but ah! their hearts
 No longer beat with quick and joyous throb,
 As wont of old; Nature seem'd changed to them,
 For Fortune harshly frowned upon their lot,
 And with rude voice, sternly imperative
 Commanded them to part—perchance, for aye.
 Alas! how seldom in this world of woe
 Is true love happy.—O'er the Western wave,
 In torrid realms that gallant youth must seek
 Wealth, which his soul despised, but never more
 Than in the moment when it sever'd him
 From home and the sweet goddess of his vows.

They parted!—with salt tears and many sighs,
 And looks which spoke the anguish of their souls;
 While promises they made of faith till death,
 Unalterable:—so with bleeding hearts
 They tore themselves asunder.

* * * * *

O'er the wave
 A proud ship goes careering—prosp'rous gales
 Have filled her canvas, and with thoughtless glee
 Her sailors their accustomed labors ply,

The Separated.

Anxious to reach the port ; but *one* she bore,
Who deem'd her course too swift, and chid the winds
So qu ckly parting him from England's shore ;
It was the youthful exile.

Time flew on ;—
Spring had departed, and the Summer months
With all their sunny blossoms and sweet buds
Had passed away,—Autumn had tinged the trees
With his own mellow hues ; fast short'ning days
And chilly nights told Winter was at hand ;
Whilst in the lover's trysting place lay strown
Dead leaves and wither'd flowers, emblems most fit
Of the departed hopes they cherish'd once.
Yet though 'twas lonesome now, at ev'ning oft
Wander'd the maiden there with pensive steps,
To memory recalling those blithe days
When in its shade she and her chosen met :
Not many times the moon had filled her horns
Since *He* departed for the Indian isles ;
But in that short space, o'er *Her* sunken cheeks
A boding paleness silently had stole,
And day by day her footsteps weaker grew.

Winter passed slow away, and the glad Spring
Called once again o life the early flowers,
Decking the green fields with their earth-born stars :
The maiden looked out on the sunny plain,
And the blue firmament, rich with pure light ;
But she no more could wander through the woods,
Culling sweet violets or pale primroses,
Or sit beside the mountain rivulets,
Listening the music of the blackbird's song :
Her days were number'd, and Death's icy hand
Pressed on her heavily,—yet mild he came,
Not clad in terrors, but with slow approach,
Like still night closing o'er a landscape fair.
One wish she had, that ere her heart was cold,
She might behold him whom she always loved,
And on his bosom breathe her soul away.
It might not be—but just before she died
Tidings came from him—letters full of hope
And ardent passion. So the maiden knew
She had not been forgot, and was content.

Death stole upon her like a pleasant sleep
Of sweet oblivion, after days of toil ;
Resigned, she closed her eyes on earthly scenes,
And yielded her pure spirit to its God.

They made her grave in a most quiet spot,
A place of sunshine and delightful flowers,
Where, ever murmuring, the busy bee
Gathered her honey, and the guiltless birds
Sang always to the echoes their wild songs.

And her fond absent lover—in what clime
Did he abide, not knowing she was gone ?
Most unexpectedly wealth came to him,
(A legacy from a rich relative,
Who, living, never owned his kinsman poor,
But dying heirless, left him all he had !)
It was right welcome, for it set him free,
And with the breathless speed of love he sought
His own dear land ; full of delicious hope
That with his plighted bride he now might share
Riches new found, and live beneath her smile.

The Separated.

Fair blew the breezes o'er the Western main,
 And rapidly the noble ship sailed on,
 Yet now he deemed her course was all too slow.
 They reach the coast,—once more—his native soil
 He presses with glad feet—

* * * * *

It is still eve ;—
 Beside a flower-strown grave a mourner stands,
 As marble, pale and cold :—the rising moon
 Just shines upon his brow and parted locks,
 Lighting a countenance that breathes despair.
 All had been told him—and from that sad hour
 He never smiled, nor sigh'd, nor wept again.
 His reason was unsettled, yet not so
 As outwardly to show.

If thou hast loved,
 Thou mayest partly guess his agony ;
 But if thy heart ne'er felt Love's holy flame,
 Words cannot tell thee !—

Once more o'er the deep,
 As if for life, he fled from clime to clime ;
 From arctic regions to the torrid zone ;
 But no where found forgetfulness or ease ;—
 Love cannot be forgotten, nor Despair.—
 Four years had passed, with all their circling moons
 And changing seasons, ere with prescient mind
 Homewards he turned his steps, at home to die,
 And lay his bones by hers who was in peace.

* * * * *

'Twas in the Autumn month, when all things fade,
 Green leaves and sweet flowers, and delightful herbs,
 When music ceases, and the skies grow dim,
 Life's fever found its close and he his rest !

BANKS OF THE YORE.

THE ROSEBUD.

Bright is thy vesture, lovely rose ;
 Thy days are few—thy heart is young ;
 But when thy ripen'd chains unclose,
 Thou'lt curse the world whence thou hast sprung.

Trust not for safety to thy form ;
 Tho' flattery thy beauty praise ;
 Tho' buzzing wasps around thee swarm,
 Delighted on thy hues to gaze.

Tho' fragrance dwell upon thy lip ;
 Tho' Nature's glories round thee cling ;
 Tho' insects flutter, smile, and sip,—
 Such joys bequeath a bitter sting.

Thy bloom will fade, ill-fated flow'r ;
 And, beauty flown, neglect and scorn
 Will leave thee, in thy fallen hour,
 To die upon thy native thorn.

W. LEDGER.
 [COURT MAGAZINE.]

LEGENDARY CORRESPONDENCE.

CHIAJA, NAPLES, PRIMA SERA.

UNDER the ethereal blue of a Southern sky, and charmed by the soft balmy air of an Italian evening, my thoughts, are, nevertheless, of home. Yes, even in this delicious, dreamy clime, where it is easier to forget the world and its many ills than to have a thought of them,—a clime where Eden might have been! there is yet a spell around the thought “Home,” more consoling to the stranger in a foreign land than the endless variety of wonders and witcheries which are ever attracting him. Surely this is the feeling which has inspired so many to write of “home’s hallowed ties,” and though humble are the pretensions of my pen on such a subject, yet could I discourse in unnumbered Cantos, had I not other food for your entertainment; and as I have much to tell before the golden sun shall again tint the Eastern hemisphere, and as the light barque which is to convey this to you over the “far blue wave” is gracefully floating in Naples’ placid bay, ready to sail at early morn, I will at once commence my narrative.

The other evening, I was strolling along the via Toledo, with its crowds of busy, bustling passengers, admiring the bright eyes and lovely smiles of the Neapolitan women, and the new and gay dresses of the contadini, who were thronging on with restless and untiring zeal, when, on turning down a long and narrow street, I quickly found myself in a part of this fair city which I had not before visited. The lofty piles were old, dirty, and dilapidated, and with their broken windows and ragged stone entrances, like some of the closes at Edinburgh, marked, externally, the abode of misery and wretchedness.

While slowly walking through this tenantless street, so unlike the gay Toledo which I had just quitted, my attention was directed to a window on the third floor of a squalid meagre-looking house, by the presence of a dark-eyed, care-worn looking girl, who ever and anon clasped her hands in the attitude of prayer, with great apparent earnestness and fervor; then throwing herself forward from the opened casement, with hasty, searching glances she earnestly watched every passer-by: her wild, brilliant eyes at length fastened themselves on me, and with a kind of frantic exclamation, which from her extreme height was partially lost upon me, she beckoned with the “furore” of an Italian, to hasten to her. My curiosity was aroused! my sympathies awakened, and, with an ardent love of adventure, the general characteristic of an Englishman, I was soon in a low and ill lighted room, its thick and dirty glass window rather excluding than admitting light; and the few straggling rays which found their way into the apartment, together with the faint glimmerings of a small antique lamp, which hung before a figure of the ‘Saviour’ on the cross, carved in lapis lazuli, served only to render ‘darkness visible’ and make the chamber the more miserable.

Slowly entering, time was afforded me for observation, and my eyes were soon accustomed to the duskiess of the place: proceeding cautiously, my presence was unheeded, for I perceived the mysterious girl on her knees before the image, totally lost in the earnestness of her praying: all that I noticed in the poorly furnished room was a wretched truck bed, on which I imagined I beheld some one lying, from certain moans and uneasy restless motions. In an instant, the truth flashed across my mind, and I fully conceived that I had been selected, owing to my dark flowing dress from which the poor girl had taken me for a practiser in physic, and that the being, stretched on the lowly pallet, was the patient for

whom I was thus unexpectedly called to administer: before I could sufficiently recall my wandering thoughts, the girl arose from her devotions, and uttering a blessing in her sweet soft Italian language threw her arms around my neck, and with those delightful expressions of her feelings of gratitude, peculiar to her nation—kissed my cheek. In my broken Italian, I asked her what distressed her, and in what I could assist her: to my surprise and pleasure she answered in English, with only a few words here and there in French—oh! how those familiar tones thrilled through my heart! doubly delightful from the lisps in which they were given—that her father was lying on the bed very, very ill, and then she slowly shook her head with an expression of despair, and her moistened eyes were again suffused with tears, and her voice was choked with emotion: pausing for a moment to recover herself, she added that ‘she thought he was dying! but since I had arrived he would be saved and live with her to bless their kind restorer: pitying her mistake from the bottom of my soul, yet I had not the power to undeceive her: allowing her, therefore, to lead me to the bed, I took down the ‘ill fed lamp,’ and by its feeble light, carefully examined the face of the sick man, and such a face! I have seldom seen: though pale and wan from illness it forcibly reminded me of the heads which ‘Rembrandt’ loved to paint, and in spite of a grisly beard there was yet an expression in his languid look, that told me he was no foreigner, but an Englishman; I could not then make further observation, for I perceived that the hand of death was making busy with its feeble victim, and when I felt the poor man’s pulse it was hardly traceable: motioning to the weeping girl to bring some water which stood nigh, I bathed his parched and feverish brow with the cool refreshing liquid; what further to do, I knew not! the water seemed to have renovated him a little, for he opened his hitherto closed eyes, and cast his vacant gaze around; then he motioned as if he would drink; and his watchful daughter was stooping at his side in a moment; he took a long draught, and as he drained the cup I perceived a great change come upon him, his glossy sunken eyes were lit with an unusual fire, thereby adding yet more to the ghastly appearance of his features; after he had finished his prolonged draught, he made an effort to sit up, and would have fallen back again from weakness, had not his watchful child propped his head with a pillow; regarding her with a look of intense fondness, I saw his lips quiver as if he would speak, and each of us eagerly bending forward, I heard him pronounce in English, (the words are still ringing in my ears) Bless thee! may God bless thee! Estelle! he spoke no more, and there was but a slight movement of his frame, when the old man closed his eyes for ever. Estelle saw what had happened, and with a stifled scream, ejaculated ‘mio padre,’ and fell senseless on the pallet!

Since the above occurrence I have made many attempts, but in vain, to find out who the parties were, from the people of the house, in that night’s adventure. As soon as Estelle had recovered, I had quitted her, leaving strict injunctions to take the utmost care of her; and, giving them money for the purpose, promised a further supply. On calling in the morning, I learnt that a carriage with a gay livery had come early that morning, carrying away Estelle; that all demands had been settled, and orders left for the funeral to take place immediately. This was all I could learn, and I was obliged to return to my apartments with a heavy heart at my want of success. Notwithstanding this melancholy occurrence, one cannot long remain sad at Naples, and in the course of a few days all grief flew away, and I had almost forgotten the adventure with my fair incognita, when one morning, in pressing through a crowd to gaze at a procession, I felt something thrust into my hand; I grasped it, and on looking down, perceived it was a small packet, directed in extreme haste;—“To the jeune *Ingleze*.” I looked up, and saw a figure retreating from the crowd, whom I instantly imagined was the mysterious bearer of the paper in my hand. It was my earnest desire to have followed and enquire of her by whom it was sent, but I

found it was impossible. At length, after many endeavours to make my way through the eager crowd, I reached my lodgings in the Chiaja. I hastily tore open the billet; a note fell to the ground in the same handwriting as the direction; these were the words:—"Alcun s'avanza; I am disturbed. Accept this, cher etranger! It is all I have. Je suis heureuse. —ESTELLE." A tear had fallen on the paper, as if in contradiction of the last line of her short note. Poor Estelle, I thought, what stern destiny may not be thine! and for some moments I was buried in profound and sorrowing meditation, till my eye rested by chance on the contents of the packet which lay in confusion on the table. Examining it, I was joyed to find it contained manuscripts, written in old-fashioned style, and in many instances a cramped hand, but, apparently, all in English,—romants and legends, both in verse and prose, of an extremely interesting character. I kissed them, as I once more thought of poor Estelle, and locking them as treasures in my "portfeuille," I determined at some future time to re-write them, and transmit them for your reading. That time has arrived, and I herewith send you one, which, though only a sketch, will doubtless greatly interest you, being a tradition of the spot near which you reside.

A TRADITION OF BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

CHAPTER I.

CASTLE BEAUMONT—THE STORM.

The hissing waves did lash the shore,
And far around was borne the roar!
The Curlew rose, and its shrill cry,
Proclaim'd a tempest dark was nigh.—*MS.*

IN a large, deep recess formed by a projecting bay-window, whose stained latticed panes appeared the smaller owing to its massive oaken frames and mullions, two ladies were seated at work, and although to a distant observer, they were apparently occupied intently with their needles, yet by the quick and uneasy glances shot ever and anon around, as well as by their conversation, carried on in short and hurried sentences, to one participating in their society it was evident their minds were less engrossed by their visible occupation, than on some other subject of intenser interest.

"I fear me dear Fawn," said the younger, "we shall ere long have stormy weather, the clouds drive by with a peculiar swiftness, and by the evening gun the sun has sunk below the sea in darkness, an omen betokening ill."

"Sister Alence," responded the other, "your fears, alas! I think too true; for see," she continued, at the same time rising, "the bosom of the ocean appears troubled, and I hear that peculiar moaning of the winds, which is a certain precursor of a tempest, though, may Heaven grant in this case it prove otherwise."

"Amen," said Fawn, in a low, sweet voice, and both for a time were silent. Resuming their employment, the gloominess of the weather increased, gusts of wind breaking the former stillness of the evening, whilst the distant roaring of the waves announced a coming tempest. A damp, chilly atmosphere crept indeed over all inanimate nature, rendering the external aspect sombre and gloomy, and the sisters, seemingly lost in their own melancholy reflections, spoke never a word.

The room in which they were seated was one of those large ancient chambers so common in the huge straggling mansions on our sea-coast at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and though few of them now remain entire, there yet exists sufficient evidence to shew that they were as much intended for sustaining as repelling the attacks of our then predatory neighbours, the French, as for lordly residence. This was a dark wainscotted apartment, with a massive heavy cornice of carved oak running throughout the top, which supported a ceiling whereon was painted some piece, half allegorical, half real. The walls were bare, except where here and there adorned by some silent portrait, gazing, as if in ridicule upon the

effeminate changes of modern times. An immense chimney with its huge sides occupied a large portion of the further extremity of the room, over which were ranged, with some pretension to order, various weapons of the middle ages, such as axes and partisans, with other arms, far from unfitted for present use in a moment of emergency, which had probably belonged to some earlier branches of the noble family. The large fire which had been lately burning briskly with sparkling, crackling flame, which makes an in-doors chill November's evening so delightful, had exhausted its impetuous force, and sinking into a quiet and subdued glow, was throwing around a deep red glare on the space in front, which was partly occupied by a table in the centre, of polished walnut-wood, with large and handsomely carved feet, a low and luxurious couch, and several well-stuffed high-backed chairs. These were some of the few prominent objects in the room. The recess or bay in which the sisters sat, was raised two steps above the level of the polished oaken floor, the better to command a view of the wide-spreading prospect before the windows; whilst a terrace, with an embattled palisade, ran immediately in front, whereto the casement opened. Evening was fast closing in, and the green sloping park, with its rows of gaunt, naked-looking trees, like spectres in the uncertain light, were quickly fading from the view; and also the distant sea directly in front of the terrace, so that appeared to wash the very extremity of the park, was at this time only discernible by the flashes of white light ever and anon produced by the foam of some wave shot up into the air, and breaking before it reached the shore. Large dark masses of cloud still continued to roll over the sky in wild disorder, and the wind was greatly increasing in violence, when the silence long preserved by the sisters was at length broken by Fawn, who, laying aside her embroidery, said, "I can no longer work, Alence; the cold wind and dampness of the air cast a chill about me which I cannot shake off. I would that Hanger and Fulke were here, for by Marquette's account the fleet with Sir Cloudesley has been some days anchored off Spithead, yet no letters nor any tidings have we yet received. Methinks, that after so long an absence, they might have bestirred themselves a little in this act of friendship and love."

"Indeed, dear Fawn," replied Alence, "Fulke Attehill or Hanger Homfray would themselves, I trow, give much to be here; but the rules of the service are so strict, and their presence may be so much needed, that, even granting the rumour of the fleet's arrival were true, they would have to undergo quarantine, which would of necessity detain them; and as to writing, sailors you know are little thoughtful of such modes of communicating, no less than too much employed generally to think of so irksome a duty; besides, dearest Fawn, they may have an inclination to surprise us both by their sudden presence, and if so, would of course keep their arrival a secret."

"True, good Alence," returned Fawn, "I grant all you say to be probable; but at the same time I feel so anxious to behold Hanger that I cannot help still thinking they might have left the 'Anne,' and have been here before this; I am sure their admiral, Uncle Beaumont, would have given them permission."

"And how know you, dear Fawn, that Admiral Beaumont has power to permit them to quit the ship? He is but the rear-admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel is in command of the fleet. Yes, dear, there can be no doubt," she added, "but that they will all be here as soon as their duty will permit them; my only anxiety is lest they should attempt to leave their ship during such tempestuous weather."

"Nay, Alence," said the now alarmed Fawn, "you do not imagine they would be foolish enough to come by the sea, after so many accidents have occurred on this coast! I should be still more troubled if I thought so."

"However much we may regret it, Fawn, it is, I fear, too probable they would, for it is their quickest and readiest route; besides, in fine weather, the voyage is very pleasant, and those of their profession have a contempt for our slow mode of travelling as well as perilous land conveyance."

"May all good powers, then, watch over and protect them, and all others at sea, on such a night as this, I fear, is likely to be!" exclaimed Fawn, in a voice filled with emotion; "for little sailor that I am, I foretell a tempest is near at hand, and by that cloud so black and murky, it will be right violent!"

At this moment the long threatening rain descended upon the earth in a perfect torrent, and so intense and brilliant a flash of lightning darted from the Heavens—illuminating the dense atmosphere, and quickly followed by a peal of thunder,—that its dire roar, rocking the very earth, shook the time-worn mansion to its foundation.

With an exclamation of terror, Fawn and Alence Beaumont retreated from their position in the window, and summoning their attendant, Marquette, the huge oak defences of the window, thickly studded with iron, were quickly put to, and the tapestried hangings having been drawn, the violence and noise of the storm was to them somewhat deadened, whilst fresh logs being put upon the fire, and a large branch lamp placed on the table, the sisters drew near to the now blazing hearth, and in spite of the wind which blew in loud and frequent gusts, and the rain that pattered and beat against the casement with great force, their thoughts were soon buried in the many sad and gloomy contemplations to which the wildness of the night gave rise.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEA PASSAGE.

The owl shrieked, . . . an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her in the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung. *Hen. VI.*

MIDNIGHT at length arrived, and with it the tempest—bad as it had been before—seemed to be only now in reality commencing, such was its increasing fury and violence.

No longer did Castle Beaumont, as the old mansion was usually called, present the same quiet and peaceful appearance it generally exhibited, all within it was bustle and confusion, as if the warring elements had inspired its inmates with similarly disturbed and turbulent spirit by which they themselves appeared to be set in motion: large fires were blazing in its several chambers; the domestics were hurrying to and fro, and the venerable housekeeper, Margery, with the old steward, Paul, were bustling about, giving their orders with an activity and vigor belied by their appearance; the hall itself wore, too, a look of startling and curious confusion; for around its huge and crackling hearths, lounged groups of shivering, half clothed beings, to whose wants and necessities the zealous attendants were kindly administering; these wretched figures were fishermen and other poor people of the neighbourhood, whose cottages and dwellings had already fallen a prey to the pitiless fury of the raging tempest, who, thus suddenly deprived of their habitations and homes, together with all they possessed, had hastened with their wives and families to gain shelter within the castle and save themselves from the devastating ruin. Upon the approach of night, and before the storm had arrived at its present height, the sisters, with a promptitude and zeal truly worthy of their high and noble house, had ordered the beacon on the topmost turret of the castle to be lighted, and the alarm bell to be rung, to indicate to forlorn and houseless wanderers that shelter and protection here awaited them. Though themselves greatly alarmed and terrified, yet the sisters were every where giving directions with a firmness and decision of character which inspired general confidence, passing from chamber to chamber, and now descending to the servants' hall, so that by their presence and every act of kind attention they might bring comfort to, and solace the broken hearted and houseless beings who filled their mansion. No longer now were complaints heard; and forgetful for awhile of the hardness of their lot, some were to be seen offering up prayers of grateful thankfulness that they had met with such kind hearted friends in this the sad hour of their affliction. Every now and then some haggard, worn out straggler tottered in, with fearful tidings of the fatal progress of the storm; of houses falling and burying whole families in one common ruin; of churches blown down, their leaden roofs first rolled up, like very paper; of groves of trees uprooted, whirled round with a fury which baffles description; of men and women, driven from their falling

habitations, ranging open fields for the sake of safety, and of others searching for their missing children, their progress marked with loud cries of lamentation and despair; until stricken by the lightning, or perishing from exhaustion, death had silenced their lamentations, and relieved them from their miseries! Such were the frightful pictures drawn, the dreadful tales narrated, whilst the sisters were persevering in their good work, though stouter hearts, driven to despair, might have been appalled; nor was it till the inmates of the hall began to exhibit some appearance of general comfort that these kind beings would listen to the oft repeated entreaties of old Margery to retire to their chamber and snatch some slight repose, having first obtained a strict assurance from old Paul, that should fresh intelligence arrive or anything important happen, he would instantly communicate with them; with a promise to this effect, they quitted the hall, carrying with them the enthusiastic blessings of the whole of its now contented occupants.

Scarcely had half an hour elapsed since the young ladies had departed from the hall, than a loud knocking at their chamber door disturbed the still-watchful sisters; on a request from Fawn, the trembling Marquette demanded who was there, and being answered by Paul's well known voice, he was instantly admitted. With no small diffidence, however, did the old man enter his young mistresses' apartment; but on considering the importance of his mission, and there being no time for delay, he banished such feelings, and without any ceremony related to his anxious listeners that a half drowned fisherman had just arrived, bringing the report that a large and bulky vessel had been descried through the gloom, driving with a headlong, and as it was to be feared, an unmanageable course through the boisterous waves, in the direction of the Flintstone-rocks at the foot of the Park, and that signals of distress had been made with lights and fires, and several guns discharged to gain assistance, though none could be afforded; and although some of the fishermen of Brighthelmstone had attempted to launch a boat to the ship's aid, yet all their efforts to relieve them having been ineffectual, they had directed the sad intelligence to be conveyed to the castle, trusting that by means of the "Sea-passage," they might be enabled to render some help to those on board. Such was the substance of the man's report, and Paul wound up his narrative by saying, that he had already collected some able men, with lanterns and torches, and every thing necessary for an expedition to the rocks, and himself only waited his young ladies' permission to lead the party.

During the old steward's recital, the sisters had maintained a sad and melancholy silence, and their countenances at once betrayed the conflicting feelings of their hearts; their vivid imaginations in the half wrecked vessel, had, in a moment depicted to themselves the ship of their uncle Beaumont, all indeed, which they loved on earth; and, for a time, they seemed lost in the fearfulness of their presages, until Fawn, with a desperate effort, thus spoke—"Go, Paul, and lose no further time, too much has been already lost! prepare everything needful for your purpose; in a few moments I and my sister will meet you at the cavern's mouth, and may Heaven prosper our undertaking." Saying which, she gently led the astonished old man to the door, and closing it after him, thus addressed her weeping sister,—"*Alence!*" said she, and her bright eyes flashed as if from inspiration, "this is no time for grief! a power greater than all ordains this trial, and we must not shrink from the performance of our duty; this ship, some unknown feeling tells me, is none other than the '*Royal Anne*,' containing lives dearer far to us than our own, shall it, then, be hereafter said that the '*Beaumonts*' suffered their kinsmen to perish, alone and unassisted! when they might by their presence have prevented it?"

"No, Fawn, it must not, nor shall be," said the now no longer sorrowing *Alence*, "I am ready to follow you to the assistance of the unfortunate mariners, and I feel my strength increased by the thoughts of performing so holy a duty!"

Hastily and with the assistance of Marquette, who begged and entreated them in tears to remain, throwing some cloaks around them, and drawing their hoods tightly about their heads, the sisters set off silently, proceeding down the sinuous passages that led to the foundations of the house. After much twisting and turning, they arrived at a large vaulted chamber, supported by great pillars of stone, where they found Paul with a party of four or five men, with dry wood, ropes, bars of iron

and other needful things awaiting their arrival at the head of a large open trap-door, which displayed a flight of natural stone steps cut out of the solid rock. Here, also, they met with old Margery, who, in conjunction with the faithful Marquette used every kind of earnest solicitation to prevent their going, but in vain; and the heroic girls left them to weep and lament together at the top of the steps, whilst they descended and journeyed on through the sombre and silent pathway cut in the bowels of the earth.

"The Sea-passage," as it was called, was a subterraneous path or tunnel cut through the solid cliff on which the mansion was built, extending by a winding way to the beach at the extremity of the park, or rather to an opening in the rocks, midway between the sands beneath at low water and the top of the East Cliff, as the range of chalk and flint ridges were, and to this day are called. It had been intended, when first constructed, as a means of escape in time of need for the inhabitants of the castle; and rumour, with "her thousand tongues," had already promulgated many tales and legends in connexion with it; the most celebrated of which was, that when the unfortunate Charles the Second, after the disastrous defeat he sustained at Worcester, then some fifty years ago, was sheltered in great privacy at the castle by the father of Fawn and Alence Beaumont, and that ultimately, by this very passage, Charles Stuart made his escape from England on board a vessel previously secured for him. Thus the story went, and many vouched that old Paul knew more about it than he chose to tell. Be that as it might, he was the only one at present in the house who had been there long enough to remember it. His old master, the father of his young mistresses, having died in their childhood, and Dame Margery, who, though she was quite as old as he, had not been at her present abode above thirteen or fourteen years, having been brought there as nurse to the young ladies by the present possessor of the estate, Admiral Beaumont, the uncle and appointed guardian of these his fair nieces.

The party, of whom, indeed, we seem for some time to have lost sight, after descending the steps, proceeded along the narrow and damp archway, guided by Paul, in front, with a flaming torch. The tempest raging overhead was now no longer heard; a solemn death-like silence reigned around, except the noise created by themselves in following its dreary track; but as they approached nearer to the end of their journey and the sea-shore, frequent gusts of wind assailed them, and suddenly extinguished their torchlights, but which with the aid of the lanterns were soon relit. A few more windings brought them, however, so near the extremity of the passage that they were enabled to hear the dashing and roaring of the sea in all its fierceness, and they shortly arrived at a massy door set firmly in the rock, heavily barred and thickly studded with iron, of great strength as a barrier to the entrance of the passage. After a short delay, the door was opened, and the party found themselves in a moment exposed to all the frightfulness of the scene before them: then the stillness of the cavern in which they had been lately secluded made the furious elements appear twice as formidable, and a feeling of terror crept over the startled girls, but their anxiety concerning the fate of the vessel made them soon forget their fears, and they eagerly followed Paul, who led them to a kind of gallery in the cliff, having in front some huge fragments of flint and chalk, which almost externally hid the doorway in the rock. On one side, a steep and circuitous path was formed in the chalk down to the beach, and from the other could be beheld in the depths of the precipice below, above which the party at that moment was resting, the broad expansive ocean, whence, indeed, owing to the dense darkness to which their eyes were yet unaccustomed, no objects were visible, and as Fawn and Alence pressed each other's hands, sympathizing in their mutual feelings, they felt comforted in each other's presence. In a few moments their eyes became accustomed to the almost palpable darkness, and their hearts ceased to beat so violently as on their first arrival. The fierce howlings of the wind, and the rude splashings of the waves in their faces no longer alarmed them, and, wholly forgetful of their former fears, their minds relapsed into a settled and determined courage, calling to mind as they did how much was expected of them, and the benevolent cause which had brought them to the spot.

Paul and his men having, meanwhile, taken the precaution of leaving a lighted lantern and a few of their heavier materials in an opening by the side of the entrance to the tunnel, busied themselves in selecting a spot sufficiently sheltered from the weather whereon to raise their beacon; and in a little time, with the dry wood they had brought with them, a blazing pile was made, which, spite of the rain and wind, sent its bright flickering flames high into the hazy atmosphere; then, straining their eyes, some few of the men endeavored to gaze beyond the impending gloom, past the range of the lurid glare of the crackling fire; but each tried in vain, for nought could be discerned in the deep vortex but Heaven and sea, lost in each other's stern embrace, apparently commingled. At length, midst the din of conflicting sounds, the loud and near boom of a gun broke upon the ear. "Gracious powers, they yet live!" exclaimed Fawn, in a voice of grateful thankfulness, "we are in time. Pile up the fire; they see our beacon." Another and another gun proclaimed that Fawn conjectured rightly, and that their signal was answered. Still there was nothing perceptible of the unfortunate vessel, though the still increasing reports of the guns confirmed their worse suspicions of the ship's dangerous proximity to the rocks then known as the "Flintstone." Whilst every nerve was strained to obtain the least glimpse of a vessel, a lightning flash, more intense and of longer duration than any that had yet preceded it, for a few moments laid bare the whole expanse of the boisterous and foaming waves, and a large ship, apparently in great distress, and mastless, was clearly perceptible about half a mile from shore, plunging recklessly midst the waves; and though not a spar or the least semblance of a sail was to be seen, yet she appeared to be driven onwards with fearful impetuosity; but the thoughts produced by this sight in the minds of the anxious spectators were quickly put to flight by a sudden, dread shock of thunder, which quickly followed the lightning flash, bursting immediately over their heads. The bellowings of the turbulent ocean, the fierce blusterings of the wind were no longer heard in that one long-continued explosion of nature's dark artillery. The earth shook, and the rock tottered on which they stood, and an immense fragment separated at their side, falling with a terrible crash into the sea beneath. The whole party were so terror-struck, that, save one fisherman and old Paul, all the men fled precipitately, reckless of those whom they left behind. At length, after the long-continued and dread rumbling peel had died away, there was a comparative calm, although the tempest in other respects still raged with unabated fury, so loud and so prolonged had been this last awful clap of thunder. The sea, meanwhile, had risen to an alarming height, as if raised from its customary bed in answer to the thunder's angry summons, with a determination, too, to flood and overwhelm the earth with its mighty mass of waters; and the rain, moreover, descended in such streams that the gates of Heaven seemed to be again opened. Cowering beneath a rock, the sisters, who had exhibited during this dreadful scene the greatest magnanimity, endeavored, with the two remaining men, in some degree to shelter themselves from the pelting rain. The fire being no longer able to withstand the deluge of waters thus incessantly poured upon it, at length sunk and soon became totally extinguished, thus making them the more alive to the wretchedness of their condition; and old Paul, auguring from the defection of the men and the seemingly increasing violence of the tempest, that no assistance could be effectually afforded, began to urge upon his mistresses the necessity of immediately returning to the castle, and the more so, since his practised eye saw with evident dismay the encroachment of the sea and the short distance that now remained between them and a watery grave. Communicating his opinions he, at length, prevailed on the almost heart-broken and greatly reluctant girls to abandon their position; and, the more securely to enable them to retrace their steps, passed a stout rope to their bodies, fastening the ends around his own lest the fury of the winds, or the impetuosity of the spray should carry them over the rocks: hardly had they turned their faces homewards, than there arose from behind them, amidst this uproar and din of the elements, so loud and piercing a cry that it pervaded the whole air; it was echoed from cave to cavern along the coast with fearful reality; this appalling sound was almost immediately succeeded by a frightful concussion that plainly told the fate of the unhappy ship and its drowning crew, and with a cry of

deep horror the sisters paused in their course and would have retraced their steps had not Paul's strong arm impelled them forward; and well it were so, since a mightier wave than all preceding broke suddenly over the cliff, and almost laid them breathless. Paul had luckily perceived it coming, else they would have been inevitably washed off the rock.

Staggering with the weight of the water so unexpectedly cast upon them, Fawn and Alence clung for support to the arms of the watchful old man, who, hastening with his burden as well and as fast as he could, had at length nearly reached the mouth of the cavern when his attention was all at once rivetted on the ground, as he perceived immediately at his feet the apparently lifeless bodies of two young men lashed to some spars and rigging: nor did he alone behold them, for his young mistresses with an exclamation of surprise, were instantly on their knees beside the bodies, and assisted by Paul and the fisherman they soon removed the lashings which fastened them to the timber, by which their limbs were evidently much benumbed; for the relief thus afforded was immediately perceptible by their giving signs of animation. Having despatched his companion for the other lantern which had been left in a cleft of the rock, Paul, with its friendly light proceeded more closely to examine the situation of the young seamen. Judge then of the young ladies' astonishment, when recognizing in the pale faces before them Hauger and Fulke's well-remembered features. Greatly agitated as they were, yet no cry, no scream burst from their lips, but knowing the threatening dangers of their situation they were, apparently, calm and composed, though this last shock awakened feelings which, under any other circumstances, would have rendered further exertion from them impossible; but here was an occasion which called forth the exercise of their utmost energies, and nobly did Fawn and Alence Beaumont answer the claim to their strenuous and unremitting exertions. With spirits they chafed the temples of their insensible lovers, and in conjunction with Paul and the brave fisherman who, unlike the rest preferred sharing their dangers to deserting their posts in their time of need, they used their utmost endeavours to restore them to animation, nor were their humane efforts unavailing! for after a short time their cares were rewarded by seeing the hitherto almost lifeless forms open their heavy eyelids, and although their gaze was wild and vacant, their wandering senses were partially returning, and with sincere delight at beholding their progress to restoration, in a low earnest voice the grateful sisters returned heartfelt thanks for their preservation.

The time which had elapsed from the first moment of discovering the young officers, though short, had greatly increased the perils of this devoted party, and old Paul upon rising from the performance of his charitable work, perceived in one glance their imminent danger: so great, in fact, had been his attention and that of his companions to the exhausted young men, that despite the raging violence of the tempest they had all equally forgotten the state of the elements and their own hazardous situation; shouting aloud to the still kneeling fisherman to follow his example, with the apparently fast recovering young men under his charge, and exercising almost incredible strength Paul seized hold of his young mistresses, and bore them away with rapid strides to a more protected entrance at the cavern's mouth, and notwithstanding the then perfect hurricane, and the waves which were dashing against and leaping over the cliff, he reached a place of safety, and placing his trembling burden under a shelf of rocks secured them from the torrents of rain which were now again descending: then earnestly requested by the shivering sisters, he retraced his steps to help the fisherman and his two feeble companions, and by his powerful assistance they were soon all gathered together in the same spot where the sisters anxiously awaited them. Quitting them now to follow him, Paul advanced alone to the door of the cavern, and was greatly surprised to find it closed! but how much greater was his horror, when on trying to open it he found it resisted his utmost strength. "Inhuman monsters!" exclaimed the old man in the extreme of agony and despair, "they have cut off our retreat from this desolate place, my poor children! what will become of you! alas! the old steward's foreboding was too true, for the cowardly traitors who have fled, in their anxiety to save themselves have closed and barred the barrier utterly regardless of the unfortunate beings left by them behind." Not an instant was

to be lost, and instead of giving way to grief or despair in this time of fearful extremity, each of the party, even the now partially recovered yet feeble Hauger and Fulke on hearing the appalling circumstance, promptly used his utmost exertion to force down the door, aided by some iron bars which they found in the inner entrance of the rock. With these they manfully and vigorously attempted their deliverance, but the massive and iron-bound doorway seemed to defy their utmost efforts, and the strength and spirits of the whole party appeared about to desert them; then resting for a moment from their arduous labors they would anon start up and with renewed force continue their task, at the same time filling the air with their shouts and cries for aid; vain, however, seemed all their battering and hollaing, the wind only answered them with a hoarse and mocking wail, and the dull and heavy sounds from the blows they struck upon the unyielding and stubborn door were borne upon the wind and re-echoed around; the waves, too, roared with an eager fierceness, as if they dreaded the escape of their expected victims. In this dreadful condition were the party when a fresh alarm of the waters coming upon them was given, and so, in truth, they were, for the waves had latterly risen with augmented violence, aided by the boisterous wind, and with the torrents of rain that continued to fall, accompanied by flashes of lightning and rolling peals of awful thunder completed this terrible and sublime scene. Crouching by the sides of the now again weakened Hauger and Fulke, the unhappy girls prepared in silent prayer to meet their apparently inevitable fate, whilst the two young men, unable themselves from the weariness of their stiffened limbs to work longer, still endeavored to encourage the men to renewed exertion as they had partially succeeded in making a slight breach in the hard wood, but with all their efforts the iron fastenings defied their further progress, and their blows began to fall less heavily as they continued their cheerless undertaking. Their strength indeed was fast failing them, and they were standing in nearly two foot of water, so that the waves constantly dashed over them. Fawn and Alence with the young men were but little better off, since, though they were standing on a ledge of rock which the waters had not yet reached, yet they had to encounter the fierce waves, and found great difficulty in keeping their position.

This state of things was not, however, fated to last long, for a violent flash of forked lightning, followed immediately by waves huge as a mountain, struck against and burst through the door of the tunnel, carrying away the whole of the wretched tenants of the rock by the sudden and overwhelming indraught of the waters with a fearful and terrific shock downwards into the interior of the cavern, where, after a moment or two they were left by the mass of waters to be only assailed by others more stupendous, till, at length, the lower part of the passage was wholly filled with raging foaming billows: of all the hapless party thus washed into the sea—passage the courageous fisherman was the only one who escaped destruction from his having been thrown a greater distance up the cavern than the rest, whence he managed to creep still further out of reach of succeeding waves, and he was there afterwards picked up by the woe-stricken and sorrowing inmates of the castle.

Thus perished in the arms of those they fondly loved and whom they vainly attempted to save, the fair Fawn and Alence; and with them the house of Beaumont became extinct. For their uncle admiral Beaumont with the whole of the ship's crew of the 'Royal Anne,' fell victims to the remorseless fury of the devastating storm, which so greatly injured the country and navy of England, on that same fatal and memorable November's night, of the winter of 1704.

* * * * *

Many years have now passed since the fatal events here recorded, and no longer do there exist any remains of the lofty pile then known as Castle Beaumont, the castle having first been permitted to fall into decay, and being afterwards pulled down; but there still remains under the East Cliff, of the now gay town of Brighton, a part of the subterraneous pathway or sea-passage, which has still escaped destruction from the frequent inroads of the sea, and which serves to this day to call to mind the hapless, courageous and generous victims, who fell in the glorious work of assisting the distressed and drowning sailor. Peace to their manes!

MY FATHER LAND.

A SONG.

BY EDWARD DANIELL, Esq.

The Land, the land, the rich green land
 The golden fields, and the peasant band ;
 The dewy grass in the morning light
 With its thousand glittering gems so bright,
 It mocks the jewel'd crest so rare
 As it bends and bows to the gentle air.
 I love the land,—my father land,
 I dream me of the fostering hand,
 Which led my steps so light and small,
 By the vista of elms, green and tall,
 Oh ! sweet and fair were my boyhoods days,
 And my father-land,—has my song and praise.

I love,—O how I love to greet,
 The scarlet coat, and the hunter fleet,
 When madly he flies o'er hill and dale
 And loosen'd turf springs up to the gale
 Beneath the iron hoof of the steed,
 Who bites the bit,—as he skins the mead,
 The hounds, the hounds, in their distant cry,
 Proclaim the fox,—the fox, is nigh ;
 Onward he flies to his home in the earth
 And the knell of his death,—is the cry of mirth ;
 My father land, thou art all to me,
 Thy child I am, and I ever will be.

The birds were mating one joyous morn,
 And wildly carol'd when I was born ;
 The teeming earth was rich and gay,
 The flow'rets bloom'd,—'twas blushing May,
 And I have liv'd midst't joy and care,
 Of grief and sorrow,—I've had my share,
 But God is kind, and I ask no change,
 But on the wide earth still would range,
 Till death shall come with his clay-cold hand,
 And hush me to rest,—on my Father-land.

THE CRIMINAL'S CONFESSION.

Keep not bad company; if you do it,
'Tis twenty to one but you will rue it!

In a retired spot, in the Old City of Paris, near the banks of the Seine, lived one Renaud Brande. He had been a thrifty man, and on the profits of his labors had lived a secluded and charitable life. He was a widower, and had adopted his sister's child, who at an early age had been deprived of her parents. In progress of time, he entrusted her with the superintendence of his domestic affairs. This Renaud had an only son—Henri—on whom he had bestowed an excellent education, and when arrived at the age of twenty-one, he set him up in business; but the amusements of Paris soon alone engrossed his attention; he became a *roué* of the first class; he was the hero of the bals masqués, the billiard-table, the cafés, *Frescatis*; nor did he confine himself to these exceptionable, but less dangerous pursuits, for he was also a member of the Revolutionary Club, called "The Hellites." After many ineffectual attempts to reclaim him, the old gentleman soon shut his heart and door against him for ever. Henri Brande became, thereupon, a professed gambler, and at the period of the Revolution, he could slip a card or win a "poule" with the sharpest amateur of fashion.

Renaud Brande owing to grief and infirmities arising from his son's heartless conduct was soon laid upon his death-bed. The physician who attended him entertained no hopes of his recovery, and begging him to prepare for death, left him in charge of a father of the church, who after he had concluded his holy office, requested they would send for a notary to arrange his worldly affairs. The notary attended, and after a lengthened conversation Brande desired him to summon Adele. The afflicted girl entered the apartment of her dying relative and protector; her eyes suffused with tears, and kissing his hands, she seated herself by his side—"Adele said he, my good, affectionate girl, I have sent for you, that I may for the last time thank you before these witnesses, for all the attentions I have received at your hands; for your affectionate conduct to a broken hearted old man. You alone have assuaged my griefs, calmed my sorrows! you are, indeed, the child of my adoption, you are truly the child of my heart:—my happiness has been your delight—your welfare is now alone engrossing my thoughts. Here lies my will before you—I have bequeathed to you all my wealth—you are my heir—with the only exception of a legacy to—my son—should he ever show contrition for his past misconduct. The generous—hearted orphan refused, at first, to accept this offer, with tears entreating him to revoke his will. The injured father remained, however, inexorable, and forthwith affixing his signature to the document—it was duly sealed and witnessed. As the old man placed the document in the hands of the notary, a gentle calm came over him, and kissing Adele's forehead he thus addressed the weeping girl: "Adele, have you ever been in love?" She blushed as unhesitatingly she answered she had.

"And," continued Renaud Brande, "will you tell me the name of him to whom you have given your affections?" "Yes, dear sir," she answered, "to Albert Lille, the son of your old friend in the Wine Market—my heart has long been his."

The old man paused, and at length said, "well, your heart shall have its free-choice, but, I imagined that you nourished an affection for my son—Henri—and had it been so—my last moments would have been happier, my heart would have eased of some of its sorrow—for, although I wished you a worthier partner in life, still my feelings as a father led me to hope that your gentle self might change a profligate youth into a good husband. He is unworthy the possession of such a treasure—you shall have the choice of your pure-heart; and I give my approval—would that I could boast of such a son as Albert Lille.

The old man evinced some agitation, and the priest and the notary took their leave.

Adele then summoned the old nurse, who had assisted her in attending Brande, and the latter fell shortly into a calm slumber.

Seating herself near the window, Adele was listening to the pattering of the rain, whilst the room was occasionally illumined by vivid flashes of lightning, deeply meditating; a feeble cry called her on the instant to the old man's side—he was strongly convulsed—uttering unintelligible sentences, and his glazed eyes seemed to be wandering in search of some particular object. Suddenly he called for his son, and by the application of restoratives he was in some measure calmed. Adele then requested the old nurse to watch him, whilst she quitted the chamber to procure medical aid. An accomplished leech was entrusted with the charge of the old man, and Adele again departed in search of Henri Brande. Knowing as she did his usual place of resort, she hurried towards the Palais Royal. Having reached the bridge which divided the old from the new city, the rain and lightning ere long drove her for her momentary shelter beneath the portico of a decayed house, immediately overlooking the Seine. Her attention was shortly attracted to the sound of a boat departing from the opposite shore, and the voices of men vociferating in a state of extreme excitement—she listened and distinctly heard a mortal struggle—a splash—a groan—the boat was hastily rowed to the bank where she stood—the party hurried to the portico—a moment and she sought refuge within the ruin.

"He's quiet," said one—"you have the money?"—"Yes," replied the other, "here's his purse and pocket-book—what shall we do with the notes—they must be changed, directly—I'll go back to the Palais Royale." "No—you shall—you can change them there—and play a little to avoid suspicion, and to-morrow we'll share the gold obtained from them—the purse is full of Napoleons—we'll share them now."

"No—no," replied his companion—"we must be careful—he was seen last in our company—the police may call and ask disagreeable questions—curse it!—I begin to fear they might search us and find some clue to our doings—no—no—this place shall be our bank—let us hide the cash beneath one of these flag stones—and we can come together in a day or two, and quietly take possession of it—by that time all will be blown over." They, thereupon, removed a stone, placed the money underneath, and hastily left the spot shortly after their departure, Adele came forth from her place of concealment: she had seen the identical individual of whom she was in search—she had heard him denounce himself as a robber and a murderer—and panic-stricken, she leaned, full of dread, against the crumbling walls of the dilapidated house. She was, however, awakened from her reverie by a cry for assistance in the direction of the river—it proceeded from Henri Brande and his companion—she flew to the bank—by the lightning's flash she perceived a man struggling in the water. She entered the boat and pushed off to his assistance—the stream bore the boat rapidly towards the half-drowning man—he seized the oar—and aided by Adele entered the boat. The vivid electric glare revealing his features—the astonished girl beheld her lover, and she fell senseless at the feet of Albert Lille!

In a short time, the half-drowned Albert regained his strength, and by their mutual aid the boat was carried safely to the shore. Leading Adele to the sheltering portico of the ruin, Albert there explained to her that Henri Brande and his companion, Victor Durande had persuaded him to join them in a trip of pleasure down the river; that his boat had been used on the occasion, and that on starting, the rain had caused them to land and spend the evening in the Palais Royal; that he had been engaged in play, and having been extremely fortunate, when leaving the gambling-house, they entered the boat to return home; and that when in the centre of the stream, he was suddenly seized by Durande, when Henri Brande fastened a chain to his legs: that they then threw him into the Seine, and he was carried only a short way before he was thrown on a bank near the bridge, where he rested with his head scarcely above the water, until Providence sent Adele to his rescue.

"I will this instant denounce them to the police," said Albert, "I will surprise them in possession of my money."—"Stay Albert," replied Adele, "they have it not about them—they have concealed it beneath this stone."—"How know you?" enquired Albert.

"I saw them place it there but a short time ago, and heard all they uttered—they are now at the Café in the Wine Market." She then informed him of the cause of her being at that lone spot at so late an hour—entreating him not to have Henri Brande arrested until his father was at peace. They were then about to separate when they were interrupted by the night-patrol, who questioning them recognised Albert Lille, and proceeding on their rounds, they left the lovers going homewards. Albert having promised Adele to call at the Café and implore Henri Brande to hasten to his dying parent ere he breathed his last and endeavour to obtain his forgiveness.

The sounds of revelry were loud within the Café: no sooner had he entered than he beheld seated before him the villains who had attempted his destruction, astounded at his unlooked for preservation: the jocund smile now left their cheeks, replaced by a ghastly stare! Beckoning them to follow him to a private-room—they tremblingly obeyed as they gazed upon him with a look of bewilderment:—having closed the door he thus addressed them:—"Villains! Assassins! By a miracle I have escaped the death which you had purposed for me."

"Ha! ha!" cried Victor Durande—laughing—you are not then sober yet? Having taken too much sleep you fell overboard, and now you come and accuse your two best friends of an attempt to drown you.—Pshaw! man—were it even true—no one would believe you."

"Black-hearted wretch!" exclaimed the incensed Albert. "I have a witness."—"Ha! ha!" shouted Durande, what witness?"

"Adele, your foster-sister, sir," added Albert, turning to Henri Brande, who saw you conceal the money, and—for whose sake I now forgive you—your father is this moment in the pangs of death, and he wishes before he leaves this world once more to see his Roué son—speed you home—sir—his peace shall not be disturbed by my means."

"Generous man!" exclaimed Henri—"you have saved me from endless disgrace and regret—I shall instantly depart to see my poor father—I will be grateful, I pledge my soul to it." With these words he left the room.

"And, now, Victor Durande," asked Albert—"what have I ever done that you should have meditated so foul a deed?"—"Albert Lille," replied Durande, "your gold tempted us—we had lost our all, you were a heavy winner, your money would have reinstated us in that opulence from which our extravagance had reduced us:—maddened with wine, I purposed your destruction, and now, perhaps, you think I am happy that you survive—not so!—from boyhood I have hated you as no man ever hated another—you have ever been my enemy, though unintentionally, I believe: you (perhaps unintentionally) have thwarted me in my advancement in life, and now do your worst, denounce me if you please—I care not—farewell!—we shall soon meet again." They then quitted the Café.

On the morrow, before day dawned Albert Lille was found weltering in gore, with several fearful wounds upon his body—his torn dress and the disturbed state of the earth around denoting that the spot had been the scene of a fearful struggle!

The death bell tolled that morning, solemnly, and as Victor Durande passed the old church the sound chilled his blood—he thought on the dead within—and he hurried on.

When arrived at Renand Brande's abode—the exterior too truly told that the old man was dead—he nevertheless knocked—and met on the threshold the grave digger of the department, who had been fulfilling his office in preparing the dead for interment; Durande gazed wildly at him.

"Sad work! sir," remarked the sexton, "the old man died without seeing his son—he struggled hard to live long enough, praying to be spared until he could see Henri again, that he might forgive and bless him—but when death comes he don't stand shilly-shally. And death was busy last night—young Albert Lille was found murdered in the streets."

A cold tremor passed over Durande's frame—but, rousing himself he enquired if "Henri Brande was within?"

"Alas!" said the sexton, "he has not spoken since last night—the sight of his father's body prostrated him completely—he would not believe him to be dead—and

becoming frantic, he remains still seated, gazing vacantly on the logs of wood which are burning in yonder chamber; he would not take himself to rest, neither will he take food, nor speak.

"Indeed!" ejaculated Durande, "he'll surely speak with me," and passing by the sexton who closed the door after him, he quitted the house.

Durande then silently ascended the staircase, until he reached a chamber, the door of which was partially open; he half entered, but instantly withdrew. The corpse lay there, and by it's side, with the dead man's cold hand in her's, her eyes streaming with tears, sat Adele. He shuddered as he withdrew his eyes from the mournful scene and passed on to Henri's room.

With a fixed, glazed, and motionless eye, he found Henri Brande as the old sexton had described him. "Henri Brande!" exclaimed he. The voice only partially recalled him to his senses, and he arose aghast. "Durande!" he cried again. "Why come here, at such a time?"

"Necessity brought me here," replied Durande. "Our lives are in danger; we must devise instant means of security."

"We are safe," said Henri, "he will not bring us to justice."

"I am of your opinion,—I have made *him* safe, assisted by this good blade," added Durande, exposing a blood-stained knife.

"Blood! Have you then killed him?" exclaimed Henri.

"Yes!" answered Durande.

"Thanks. O Heaven! that I had no hand in it!" ejaculated Henri.

"And more blood must be shed," added Durande; "I have spilled my share of it—now your turn."

"What mean you?" questioned Henri.

"How dull you are," said Durande. "We were in the power of this Albert Lille and Adele;—I have quieted the former, you must silence the girl. Our lives must not be at the mercy of a woman's babbling tongue."

"Are you in your senses to talk thus lightly of depriving an innocent girl of life? Are you mad, I say?"

"Almost," replied Durande. "I see I shall be sacrificed by your womanly scruples. What became of the money we took from Albert Lille last night, and the purse which the girl found?"

"It is, I believe, in her room above," answered Henri.

"And what will become of us, if we are denounced?" interrogated Durande; but he spoke to a stone. Henri had fallen into a train of deep and melancholy thought, and heeded not his questions. Watching him for a moment, the former gazed around the apartment; he observed Albert Lille's pocket-book; he placed it in his companion's hat, and dropping the knife beside it, silently withdrew from the apartment. He next ascended to the room above, where he found the purse, the evidence which he had so greatly feared. Having secured the gold, he placed the purse within a drawer, and descending with noiseless step, departed from the dwelling. The cold-blooded villain then hastened to a Café, which the police were in the habit of frequenting; and in the course of conversation allusion was made to the occurrences of the previous night, and broad hints given by him respecting the dreadful affair. "I left them late last night over their wine," he said. "They had quarrelled in the early part of the evening, what about exactly I know not, but respecting some gambling transactions, I believe." One of the men connected with the police was here seen to whisper in another's ear, and they left the room. An hour afterwards, Victor Durande was summoned to appear as a witness against Henri Brande and Adele Marlot, who had been arrested on suspicion of the murder of Albert Lille!

The unfortunate and innocent Adele and the reprobate Henri were committed for trial. The day came and they were placed at the criminal bar. The evidence was conclusive against them. The knife found in Henri Brande's hat was sworn to by the keeper of the café. The pocket-book found in Henri Brande's room was recognised as the property of Albert Lille. The purse found in the drawers of Adele Mulot, was also sworn to have belonged to the murdered youth, and the before-mentioned patrol proved having seen Adele and Albert that night together. They were accordingly found guilty as the perpetrators of the bloody deed.

In their defence they each accused Victor Durande; Adele spoke of the scene she had witnessed in the previous attempt at murder. This was thought to be a ruse to save her own life, and as no proof was forthcoming, the judge deemed it an act of aggravation, and forthwith condemned them to be decapitated in the following week.

The day of execution too soon, alas! arrived. They were led forth amid the execrations of the mob, and zealously declaring their innocence, their heads fell beneath the guillotine! in the Place de Grève.

Four years after this event a criminal was taken to the same spot for execution—his name was Victor Durande!

On the scaffold he acknowledged that he merited his fate, for, in addition to many other crimes confessed by him to have been committed, he declared that he alone was guilty of the death of Albert Lille, for which Henri Brande and Adele Mulot innocently suffered!

Keep not bad company; if you do it,
'Tis twenty to one but you will rue it!

W. II. OXBERRY.

REFLECTIONS CAUSED BY ATTENDING AT * * * * CHURCH.

I wonder who that girl could be—
With eyes so black—that looked at me?

She sat with spruce Miss Bulman :—
What she could want I cannot guess,—
Perhaps her foibles to confess—
But then I'm such a dull man!

I just will tell you how she did—
She looked—and then her face half hid—
Then smiled—and looked again :
What she could mean I can't devise—
I can't read language of the eyes
Though written e'er so plain!

But though I could not read her look
My thoughts were wand'ring from my book,
Which was both sin and shame.
Yet ever since, I must declare!
I've wish'd to know from whence and where
This black-eyed damsel came.

That day I dined (how very odd!)
On boil'd calf's-head and nice grill'd cod,
My fav'rite Sunday's dinner :
But scarce a morsel could I eat,
For wond'ring if I e'er should meet
Again the black-eyed sinner!

I beg her pardon fifty times—
'Twas but to match my jingling rhymes.
I used that harsh expression :
For she, I'm sure, no mischief meant—
She looked the image of a saint ;—
Such was my firm impression.

Last night I scarce could sleep at all,—
First turn'd me from—then to the wall,
In a strange perturbation ;
And though the room was dark as pitch,
I plainly saw the black-eyed witch
Haunt my imagination.

J. B. BROWN.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Dec. 27th, 1841.

Nous voilà encore une fois ma très chère Amie, au commencement d'une nouvelle Année. Je te la souhaite bien bonne et bien heureuse. 'Tis sad to think how quickly the years roll onwards! But come, I am not going to make you sad; ainsi donc parlons de toilettes, et de bals, et de concerts! Apropos of concerts, I will commence by giving you an idea of some of the toilettes which I saw at the last concert given by the Duke of Orléans. The Duchess of Orléans wore a dress of a very pale delicate shade of blue satin. At the bottom was a very deep trimming of sable, which after going round the whole of the back of the skirt, was rounded off much narrower towards the sides of the front breadth, and brought up at each side as high as the waist *en tablier*. The corsage was *à pointe*, and the sleeves short and plain, with a trimming of the same fur at bottom. With this Her Royal Highness wore a lovely little toque (with a plume à la Henri IV.) of blue *velours épinglé*. The toque was looped up by a diamond aigrette, which also seemed to fasten the plume.

The Princess Clementine had on a robe of white Pekin figured, and satiné in a zigzag pattern in *ponceau*. The dress was made with a very long point; the skirt open at both sides, leaving a white satin petticoat visible at the opening, which was a full finger or more in width, and the two breadths of the skirt were attached to each other by a zigzag of *ponceau* satin ribbon, as though the dress were laced up with it and finished at the bottom by two bows on each side. The sleeves were plain and tight, with *engageantes* of point d'Angleterre, looped up in front of the arm with *ponceau* bows. Madame Clementine wore coral ornaments. Her coiffure was à la Grecque, and the comb that fastened up her back hair was of coral, exquisitely cut.

The lovely Duchesse de Nemours wore a dress of India muslin, *d double jupe* (double
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skirt), both skirts trimmed at the bottom with lace, festooned with tiny bunches of Provence roses, surrounded by Marabout tips. Of course you understand the two skirts are of unequal lengths. Another toilette greatly admired was of one of those new and brilliant materials of which I spoke in my last letter, called *Moire Cristal*. The color was light blue, the skirt was *en tablier*, the tablier formed by a fall of white lace, commencing narrow at the waist, and becoming gradually wider as it went down, till it met a deep *volant* of the same, which went round the back of the dress. The corsage was *à pointe*, with a *Mantille* of white lace, instead of a *Berthe*. Sleeves *à la Marquises* (I might add, *de Pompadour*, for it was that lady who invented the sleeves now called *à la Marquise*), with long ruffles of lace falling very low at the back of the arm. Coiffure intermixed with white lace and blue flowers; ornaments of turquoise.

The dresses with open skirts are again in favor; but they open, some in front, some at one side, and some at both, as the one I have described. The points are very long, and very much pointed, in *full evening dress*; but the points are more rounded, and infinitely shorter in *dinner dress costume*, *de petite réunion*. The morning dresses have not got points; it is merely a lengthening, though a very perceptible one, of the corsage towards the front. You understand, of course, that corsages are universally worn without *ceintures*, a mere *gause* or *lisoré* marking the waist. The sleeves of ball-dresses are short, tight, and plain; some with a cuff of lace turned up, others with a band of sable, swansdown, &c. Those *à la Marquise*, with the deep ruffle, *à la Louis XV.*, falling over the back of the arm, are looped up in front with a jewel, a bow, or a flower. For *dinner-dress*, the short tight sleeve, with a band of fur at bottom, or a long tight one, with two or three narrow bands of fur put on

a little below the shoulder or wristband of the same. The corsage of a robe for dinner dress, to match either the short or the long sleeve I have last described, should be made tight, with a band of fur coming over the shoulders *en pointe* to the waist back, and beyond that in front, so as to form a kind of point of fur. A row of fur at the bottom of the dress finishes the costume, one of the most *distinguée* that can be adopted for dinner-dress at present.

The morning and the walking-dresses are likewise trimmed with fur; and if not, with torsades, brandebourgs, frogs, buttons, in short, every thing in *passenterie*, which partakes of the vogue of the fur. Muffs are however much worn, as well as *round* pelerines or capes of fur (long tippets are never seen). The furs preferred for these warm pelerines are ermines, sable, marten, and swansdown. Boas are scarcely to be seen.

Flounces are completely out at present, unless a lace, a blonde, or a *guipure* flounce on a full dress robe. Indeed, we see no garniture whatever worn on the bottom of dresses, excepting fur. A *passenterie* trimming is *de rigueur* down the front of an elegant morning costume de visites ou de promenade; but even then, fur is as frequently seen; one, two, or four very narrow rows of fur down the entire front of the dress. A handsome fur is a splendid garniture for a velvet or a satin dress; but for Pekin, Gros de Naples, or *poux de soie*, torsades and brandebourgs are by no means amiss.

Another garniture for the fronts of dresses *demi-toilette*, consists of two or four double tucks (*du bias*), cut on the crossway of the material, put on almost meeting at the front of the waist of the dress, where they are less than an inch in breadth, and going down each side to the bottom of the skirt of the dress, becoming gradually wider and further apart as they go downwards.

At the bottom of the skirt, they are a full half yard apart. With this trimming the corsage is tight, and has two double tucks cut the same way, descending both at back and front as far as the waist, where they finish in a point. The long sleeves are tight, with two tucks to match.

I need say nothing about *Manteaux* this time, I have described them so fully before. I send you the pattern of one of our elegant *Sorties de Bal*. Never was anything so delightful to wrap oneself in in quitting the ball-room. I recommend them strongly to your notice, *ma belle*. You asked me about shawls. Black Cashmere, velvet, satin, or merinos, shawls wadded, lined with silk, and trimmed with fur or silk fringe (the deep *torsade* fringe), are still very fashionable; but French Cashmere shawls and India shawls are again making their appearance. Those with an orange ground are preferred at present. They say they will be prevalent when the weather permits us to leave off our *manteaux*.

The hats are even longer at the sides of the face than when I described them last. They even project some way below the chin, which you will pronounce to be anything but pretty. They are not worn round to the face, generally speaking, but are much pressed together at top, and consequently bend below at the chin. Velvet, satin, and reps are the materials preferred, and a feather or feathers, or an *aigrette* or tuft of feathers, full, but short, is what we have *de plus nouveau*. Bows of ribbon are now considered more *distingué*, underneath the fronts of the bonnets, than flowers.

We have three new descriptions of caps. You will easily judge of what they are by their names:—*Le Bonnet Coquette*. You can fancy a lace cap, which only consists of a light becoming border, interspersed with marabout tips, *roses à cœur de marabouts* (lovely roses with marabout hearts!) The border put on to a half cap, that merely covers a small part of the top of the head, and the hair dressed, and of course visible. The second is the *Bonnet Religieuse*, precisely, *ma chère*, a nun's cap, only made of fine materials, with the tight *bandeau* across the forehead, and reaching nearly as low as the eyebrows, upon those ladies who have low foreheads! The third is the well-known coiffure, *Marie Stuart*,—the Mary Queen of Scots cap,—and which needs no description, further than to tell you it is made in lace for

morning wear, and of velvet, instead of a turban, for evening dress.

The back hair, dressed *à la Grecque*, is still fashionable; but lately I have seen some ladies of the *haut ton* with their hair dressed rather high at the back of the head. A little time will tell us which mode carries the day. The front hair in bands, coming low at the sides of the face, in long ringlets *à l'Anglaise*, or in frizled ringlets: wreaths of small roses, with marabout tips for foliage, are worn. Arrows with diamond heads, &c. are fashionable, run through the back hair; and you will be surprized to hear that the large high-backed combs are again making their appearance, some plain, others richly carved, and others again richly ornamented in gold, and inlaid with precious stones.

Coral ornaments are very much worn. A single gold bracelet on the right arm above the glove, is very fashionable. A serpent with ruby eyes, or with little diamond specks marking the scales, is the most splendid thing of that description which I have seen.

In feathers, we have some *nouveautés*. There are willow feathers *panachees*, the ends tipped in shaded colors, running one into another, as greens into lilacs, thence into orange, and ending in shades of blue. We have then marabouts, *sablés d'or ou d'argent*, marabouts having the appearance of gold or silver-dust shaken upon them. For dress turbans they are truly splendid.

COLORS.—For bonnets, *pensée*, violet, and pink; for dresses, orange, grenat, marron, violet, and *gris perle*, or pearl-grey, *ponceau* and light-blue for evening.

Viola ma bonne bien de nouveautés pour la nouvelle Année.

Adieu! je t'aime de tout mon cœur.

Toute à toi.

L. DE F——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PARIS FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 973.—COSTUMES DE PROMENADE.—Dress of *grenat* velvet, made en ridingotte. The corsage, which is only three quarters high, is tight to the bust. The sleeves plain

at the shoulder, the remainder loose to the wrist (which is very deep), but confined in two places with *passementerie* ornaments (see plate), of which there are three; one at the shoulder at the top of the full part of the sleeve, a second immediately below the elbow, and the other just above the *poignet* or wrist. A rich *passementerie*, consisting of braided frogs, is placed at distances across the entire front of the dress, commencing at the top of the corsage, and reaching to the bottom of the skirt. The waist is very long, and the dress itself both very long and very full. *Capotte* of dark green velvet, trimmed with *coques* (bows without ends), of black velvet, with *brides* or strings of the same. It is exceedingly long at the sides, and has a sort of full crown, with *bavolet* (see plate), all in one, or rather what forms the bavolet being no more than four or five deep plaits in the velvet, which has the appearance of being left to hang loosely at the back of the bonnet. The flat collar is of *guipure*, as well as the cuffs. Embroidered handkerchief, pale yellow kid gloves, *grenat* half boots.

SECOND FIGURE.—Hat of *pensée* velvet, ornamented with a branch of green velvet leaves, put in at top, and drooping a little to the side. The hat is very long at the sides, and is squared off and pointed to the front. It does not meet, however, under the chin, in consequence of the strings being placed on the inside. It sits close to the sides of the face, and has a small crown slanting backwards. The strings are of velvet, and the flowers underneath the front. Sprigs of the *Bouton d'or*. Hair in smooth bands. The dress, which is most distinguée, is of blue satin of the shade known as *Waterloo Blue*. It is a redingotte high to the throat, with a tight corsage, and fastened from the neck to the feet with a row of small gold buttons (see Plate). The sleeves are plain and tight all the way down. The pelerine is round, but does not meet in front. Flat embroidered collar; deep worked cuffs; pale yellow kid gloves; embroidered handkerchief; *marron* color brodequins; Cashmere shawl.

No. 975.—DINNER AND EVENING DRESS.—Dress of white *poux de soie*. Low cor-

sage, and short sleeves. Three tucks of various widths are at the bottom of the skirt of the dress; the lower one or hem being nearly double the width of the top one. Small cloak called *Sortie de Bal*, of light grey or stone color Cashmere, wadded and lined with blue satin quilted, and edged with a *biais* or broad double piece, cut in the crossway, of velours épinglé, precisely the shade of the blue satin lining. This very pretty dress cloak is a very large half square, like a half shawl (see Plate), sloped out slightly in the neck, though sufficiently to make it meet on the chest, and sit without a plait or fold upon the shoulders. It has a small hood or *Capuchon*, that can be drawn over the head at pleasure, and is fastened at the neck by a silk cord and tassels. The hair, it will be remarked, is dressed considerably higher at the back than it has been, I may say, for these last twelve months. It is done up in very thick braids and high bows or *coques*, encircled by a wreath of blue flowers (roses). The front hair is in full tufts of frizled ringlets (*crêpés*), intermixed with roses. Long gold ear-drops; half long white kid gloves; white satin shoes.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of India muslin, worn over white satin. The corsage is low, and tight to the shape, and without a ceinture. It has not got what can precisely be called a point, but, at the same time, the waist is considerably longer in front, where it is rounded, instead of being pointed (see

Plate). The sleeves, which are very short, are tight, and have three tucks cut on the crossway (*de biais*), being deep at the back of the arm, and sloped up quite shallow towards the front (see Plate), where they are caught up with a bouquet of *Marguerites* round the bosom of the dress; and forming a kind of *Berthe*, is a *revers*, consisting of three folds, cut like the tucks on the sleeves, being wider at back, and sloping narrow towards the centre of the front, where they are united by another small bouquet similar to those on the sleeves. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with three sets of three rather small pink satin *rouleaux*. Commencing at one side of the front breadth of the dress, going entirely round the back of the skirt, and finishing at the other side of the front breadth, leaving that breadth clear (see Plate). Each three *rouleaux* are retained by bouquets of *Marguerites*; for the manner in which they are placed, we would refer to the Plate itself; a single glance will suffice to imitate it. The hair is again dressed as high as the top of the back of the head, where a thick braid is visible. A demi-guirlande of the same flowers as those on the dress goes round the top of the back of the head, finishing on one side by a single aster, and at the other by a bunch of three or four (see Plate). The front hair is in thick masses of frizled ringlets, falling low at the sides of the face. Half long white kid gloves; fan; bracelet above the glove on the right arm; bouquet; white satin shoes.

THE WEATHER ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

It is well worthy of being recorded, says a correspondent, in the annals of meteorological science, that, with the exception of Saturday last (the 25th inst.), there has not occurred a wet Christmas-day for at least 11 or 15 years, or indeed one during that period upon which even a shower of rain has fallen. Of 14 Christmas-days which have occurred since the year 1826, four (viz., those of 1827, 1831, 1832, and 1833) were, generally speaking, dull and gloomy, with, however, a mild temperature. Two Christmas-days (viz., those of 1834 and 1837) were excessively fine and mild, and the latter was, as most of our readers will recollect, more like an April than a December day, so warm and genial was the temperature. Two (viz. those of 1838 and 1839),

were dry and cold, without there, however, being any severe frost. On Christmas-day, 1836, there was a heavy snow-storm, which lasted several days, and caused serious obstructions in the roads and lanes throughout the country. On the Christmas-days of the years 1828, 1829, 1830, 1835, and 1840, a hard frost prevailed, which was especially severe in the second-mentioned year. But we can with safety affirm that no rain fell on any one Christmas-day which occurred between the years 1836 and 1841 exclusive. Last Saturday, however, the spell was broken, as it were. The morning was wet, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy shower of rain fell, which rendered the ground exceedingly sloppy and spongy. The last wet Christmas-day which we can recollect occurred in the year 1826.

ANOTHER LAVALLETTE.

Admiring, as our readers doubtless did, the generous and resolute courage displayed by Madame Lavallette, whose portrait and memoir appeared in this Magazine for May, 1811, the following recital will, doubtless, be perused with no less interest:—

The facts which we are about to narrate, nearly in the refugees own words, says a correspondent of "The Times," had that moment only (December 3rd, 1811,) been detailed to him by the individual himself, the object of most devoted attachment on the part of his young wife. He was one of the Spanish refugees who had just succeeded in reaching the French territory—Bayonne—the history of whose escape is of an equally romantic character with that of M. de Lavallette, and so well illustrates what we have so often exhibited in our biographical sketches of *celebrated women*, the superiority of female courage, resolution and tact, in the hour of danger, over that of 'the vaunted lords of the creation.'

The name of the individual alluded to is D. Eulogio Barbero Quintero. His family having been known to the President of the Provisional Government named by the insurgents in the city of Vittoria, he was appointed Secretary to the Junta formed for the purpose of arming and defending the province of Alava, and was employed by Montes de Oca in drawing up reports and other documents connected with the intended defence of the city against the troops of the Government, but more particularly against those of Martin Zurbarano. Quintero is a young man, about twenty-five years old, is possessed of much intelligence, and has received a good education. In his person he is under the middle size, slight and gracefully made; but his features are expressive of intellect, and of much determination. After the resolution came to by the Junta not to defend the city against the approaching army of Rodil, Quintero saw that all was over; yet he was still unwilling to flee; and it was not until he beheld the total change which had come over the minds of the population, and until he heard a price was set on the head of the unfortunate Montes de Oca, that he felt it would be the act of a madman to await the fate which he knew would be reserved for all who had distinguished themselves so much in the insurrection as he had done. Nevertheless, it was not until after the departure of his chief from Vittoria that Quintero made an effort to escape. He set out from Vittoria by night, and gained the mountains of Guipuscoa, in the direction of

Salinas. His intention was to have passed along the chain which separates Guipuscoa from Navarre, called the Sierra de Aralar, to have crept on towards Goyzueta, thence to Vera, Urdax, and finally into the French territory.

After many difficulties, he succeeded in arriving as far as Goyzueta. It was a few days after the death of Munagorri, and the terrible Chapelgory, Elorrio, was hovering about those passes. Quintero was ignorant of the incident which had taken place in the neighbourhood a short time before, and which terminated in the death of the Furist leader. As he was leaving Goyzueta at day-break he was discovered by one of the Chapelgories, and delivered up to the chief! Prayers and entreaties were of no avail, nor yet bribes; for who ever heard that Elorrio was turned aside from his purpose by supplications or by money? He was led to St. Sebastian, lodged in the citadel, and in a few days conducted back to Vittoria; and there he remained in hopeless captivity until the night of the 21st of November. His cause had been already formed, and his trial was to come on on the 21th, before the Military Commission. Not having been a military insurgent, and not having taken any prominent part, as chief or leader, in the rebellion, he at first thought that the extreme penalty of the law would not be inflicted on him. But in this hope he was deceiving himself; he was informed that there was but little chance of escape for an individual who had held such close relation with the chief of the rebels.

Quintero had been married about a year, previously, to a young lady named Juana de Arcutio, a native of Eybar, in the province of Guipuscoa, who has not as yet completed her 21st year. She was one of those heroic young women who, in 1834, when her native town was attacked by Zabala, in the commencement of the civil war, assisted the Christino troops so materially in its defence. She was then only fourteen years old, and the service she rendered was that of placing herself on her knees in the centre of a square of soldiers, and supplying them with ammunition, filling their pouches so as to prevent a moment being lost, whilst showers of bullets were flying about her, and men fell dead on every side.

When the tidings of her husband's danger reached her, she at once formed the determination of saving, or of perishing with him, whom she devoted to distraction.

The cell in which Quintero was confined was small and narrow. The door was always left open, and a sentinel was placed at the entrance, in order to keep the prisoner constantly in sight; another was stationed at the outer gate, and a third kept guard at the street door. To reach his dungeon it was necessary to pass these three doors, one of which was formed of iron bars. The prisoner had been forbidden to hold communi-

cation with any person whatever; and his wife's application to see and visit him had been sternly refused. The poor young woman went to the prison-door several times every day with her baby in her arms, and as often returned after vain supplication for admittance, with a heart breaking in anguish. The only person allowed to enter the cell where the prisoner was confined was a young girl, who brought him his meals, and only twenty minutes were allowed for dinner and supper. The former meal was taken at mid-day, and the latter in the evening. At seven o'clock in the evening of the 21st of November, a young female went to the outer door of the prison, with a basket under her arm, which was partially concealed under a large coarse shawl flung across her shoulders; a red handkerchief was bound about her head, in the fashion of the Alavese peasant girls, and her costume was, otherwise, that of the *criadas*, or servant girls of Vittoria. She demanded permission, in the usual manner, to enter with the prisoner's supper. The sentinel at the gate referred her to the sergeant of the guard. Fortunately the company which had previously been on duty was changed that same day, and the general orders for their guidance referred only to the admission twice a day of the bearer of the prisoner's meals, but did not give any specific description of the personal appearance of the bearer. After undergoing the coarse jests and brutal allusions of the soldiers of the guard on her selection of so advanced an hour, when night had already commenced, to visit the prisoner, she was allowed to enter, and was successively passed from one sentinel to another until she reached the cell of the captive. By some awkwardness, or more probably by design, she threw down the small iron lamp, which was suspended from the door-frame, and by means of which the soldier stationed at the entrance, which was always left open, might have a partial view of his charge.

The moment they were left in darkness, and whilst the sentinel proceeded to the second gate to light the lamp, she addressed the young man,—“my beloved Eulogio, lose not a moment, throw off your coat, put on my clothes, whilst I bind this handkerchief about your head; take this basket, in which my poor baby is asleep, and fly, fly, for the love of God! You will give the child to an old woman whom you will find waiting at the Bilbao gate. Provided that you and my child are out of all danger, I am ready to suffer death in your place. Speak not a word; every moment is precious. You only lose time by attempting to resist, or refuse, for I have come here with a determination, which neither you nor any one else can change. Farewell! If I escape unharmed, and I do not think the Regent will shoot me for my love for my husband, we will meet again; if not, Eulogio, think of me when I

shall be in the grave, and love our child—the poor baby is not more than six weeks old. Hush! Speak not, the sentinel is here with the lamp.”

Quintero made an effort to change her resolution, but she would listen to no argument. He did as she requested, and in the course of a few minutes he had put on her gown, shawl, and handkerchief, and she wrapped herself up in his cloak. In order to prevent any suspicion on the part of the soldiers at the gate, they remained together the usual time allowed for the repast, and Eulogio then took up the basket, covered it with his shawl, and passed the first sentinel. As he was proceeding towards the outer gate, the child awoke, and, to prevent its cries from being noticed, the father began to sing, in a loud voice, an old Basque ballad. Providence, however, decreed that the interruption should not be noticed, and he at length succeeded in reaching the street. He at once proceeded to the gate indicated; found there the old woman, whom he recognised as having been his wife's nurse; gave the child to her, and, without a moment's delay made for the mountains. Eight days he remained wandering amongst those tremendous passes, with no clothing but his pantaloons and shirt, and his feet and hands torn by the brushwood in which he was obliged, from time to time, to conceal himself from the parties of military whom he was constantly encountering. He had not less than twenty four leagues to travel before he could reach the frontier, and his food, during the whole of the painful journey, was a morsel of bread and a draught of water or cider, given him by the poor peasants near whose habitations he found himself, and who, though knowing he was flying from the avenger, never once thought of betraying him.

On reaching, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, the Bidassoa, he found that the left bank was occupied in every part by Spanish soldiers, who had even seized the boats to hinder the refugees from crossing. Being in a state of desperation, he plunged into the river, careless whether he was shot or drowned. As if some superior will had decreed that the noble and heroic act, prompted by pure conjugal love, should not pass without its due reward, Quintero succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, the part he had selected being fordable, the water reaching only to his middle; neither was he seen by the Spaniards.

On arriving on the French territory he knelt down, and, in the enthusiastic fervor of his gratitude, returned thanks to Heaven for his safety. He arrived at Bayonne the day before yesterday.

Up to two o'clock yesterday he had received no account of his wife, and he continues, as yet, in a state of indescribable anxiety as to her fate. There can be no doubt, however, of her ultimate safety, and

of her speedy reunion with the object of her love. Martin Zurbano himself could not find it in his heart to do otherwise than reward such an act of noble fidelity.

The young lady who has thus distinguished herself belongs to an ancient and respectable family in Guipuscoa. She is young and beautiful, as are the greater part of the females of her native province; of the middle size, slight, and exquisitely formed in her person.

She has been married something more than a year, and her child is not more than two months old.

THE BOY JONES.—This extraordinary lad, whose repeated visits to Buckingham Palace caused so much alarm some time ago, and who after being released from prison was sent to sea in a merchant-ship, lately returned to Liverpool. His case is likely to come under the notice of the authorities, for it appears he was sent away without the concurrence of his father, an old man of good character, who is living in Bell-yard, York-street, Westminster, and who, not knowing the destination of his son, was laboring under great anxiety about him, until he received a letter from him a few weeks ago, stating that the ship in which he had been induced to leave England had returned to Liverpool, and that he had been subjected to much ill-usage on board. There appears to have been some irregularity in the mode of getting rid of this troublesome lad, and a good deal of money unnecessarily expended by a tradesman, named James, residing in Westminster, and a Thames Police inspector, named Evans, who, after travelling about with him in England and Ireland for a month, eventually procured him a berth in a Liverpool ship, and not at Cork, as stated (see page 223). The lad is anxious to return to London, and has written to his father for the means of doing so; but his father is too poor to defray the necessary expenses of providing him with a passage to London. Several of his neighbours have promised to assist him, and there is no doubt he will soon reach home. His father states that there is no reason for believing that his son will ever repeat the foolish freaks he has been guilty of, and that long before he was sent out of the country he repented of his conduct, and was anxious to obtain employment, which was offered him by several persons, who found the lad to be very intelligent. It appears that after the boy's liberation from the Westminster Bridewell, he was taken in hand by Mr. James, his father's landlord, who keeps the Bell public-house, in Bell-yard, York-street, Westminster, and James Christopher Evans, jun., an inspector of Thames Police, who acted from instructions conveyed from the Home Office. Evans represented himself to the father and his son as the agent of a ship in the London

Docks, who would, on the recommendation of Mr. James, provide young Jones with a berth on board the *Diamond*, the captain of which was stated to be a friend of Mr. James'. The *Diamond* had, however, left the London Docks when the parties arrived there, and Mr. James, the police inspector and the boy hastened to Cork; but, for reasons stated in a letter from the boy to his father, he was not shipped. After visiting Plymouth and several other places, during which the lad was treated with the greatest kindness, he was ultimately conveyed to Liverpool, and there shipped, upon what voyage has not been ascertained, nor has the boy in his letters mentioned the name of the vessel or the voyage. The affair has been badly managed; for the boy, after all the expense and trouble which has been taken about him, is again in England, after a five months' absence, and heartily sick of a seafaring life, for which, it appears, he never entertained a predilection. The same money, judiciously expended, would have procured him a good situation and paid his passage to a distant colony, to which his father would not have objected, and where he could have given no more uneasiness to the authorities. It having come to the knowledge of his father that the new police had something to do with the shipment of his son, he attended at the Thames Police-court for the purpose of obtaining information; he there saw Evans, jun., whom he recognised as the very person who was introduced to him six months ago as the agent of the ship in which his son was to be sent to sea. Evans said he was the agent of a particular ship at that time, and all that had been done for his son was done for his benefit. Mr. Jones expressed his surprise that a police officer should represent himself as the agent of a ship, and said that he ought to have been consulted on the subject, and informed of the destination of the boy previous to his leaving the country. Evans said the boy's interests would have been materially affected if his destination had been known, and spoke in high terms of the boy's intelligence and good conduct while he was with him. Mr. Jones then said he wished to speak to the magistrate on the subject, and was afraid his son would be trepanned and sent away to sea again without his concurrence; but he was informed the magistrate would not be able to interfere in the matter, and after some further conversation he left the court. The poor man is laboring under great anxiety about his son, and has been unable to follow his usual occupation during the past weeks, owing to his distress of mind. He intends communicating with the authorities at Liverpool, and to request them not to allow his son to be trepanned into another voyage, which there is reason to fear may be attempted.—*Times*.

[The boy has, we believe, since arrived in London.]

USAGE TO BOYS AT SCHOOL.—WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—The following long and able Essay will be read with peculiar interest both by parents and schoolboys generally. How, in this age of refinement the doings of the Westminster boys can be permitted, except owing to that supineness on the part of masters which is here so justly questioned, and so properly censured, it seems difficult to answer. There was a time, and within the memory of living man, when not only the inmates of this house of learning but the whole neighbourhood were in a constant state of excitement and alarm; but in this respect, we believe, the young gentlemen have grown wiser now confining their frolics more immediately to their own school; would, then, that they would pursue a more generous course, and being aware of their error no longer treat little boys and the weak as their fags, bearing in mind that best of all precepts *to do as they would be* (not as they *have been*) done by. Detesters as we are of foreign *slavery*, equally must we reprobate this ungenerous species of tyranny; and whatever may *have been* the examples of their predecessors, we hesitate not to say, that both in school, and out of school, the masters are answerable to parents for unceasing superintendence, as well in preserving the bodies of the younger, the weaker, the helpless from brutal violence, as the youths' *morals* from contamination. There are abundance of good examples to be gathered from the ancient authors, with whose writings they are more than most men familiar. A second trial—after these public cautions might not terminate so favorably for the schoolmaster.

(*From the Times.*)

It does not follow that a matter must be childish because it relates to children—whether in factories, or in workhouses, or in any other institutions for their employment, maintenance, or education. Nor is any question which may make happiness or misery for them, during many helpless years, to be regarded as unimportant because it does not happen to furnish a handle for every particular sect of saints, politicians, or theorists. We are, therefore, by no means ashamed to confess the serious and painful interest with which we have read the report of a cause tried last week between Dr. Williamson, the head master of Westminster School, and a gentleman who had sent two of his sons to that popular place of learning. The action was for a year's schooling to those boys, who were

what is called home-boarders; that is to say, day-scholars, residing in the house of their parents, and attending the school for the purpose of instruction only. The defence was twofold—the master's alleged neglect to furnish the instruction contracted for, and the ill-usage to which the boys had been subjected among their school-fellows, without due interposition by the master. The first of these two heads of defence was not made out: for though the boys were proved to have profited but little by the Doctor's tuition, their failure appeared attributable rather to their own negligence than to their instructor's.

Whether he is equally irresponsible for the grievance which formed the second head of defence—the general ill-usage of the boys by their school-fellows—may, perhaps, be matter of more doubt. The jury, indeed, thought him free from any such culpability as would have defeated his claim against the parent for payment, and they, therefore, with the express approbation of the judge, gave a verdict for the full amount demanded. But though it might have been too much to find the master guilty of so gross a negligence as this, there still appears upon the evidence enough to show to the public what has long been pretty well understood in private—that a vast deal of mischief is going on at this great school which might be wholly or nearly prevented by a more careful supervision and more constant interference by the masters. The two young gentlemen are called as witnesses, and they state a variety of brutal violence perpetrated upon both of them. The junior appears to have been a lad between twelve and thirteen years old, and more particularly entitled to forbearance and protection, because his intellect had been weakened by a fracture of his skull, a circumstance to which the master's attention had been called. But this infirmity seems only to have invited a cowardly persecution by a party of the boys. Some of them would come behind him and knock him down on the stones. Others would beat him, not only with their fists, but “with the handles of the rods belonging to the school.” He was disabled from the regular performance of his lessons by repeated illnesses, consequent on those perpetual assaults. Such was at length the impression made by them upon his mind, that when the Christmas holidays drew towards a conclusion in the beginning of 1839, and the time approached for his return to school, he ran away from home, and remained absent for a week, through mere terror of what he had to encounter. On one occasion he complained to the head master, and instead of redress got a sharp rebuke.

The elder brother, also, who was a year and a half older, was used with great inhumanity by some of his fellow-students. He says, “I have myself received treatment of

the same kind as my brother's. I have been knocked down, and *struck on the head with an iron key*. I have been *kicked* over the forms from the top form to the bottom *by a boy of eighteen*. I have complained many times to Dr. Williamson and Mr. Preston" (an under-master.) "Dr. Williamson *told me to go about my business*. I was walking up College-street, when a boy came behind me, tripped me up, and *kicked me on the head, which made me for a time insensible*. A complaint was made about that to Mr. Preston, *but nothing was done*."

We are not at all desirous of seeing school-boys coddled into effeminacy; on the contrary, we are persuaded that something of roughness and even hardship very usefully enters into the public education of youth; but the systematic and unfeeling custom of inflicting pain and often serious bodily harm upon little boys, for no other reason except that they are unable to make any resistance to their bigger tyrants, is not calculated to promote a character either of manliness or of humanity in after life. It is the nature of cruelty, not only to injure the sufferer, but to harden and debase the oppressor. Let boys take all the fair chances of a public school—a kick or a knock at football or cricket—a fair stand up fight upon a blow or an insult—nay, even a sound thrashing from an older to a younger boy for insolence or wilful mischief; and in fair cases let the allowance be a liberal one for occasional excess in the chastisement. It is as impracticable to repress every petty injustice among children of a smaller as among those "of a larger growth." But it is not, we trust, a hopeless thing to prevent outrageous brutality—to establish among boys, as among men, a certain sort of public opinion, strong enough in itself to keep down gross oppression, without perpetual appeals to the master about quarrels or abuses. The master, however, can hardly justify it to himself to stand altogether aloof from the matter. It is irksome, no doubt, to be always employed out of school as well as in it with the regulations of wayward urchins; but an instructor undertaking the superintendence of a juvenile society, into which he introduces pupils for his own emolument, is morally bound to keep that society within such limits as shall protect those pupils. He is bound to encourage, as far as possible, a generous and manly tone of feeling among his scholars; and if it be difficult to establish this by direct means, at all events it is possible to check the counter-growth of a cowardly and oppressive practice. Boys, in general, are thoughtless, and fond of exercising power for the mere pleasure of the exercise, without sufficient regard to the pain or other evil they may be inflicting; but they are not generally depraved and heartless; they have a strong sentiment against injustice when once they are made to perceive and under-

stand it, and a quick disposition to support the weak against the strong, where that disposition is not stifled by bad custom, or the fear of ridicule.

It would be quite inexpedient, certainly, to encourage every petty complaint that querulous, malicious, ill-conditioned boys might be ready to prefer against their play-fellows; but we cannot help doubting the discretion of a master, who, when a weakly pupil, shaken in his intellect by an external injury, has appealed against a series of systematic oppressions, dismisses the sufferer with a reprimand instead of a remedy. Nor can we comprehend the propriety of sending a lad "about his business" who complains of having been tripped up in the streets, and kicked about the head till he was in a state of insensibility. These are things that go beyond any license of puerile frolic. If they are to be treated as trifles, if the scholars are to be left under the impression that such outrages are mere venial excesses, not incompatible with a gentlemanly or a manly spirit, the master seems to us to misapprehend the case materially, and to fail in a point of education which is a great deal more important than prosody and grammar.

We have no desire to excite irritation on this subject, or to convey any harsh imputation on the learned gentleman who now presides over the studies of Westminster School, and of whom we have not the slightest personal knowledge. It is probable that, from time beyond all living memory, the system may have been a neglectful one, and that the masters may have thought themselves prescriptively exempt from any other duty than that of cultivating classical roots. But in these times, men intrusted with any function of a public nature, are expected to do a good deal more than was required from their predecessors of the last age; and it is not received as a sufficient excuse that matters have always been as much amiss as they are now. Least of all will that sort of apology be admitted on a subject of such interest as the education of youth in one of those chief seats of learning, which for hundreds of years has been accustomed to supply this country with her foremost men in the church, the law, the army, the navy, and the state itself.

BERNARD CAVANAGH, (THE FASTING MAN.)

Amongst the 'great' personages who espoused the cause of the fasting man, so that, we suppose, no man might afterwards think *the times were hard*; and anxious, perhaps, to induce many others by the example to live without food, some correspondent upheld him as a wonder of wonders, and, in truth, without joking, had the matter rested where it did, Bernard, taking precedence even of the living skeleton (whom once upon a time we

saw) was a very prodigy. Nearly the whole press spoke also in similar strain. So far successful, Cavanagh visited Reading, when the following proceedings took place: (as reported in the Reading Mercury).

Among the visitors was a woman named Hatt, the wife of a laborer residing in Crown street, in this borough, who went with some friends to see Cavanagh, and question him respecting his wonderful existence without partaking of any description of food. The replies to those questions were not considered satisfactory by Mrs. Hatt; and to this circumstance the detection of Cavanagh, which is rather of a singular character, is entirely owing. On the next morning Mrs. Hatt went to a shop in Southampton-street, which many of our readers will recollect is in quite a distant part of the town, where provisions are sold, and while conversing with the shopkeeper in a room at the back of the shop, a person whom she instantly recognized as Cavanagh, with a handkerchief tied neatly over his eyes, and a black patch on his nose to disguise himself as much as possible, entered the shop and asked for a 'quarter of a pound of ham, cut fat, a saveloy, and three-pennyworth of bread,' which this famous 'faster' having received and paid for, he departed no doubt for the purpose of secretly partaking of and enjoying them. It now being fully manifest that 'creature comforts,' were as essential to his existence as to that of other mortals, his detector determined to unmask the hypocrite, and immediately proceeded to the Black Boy, where she ascertained that Cavanagh was gone out for a walk and had not returned, upon which she patiently waited an hour and a half, when he made his appearance, though not disguised as before. The landlord of the public-house was made acquainted with the facts of the case and the police were sent for. Mr. Houlton, the superintendent, with assistants, promptly repaired to the spot, and Cavanagh and his man Tierman were immediately taken before the mayor, Mr. S. Chase, for examination.

Mrs. Hatt persisted in her statement of the facts, and the landlord of the public-house corroborated so much of her evidence as came under his observation.

The prisoner was convicted as a rogue and vagabond, and sentenced to three months' hard labor.

John Tierman, who acted as door-keeper and servant to the last prisoner, was also convicted as a petty chapman trading without a license, and sentenced to one month's hard labor. Cavanagh's brother, the packman, had left the town the day previous, and will probably escape punishment.

Cavanagh, on being asked whether he had anything to say in his defence, said "if he did say anything it would not be believed, and he might, therefore, as well say nothing;" but on finding conviction inevitable, he said,

"the Lord caused me to be hungry and I did eat." On being taken to the gaol, "it was true he told the woman (Mrs. Hatt) that he had fasted five years and six months, but he did not tell her that he ate and drank like other men now." He was safely lodged in "durance vile," where we have no doubt that the salutary exercise of the treadmill will be accompanied by an appetite for the prison diet.

There are we should suppose few persons who would not be astonished at this stretch of magisterial power. 'No one had seen Cavanagh eat,'—so far, then, the presumption that he *intended* to eat, because he *secretly* bought, was most cruelly and most unjustly taken against him—and, again, he had not been afforded the opportunity of deceiving, for before his return there was a hue and cry and he was a prisoner. In what county is Reading? Is it in the same county as Ascot? And who are the owners, and upholders of the 'Grand Stand' and who the tenants, *under*—a nest of gamblers. When next *Mr. Chase* gallops to Ascot, there will be fine work for him and his officials. He must pounce upon every subscriber, every door keeper, every keeper of rouge et noir, &c. &c.; in fact upon every man and every woman who in any way upholds the gambling crew of swindlers.

Well, mark the fate of poor Cavanagh, for we do most heartily pity him.

After some six or seven days confinement, *closely and carefully watched*, no one could detect that he lived upon the food of mortals; and were there any persons fools enough to believe that, how long soever his powers of abstaining from food, he lived altogether without food. *Mr. Bulley*, surgeon to Reading Jail, feeling (equally as we, even now, do) indignant at such a measure of punishment—for until confessed *after* sentence passed no one knew of any eating at all, takes up the cudgels against Mr. Chase and the bench; and he wielded them manfully, boldly addressing in his own name those best protectors of public liberty—the public press. The Journals then, or their correspondents, and the medical profession were again at sea respecting Cavanagh's pretensions.

But before we give Mr. Bulley's almost academical 'recantation,' there is another feature in this case, for a moment lost sight of, which is that no money was demanded, but that visitors gave what they pleased; yet, in fairness, we must add that the placard stated that although living without food, yet that the people about him, his family, ate and drank like other men? This was the whole of the money bait.

We will now give Mr. Bulley's 'recantation,' after the *utmost vigilance on his part, and the most scrutinizing care on the part of the turnkeys*:—

BERNARD CAVANAGH AGAIN!

COMPLETE DETECTION OF THE IMPOSTOR.

Reading, Nov. 28, 1841.

On the eighth day of Cavanagh's confinement, I had good reason to believe that he had taken a portion of his gruel which had been left in his cell, and, on careful examination, I found that the allowances for the three or four days previous, which were preserved, were much thinner in consistence than when served to him, proving, to my entire satisfaction, that he had taken a portion of it daily, and had substituted for it some water which had been given him to drink, or some fluid which I will not specify, so giving to the vessel which contained it the appearance of not having been disturbed. The peculiar smell which it had acquired confirmed me in my latter suspicion.

Had I been aware of this circumstance a day earlier, I should have prevented the publication of the document, which appeared in the morning papers of Saturday, in which I stated that I believed he had observed a total abstinence from food and drink during the whole period he had been confined.

I believe that, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance on my part, and the most scrutinizing care on the part of the turnkeys of the prison, we have been deceived in this trial, and that Cavanagh has, by some such stratagem as I have mentioned, contrived to consume a small quantity of the gruel daily without exciting suspicion.

That Cavanagh can exist for a limited number of days without food, or with only a very small quantity, I am not disposed to doubt; but the possibility that he lives without eating, or that he has not eaten for the last five years and a half, as he asserts, cannot be entertained by sensible and thinking minds, and his assertion may be considered as one of the grossest attempts at imposition that has ever been practised on the credulous portion of the public.

It may be interesting for medical gentlemen to know, that the result of this trial has assured me, beyond a doubt, that Bernard Cavanagh does not possess, as he stated he did, or as is in some measure thought, the slightest constitutional or acquired power of controlling the excretory functions.

On the ninth day, notwithstanding the deception he had been detected in practising, Cavanagh was observed to have become very weak, and to falter in his gait as he walked from the cell to the chapel. His pulse, which, during the first days of his confinement had maintained its force, and had continued at about seventy-six, was found to have fallen to sixty, and to have become exceedingly languid and weak. He looked haggard and worn, and asked anxiously when the medical gentlemen would be satisfied with his powers of abstaining. As he complained of cold, he was taken down stairs for a short time to warm himself.

On the tenth day the appearance of his

having taken the food which had been left in the cell was obvious; his pulse was at eighty, and scarcely perceptible at the wrists; his hands cold and clammy, and he tottered very much as he walked across the room. In the evening he was taken down, as usual, to the fire, and in endeavoring to return to his cell, he fell down, apparently thoroughly worn out and exhausted by the privations to which he had submitted himself. Being unable to rise, he was taken back to his cell, and supplied with a quantity of gruel and port wine, and some bread, of which he heartily partook.

Taking all the circumstances of this trial into consideration, I am convinced, in my own mind, that beyond a power of abstaining from food for a limited period, the result, probably, of gradual habituation, the doings of this man are not entitled to much wonder; nor can I think otherwise than that he belongs to a class of impostors who, by their own specious pretensions, continue for a time to excite the curiosity of and deceive the public, and, in a degree, the medical profession, but who are, under favorable circumstances and ordeals, such as he has undergone, sure to be discovered and unveiled.

F. A. BULLEY,
Surgeon of Reading Gaol.

We have only a word to say at parting; Mr. Bulley states that beyond power of abstaining from food for a limited period, the result *probably*, of gradual habituation, the doings of this man are not entitled to much wonder! Is Mr. Bulley so ignorant as not to know *how* Cavanagh managed this? a valuable secret we know on the northern expedition, or in cases of scarcity at sea, and if neither he, nor the severe mayor can answer, let them *ask* Cavanagh to give them the information. We doubt not but that both would have said that no man could have existed in apparent health, without visible change, upon so little food for nine days, not that we would limit this to a nine days' wonder, since the atmosphere of a prison might of itself have produced a very unusual effect upon the luckless Cavanagh.

POISONS.

MORTALITY AMONGST CAMELS.—The extensive mortality which prevails among the Company's camels has led to the assemblage of a Committee which is now sitting, to investigate into the cause. It is supposed the animals are poisoned by digitalis, or foxglove, which abounds in the Cabul valley, and which the natives, such is their friendly feeling towards their English benefactors, mix up with the forage of the animals.—*Agra Ukhbar*.

CAUTION.—A whole family were poisoned at Leigh Sinton, Worcestershire, a few weeks ago, from eating greens which had been frozen, and become putrid owing to their being put into boiling water, without means having been taken to thaw them previously. Two children and the father died very shortly, and the mother is not expected to survive.



THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

December 1. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited her Majesty.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge visited H. R. H. Prince Albert.

The Hon. Col. Grey relieved Col. Arbuthnot, as equerry in waiting on her Majesty, and Major Gen. Sir Ed. Bowater succeeded Col. Wylde, as equerry in waiting on H. R. H. Prince Albert.

H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge honored the Earl of Cardigan with a visit at Deene Park, and the bells of All Saints' church rung a merry peal, in welcome of the Royal visitor.

2. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert took a second airing in Hyde Park since her Majesty's accouchement.

Their R. H.'s the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Sophia visited her Majesty.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge visited H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal and the Duchess of Gloucester.

The health of her Majesty the Queen Dowager improved daily and full hopes were entertained of her perfect restoration to health.

3. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited her Majesty.

H. R. H. Prince Albert inspected several specimens of David Robert's "Holy Land," and Mr. Doe's finished line engravings, after Eastlake's picture of "Pilgrims coming in sight of Rome."

4. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and their R. H.'s the Duke of Cambridge, and the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, visited her Majesty.

H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal visited H. R. H. Prince Albert.

Her Majesty attended the christening at 12 o'clock, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, the Rev. Dr. Heath, Sub-dean of the Chapel, and the Rev. Dr. Wesley, officiating.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert returned to Buckingham Palace, followed by the Royal suite.

5. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in Buckingham Palace, the Hon. and Rev. E. S. Keppel, deputy clerk of the Closet, in waiting.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the chapel, Kensington Palace, and afterwards visited the Queen.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the Palace Gardens.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge visited Her Majesty.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester visited H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

6. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the infant Prince left town at five minutes past 12 o'clock, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Hussars for Windsor Castle. A carriage and four followed, containing Colonel Arbuthnot, and Sir Ed. Bowater. H. R. H. the Princess Royal and her attendants occupied the next carriage, and the Royal suite two others. At two o'clock the arrival of the Royal party was announced by the firing of cannon, and the ringing of the bells of St. George's and other parish churches.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex and the Duchess of Inverness left town for Rufford Hall, Yorkshire, the seat of the Earl of Scarborough.

7. (Windsor.) Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the Home Park and grounds.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard, arrived at the Castle.

Her Majesty joined the Royal dinner circle for the first time since her accouchement.

Her Majesty's private band attended during dinner.

Their R. H.'s the Duke and Duchess, and the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge arrived in town from their residence at Kew.

8. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked on the Terrace. H. R. H. then enjoyed shooting in the neighbourhood of Sand Pit Gate, and afterwards drove her Majesty out in a pony phaeton.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard, walked on the Terrace.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester gave a dinner party at Gloucester-house.

9. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked a considerable time within the new inclosure, and afterwards on the terrace: also H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard.

A military band, and her Majesty's chamber musicians attended.

At two o'clock, the Queen held a Privy Council.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge visited H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

10. The Lord Chancellor had an audience of the Queen, and delivered to her Majesty the patent creating the Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

The impression of the Great Seal was enclosed in a silver case beautifully embossed with the Royal arms, which, with the patent was placed, in a box lined with white satin, and covered with crimson velvet.

At the Council the names of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales were likewise taken into consideration.

Parliament was also ordered to be further prorogued from Tuesday, the 21st of December, until Thursday, the 3d of February, and a proclamation was ordered to be issued summoning Parliament to meet on that day for the dispatch of public business.

After the meeting of the Privy Council Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked for a considerable time on the Terrace, but their R. H.'s the Prince of Wales, and Princess Royal, from the inclemency of the weather, were not taken their usual airings. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert inspected, in the Bath-room in the Victoria Tower, a magnificent and highly wrought silver gilt font, upwards of three feet in height, and of most rare and beautiful workmanship. It is expected this font will be used at the ceremony of the christening of the Prince of Wales.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge visited H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

The Lord Chancellor, Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Earl of Liverpool, Earl Delaware, and the Earl of Jersey went on a visit to Her Majesty.

By command of her Majesty, Mr. W. C. Ross, A.R.A., had the honor of painting a sketch of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

11. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked for a considerable time on the Terrace; H. R. H. afterwards enjoyed several hours shooting in the Royal preserves at Cranbourne.

In the forenoon Her Majesty rode out in the Park, in a pony phaeton, driven by H. R. H. Prince Albert.

The Earl of Lincoln arrived on a visit to her Majesty.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge honored the Royal Agricultural Society with his presence, and afterwards visited H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

12. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert and suite, attended divine service in the Private Chapel in the Castle. The Hon. and Rev. Henry Keppel, officiated.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent walked on the Terrace, attended by the Lady Fanny Howard.

13. Her Majesty, accompanied by H. R. H. Prince Albert, walked for a considerable time on the Terrace and within the new enclosure.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard, took an airing on the Terrace.

The Earl of Liverpool, and the Hon. and Very Rev. Southwell Keppel, took their departure.

14. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked both in the morning and afternoon on the Terrace and in the new grounds at the top of the Little Park to Adelaide Cottage.

H. R. H. Prince Albert also enjoyed the sport of pleasant shooting, in the vicinity of Ascot Gate.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard, drove out in a pony phaeton.

Their R. H.'s the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by H. R. H. the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, arrived in town from their residence at Kew.

15. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert took their accustomed morning walk on the Terrace, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent af-

terwards walked to the new Riding School to inspect its state of forwardness.

16. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked on the Terrace and in the Little Park. H. R. H. afterwards enjoyed a run with the beagles.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent walked for some time on the Terrace.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked to Adelaide Lodge attended by part of the Royal suite.

Prince Custeleicula, the Neapolitan Minister, and Mr. Ed. Everett, American Minister, arrived on a visit to Her Majesty, and departed the following day.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, also arrived at the Castle.

Their R. H.'s the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and H. R. H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge attended by Lady Augusta Somerset left their residence at Kew, to honour the Earl and Countess Delaware with a visit, at their seat, Buckhurst, Kent.

17. (Windsor.) Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked through to the new-made grounds of the Home Park, and to Adelaide Cottage, also on the Terrace.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent was attended by Lady Fanny Howard.

Their Excellencies Baron Ravenslow, the Danish Minister, and the Spanish Minister, arrived on a visit to her Majesty.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager is still gradually progressing towards convalescence in a manner most conducive firmly to establish the health of the illustrious Lady.

H. R. H. Prince Albert rode to Ascot to meet the Stag-hounds.

18. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked on the Terrace; also H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard.

Their R. H.'s the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Lady Augusta Somerset, returned to Kew, from their visit to the Earl and Countess Delaware. His Excellency the Danish Minister, and also the Earl of Aberdeen, terminated their visit at the Castle.

19. (Sunday.) Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Royal suite attended divine service in the private chapel of the Castle. The Rev. Ed. W. Russell officiated, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. G. S. Keppel. At the conclusion of the service, Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, and part of the Royal suite, received the Holy Sacrament.

20. (Windsor.) Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked on the Terrace both in the morning and in the afternoon. H. R. H. afterwards drove through the Park to the Belvidere, where he enjoyed a few hours pleasant shooting.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent did not quit the Castle owing to the state of the weather.

His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Liverpool arrived on a visit to her Majesty.

The Hon. and Rev. G. S. Keppel took his departure.

21. H. R. H. Prince Albert skated on the ice

in the Home Park. Her Majesty, attended by his Grace the Duke of Buckingham and the Earls of Warwick and Liverpool, being present.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent walked on the Terrace.

Viscount Sydney succeeded the Earl of Warwick, as Lord in Waiting; Admiral Sir R. Otway, Sir Wm. Lumley, as Groom in Waiting; and the Countess of Sandwich, the Countess of Gainsborough, as Lady in Waiting.

22. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert, attended by several members of the Royal household, and some of her Majesty's distinguished visitors, proceeded after one o'clock to a large surface, left by the recent flood in the Home Park, opposite the North Terrace, then frozen over, and affording an excellent area for skating. Her Majesty was driven several times across the ice in the same sledge which was used during the past winter upon the lake at Frogmore; upon the return of the Royal party, Her Majesty gave audience to the deans and canons of Windsor, who presented a congratulatory address upon the birth of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent took an airing.

23. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked for some time on the Terrace and in the inclosure of the new grounds.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent attended by Lady Fanny Howard, took her usual airing.

Lady C. Cocks and the Hon. Sarah Mary Cavendish were succeeded as Maids of Honor by the Hon. Harriett Lister and the Hon. Amelia Murray.

His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Exeter, and the Earl of Rosslyn took their departure.

24. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked in the pleasure-grounds.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard, also promenaded.

M. and Madame Vandeweyer and the Earl of Sandwich arrived on a visit to Her Majesty.

The Right Hon. Sir James and Lady Graham took their departure.

Their S. H. Prince Ernest of Hesse Phillipsthal and Prince Ed. of Saxe Weimar left town for Sudbury Hall, on a visit to their august relative, the Queen Dowager.

H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge arrived from Kew, and visited H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

25. (Christmas Day).—Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Royal Suite, attended divine service in the private chapel; the Rev. Lord Wm. Russell officiated; afterwards, Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked a considerable time on the Terrace and in the inclosure of the new grounds of the Home Park; H. R. H. also enjoyed some pleasant-shooting near Ascot.

Their R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge received a select party at dinner at their residence at Kew.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington entertained a select party this Christmas at Strathfieldsaye.

26. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert and the household suite attended Divine Service in the private chapel; the Rev. the Dean of Hereford officiated. Her Majesty and H.R.H. walked out on the Terrace.

27. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked for a considerable time on the Terrace. H.R.H. afterwards enjoyed several hours shooting over the preserves at Virginia Water.

Monsieur and Madame Weyer, the Earl of Sandwich, and the Rev. the Dean of Hereford took their departure.

The Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Lord and Lady Stanley, arrived on a visit to Her Majesty.

Her Majesty honored Mr. Partridge with a sitting for a full-length portrait.

H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex and the Duchess of Inverness left Rufford Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Scarborough, for Newstead Abbey, the hospitable mansion of Col. Wildman.

28. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked for a time on the Terrace, both in the morning and afternoon; also H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard.

Her Majesty honored Mr. Partridge with another sitting.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge visited H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

Their S.H.'s Prince Ernest of Hesse Phillipsthal and Prince Ed. of Saxe Weimar, left Sudbury Hall for Town. They arrived at the terminus of the London and Birmingham Railway, and immediately proceeded to Marlborough House.

29. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked as usual in the new grounds and terrace. Her Majesty rode out in a pony carriage and four. His R. H. was on horseback to witness the uncarting of the deer in the Green Park.

The Chevalier Bunsen, and Lord and Lady Stanley took their departure; also the Earl of Aberdeen.

Their R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by H.R.H. the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, paid a visit to their august sister, the Duchess of Gloucester.

ATTENDANTS UPON HER MAJESTY AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT IN THEIR DRIVES AND RIDES a; AND VISITERS AT DINNER d.

General Sir Wm. Lumley—8a 9a 11a 18a

General Sir Ed. Bowater—8a 11a 17a 18a d 22a d 25a d 27a d 29a

Colonel Arbuthnot—8a 9a 11a 29a

Earl of Warwick—8a 11a 18a

Hon. Miss Cocks, 8a 11a

Hon. Miss Cavendish—8a 11a 18a

Mr. G. E. Anson—8a 10d 17d 18d 25d

Hon. Mrs. G. E. Anson—8d 19d 17d 18d 25d 29a

Hon. Mrs. Arbuthnot—9d

Earl of Liverpool—10d 11a d—18d

Earl Jersey—10d 11d 12a

Earl Delaware—10d 11d

Sir R. Peel—10d

Hon. Mr. Harcourt—12d 13d 18d 20d

Hon. Mrs. Harcourt—12d 13d

Earl of Gainsborough—17d 18a d

Hon. C. A. Murray—29a

Countess Gainsborough—11a 17a d 18a d

General Wempss—17d 18d 21d 25d

Lady Isabella Wemyss—17d 18d 21d 25d

Countess of Warwick—17a d 18a d

Lady Caroline Cocks—18a 20a 21a

Col. Bouverie—22a 23a 25a 26d 27a

Viscount Sydney—24a 25a 27a 29a

Madame Vandeweyer—18*d* 20*d* 25*d*
 Dean of Hereford—25*d*
 Lady Stanley—22*a* *d* 24*a* *d* 27*d* 28*d* 29*a*
 Chevalier Bunsen—27*d*
 Earl of Aberdeen—23*d* 27*d* 28*d* 29*a*
 Duke of Buckingham—18*d*
 Lord Stanley—22*d* 24*d* 27*d* 28*d* 29*a*
 Countess Sandwich—29*a*
 Hon. Miss Murray—29*a*
 Hon. Miss Lister—29*a*
 Sir R. Otway—29*a*

COPY OF THE PATENT CREATING THE DUKE OF
 CORNWALL PRINCE OF WALES.

Victoria, by the grace of God, of the
 United Kingdom of Great Britain and
 Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith.

To all Archbishops, Dukes, Marquisses,
 Earls, Viscounts, Bishops, Barons, Baronets,
 Knights, Justices, Provosts, Ministers, and
 all other our faithful subjects, greeting,—

Know ye, that we have made and created,
 and by these our letters patent do make and
 create, our most dear Son, the Prince of the
 United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ire-
 land (Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall
 and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of
 Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great
 Steward of Scotland), Prince of Wales and
 Earl of Chester; and to the same, our most
 dear Son, the Prince of the United Kingdom
 of Great Britain and Ireland, have given

and granted, and by this our present charter
 do give, grant, and confirm, the name, style,
 title, dignity, and honour of the same Prin-
 cipality and Earldom, and him, our said
 most dear Son the Prince of the United
 Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as
 has been accustomed, we do ennoble and
 invest with the said Principality and Earl-
 dom, by girding him with a sword, by put-
 ting a coronet on his head, and a gold ring
 on his finger, and also by delivering a gold
 rod into his hand, that he may preside there,
 and may direct and defend those parts.
 To hold to him and his heirs Kings of the
 United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ire-
 land for ever; wherefore we will, and strictly
 command for us, our heirs and successors,
 that our said most dear Son, the Prince of
 the United Kingdom of Great Britain and
 Ireland, may have the name, style, title,
 state, dignity, and honour of the Prin-
 cipality of Wales and Earldom of Chester
 aforesaid, unto him and his heirs Kings of
 the United Kingdom of Great Britain and
 Ireland, as is above-mentioned.

In witness whereof, we have caused these
 our letters to be made patent. Witness
 ourself, at Westminster, this 8th day of De-
 cember, 1841.

By the QUEEN herself,
 EDMUNDS.

THE BLUE-EYED MAID.

I would not be a nightingale,
 To warble through the night,
 With none to listen to my tale—
 With none to feel delight;
 But I would be a simple maid,
 With eyes of laughing blue,—
 With breast a lov'd one oft has said—
 "Was not more *fair* than *true*?"

I would not be a butterfly,
 To slumber on some rose,
 Lest I should dream some thorn was nigh
 To wound my sweet repose;—
 But I would have a loved one near,
 To watch the roses play
 Upon my cheek, and wipe each tear
 That there might chance to *stray*!

Yet butterfly or nightingale
 Is happier far than I,—
 On painted wing the one can sail,
 One chaunt her song, and die!
 But I am doom'd to live and love
 Neglected and betrayed,—
 While her on whom I doat, can rove
 Far from his blue-eyed maid.

J. B. BROWN.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Since we have beheld the Christmas entertainments at this house with other eyes than our own, we shall almost confine ourselves to give a description of the grand juvenile attraction—the pantomime. We must, however, first briefly commend Mr. Macready for the judicious arrangements which we understand he has made, as well in securing fixed seats for each person, corresponding with the admission ticket, as in preventing that contaminating and disgusting admixture of the most abandoned with the more respectable portion of Her Majesty's subjects, which in our opinion caused multitudes of prudent heads of families wholly to absent themselves with their wives and children from this species of amusement. We are inclined to think, that except under very unfavorable circumstances amidst such multitudes of intelligent and harassed minds as exist in this great commercial metropolis, with its countless visitants, nobility and gentry, whether for the sake of music, splendid scenery, the spaciousness of the edifices, the magnificent dresses, and the talent of many an actor they would most willingly as well as gratefully give substantial support to a well conducted establishment. Old Drury at its Christmas house warming was crowded to excess at an early hour, with a good humoured audience, and no sooner was the anthem nearly concluded by Miss Romer, than bursts of applause followed. There was then one universal cry for Macready: when he appeared, a bouquet was cast upon the stage, and the acclamations of delight were if possible more energetically expressed than ever. Mr. Macready then withdrew, and the Merchant of Venice was proceeded in; Mr. Macready being Shylock, and a Mr. Hudson, a new performer, taking the part of Gratiano, in which he earned the favorable opinion of the public. Mr. Macready's well judged liberality in the circulation of gratuitous bills explanatory of the several scenes, the times to which they refer, &c., is another means of cultivating the public taste, and sowing a liking by enabling his spectator to understand what he has seen.

THE PANTOMIME.

The new pantomime of *Harlequin and Duke Humphrey's Dinner, or Jack Cade, the Lord of London Stone*, is one of the most brilliant spectacles ever put upon the stage,

and though somewhat deficient in materials for a hearty roar, one of the neatest pantomimes that has been produced for some time. Who does not know the dire meaning of "dining with Duke Humphrey!" Let us hope most of our readers know it only by tradition. Mr. Younge, the author of the new pantomime, has discovered the mythus to which the proverb owes its origin. Not that he introduces us at once to Duke Humphrey's dinner; no—after the conclusion of Mr. Blewitt's overture, he first brings us into the "Regions of good cheer, sets before us an enormous plum-pudding, on which Good Cheer himself, the King of Christmas, sits like Ahirmanes on his globe in *Manfred*. One merriment complains that a beautiful damsel is to be consigned to the custody of Sir Lazarus Skelton, Lord of Starvation-hall, who is no patron of good living. Good-cheer changes his realms into the "Hall of Mischievous," a fine fanciful scene, dotted about with little significant figures, worthy the mind of a Retsch. Mischief himself rises upon a revolving throne, quite in keeping with the scene; it is composed of playing-cards, which are whirled round with great celerity; enormous dice lie at the foot, and an ape, habited as a fop, stands in triumph behind it. Mischief promises to assist Sir Lionel Break-spear, a gallant knight, clad in a glittering suit of mail, who rises on a bed of enormous roses, and counsels the latter to seek the aid of the Prince of Radicals, Jack Cade, who is just then in the zenith of his power. The scene changes to Cannon-street in 1450, a beautiful perspective view, with the Tower as a leading object in the back-ground. Jack has made himself, according to history, Lord of London-stone, and at the head of his rabble succeeds in knocking off the heads of two of the Royal Guards, when he allows himself to be bought by Sir Lionel, and promises to assist him in rescuing the fair damsel Joan from Sir Lazarus. The house of this gentleman, which next follows, is guarded by two stone effigies of starved quadrupeds; a lean visage and reddish nose characterize himself and all his household. Duke Humphrey calls upon him with standard of knives and forks, and with a jolly puff-checked retinue.

The fancy displayed in the different masks throughout the introduction was extraordinary—every possible expression was caricatured with a perfect prodigality of invention. Sir Lazarus gives the hungry Duke a herring and a bare bone for his dinner, whereupon the Duke, after expressing his indignation, invites him to dinner in return, promising to show him what a sort of thing "Duke Humphrey's dinner" really is. The castle of the convivial Duke is guarded by a huge red lion, and when he and his guests entered, Jack Cade finds an admission by pulling the tail of said lion, who first opens his eyes, then his mouth, and allows Jack, Sir Lionel, and all

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the rabble to march down his throat. The quiet drop of the lion's eyes after receiving these live boluses was beautifully complacent. In Duke Humphrey's dining-room the mythus discovered by Mr. Younge is set forth, for the Duke, lifting up the covers of his dishes, discovers nothing but the spectres of divers viands, while a ghastly blue light is shed over the stage. Jack and his party appear and take possession of Joan, who evidently prefers him to Sir Lionel, and Goodcheer appears likewise, and by a most admirable mechanical contrivance raises up a magic feast, the panels of the walls falling down and forming themselves into long tables set out with lighted chandeliers. The transformations then take place; Jack becomes Harlequin (C. J. Smith); Jane, Columbine (Miss Froot); Sir Lazarus, Pantaloon (Howell); the Duke, Clown (Montgomery); and the son of Sir Lazarus, a character called Jack-a-Dandy, in which Mr. C. Still displayed wonderful talents as a posture-master, performing a feat we never remember to have seen done before, viz., bending one of legs and hopping over it with the other. He, in fact, was the only prominent personage in the pantomime; for, beyond giving them the general attribute of agility, there is scarcely anything to say of the actors of a pantomime chiefly distinguished by mechanical and scenic effects. The pantomimic scenes are not very numerous, but generally pointed and ingenious. The best was a haunted inn, from countless apertures in which peered forth the multiplied ghost of a defunct hostler, who had hung himself on account of the railroad; and Woolwich dockyard, in which there was a glorious change from a ship just launched, into an emblematic device representing the infant Prince of Wales, with the feathers and the *Ich Dien*. Among the "hits" in the pantomime may be mentioned an enormous stock, with the inscription "Prince Albert's stock," from which rose a multitude of infants; and a photogenic apparatus, by which harlequin was copied in metal, after which the little harlequin was removed from the metal, and very cleverly went through his tricks with a miniature columbine, pantaloon and clown. There was introduced in the opening part of the pantomime a ludicrous imitation of Julien, who burlesqued the conductor admirably, amid a band of legged violoncellos, who played themselves.

There was very loud applause at the conclusion of the pantomime, with a few, very few hisses. A little compression will remove all occasion for this latter manifestation, for we are sure there are fancy, invention and beauty enough in the pantomime to insure it a long and successful run.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

The excellent acting of Farren and Mrs. Nesbitt in *She Would and She Would Not*, which preceded the Pantomime at this house

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was attentively listened to by even the holiday folk, of whom a great proportion was children, and much applauded. Here also the new system prevails of engaging seats.

At last the wished-for moment arrived, and the curtain drew up upon the *New Grand Christmas Pantomime Guy of Warwick*: there was then scarcely standing room. The antiquary will see at a glance that the noble earl's history has been followed with a fidelity 'to satisfy the most unscrupulous.' The first scene introduces us at once into the Hermit's Abode, the hermit appearing in the company of a huge owl and two pelicans, apparently part of his household. With these he converses, but to what effect we could not ascertain; soon the abode is invaded by a body of affrighted peasants, both male and female, who, in a chorus, unload their bosoms of the grief and horror caused them by the ravages of the Dun Cow. The hermit is moved and promises his assistance, and to this end he summons to his presence a number of young ladies in pink spangled dresses who, with their wands perform sundry evolutions. He then calls upon Paradisia, the chief of these young women, who are named the Fairy-birds, and after he has exchanged a few words with her there appears an inscription on the rock of the cavern, purporting that Earl Guy is to land that night at Dover. With this announcement the good people are satisfied and withdraw. The scene then changes, but not in the usual manner, and here we must notice the novel process which the ingenious managers have introduced into this entertainment. From the beginning to the conclusion of the opening not a scene was shifted, but the whole scenery, including the set pieces, moved on in one continuous panorama, painted by Messrs. Grieve, and to the beauty and effect of which the audience paid many a tribute of applause. Warwick Castle is thus made to pass before our eyes, beginning with Cæsar's Tower, and stopping at the bar-bican of the castle. There Guy, who for the benefit of his soul had parted from his wife, and performed a pilgrimage to Palestine, is seen returning in the Palmer's dress, with scabbard and shells, tottering and exhausted from fatigue. He is followed by Tristram, his trusty squire, who testifies uncommon concern at the woful condition of his master. Cheered by their proximity to the end of their journey they boldly march up to the gate, and the squire seizes the horn to blow a blast, but, alas! from his lungs he can but force out a penny trumpet sound, whereat his master snatches the instrument, and lustily winds away at it till he has brought a squadron of men to the battlements, and his spouse to the gate. It opens, and Felice is discovered; he, "to try conclusions with her," muffles himself up undiscernibly, and finally discloses his identity by felling her to the ground. This done, he is carried within

by his joyful attendants, and the panorama moves on until the Earl of Jonas's country seat appears in the shape of a pretty Gothic cottage, ornamented with roses. Here dwells the fair Phœbe, whose charms are the object of contention between Sir Piers, a favoured lover, and the Danish monarch Ethelred, an obnoxious rival. The first appears armed with an ophicleide, on which he perpetuates several equivocal sounds which he fondly imagines have an amatory tendency. He is, however, interrupted by the arrival of a rival, Ethelred, who, with the aid of his attendants, *chassés* the unfortunate Sir Piers, and being a magician endowed with power over the monster called the Dun Cow, he obtains its assistance to carry off Phœbe, whom he entices down from her window under the dress of the luckless Piers. Phœbe is mounted on the animal's back, and soars across the stage to the Dane's castle. On goes the scenery, and brings us into the warder's room and larder in the earl's castle, with the cook, followed by a graduated file of scullions, dwindling from five feet to two, assembled to store the larder with provisions, which they throw one to the other, beginning with the smallest bantam's egg, and gradually increasing to gigantic hams and colossal loaves. We are then introduced into the penetralia of Guy's establishment, his hall, which, as the programme has it "serves him for parlour, and kitchen, and all."

Guy is disturbed in the midst of his toilet by a posse of Warwickers, bearers of a petition which prays that he will undertake to combat the dreadful monster whose depredations are so appalling. At first he refuses, and shows himself inexorable, even to the sack-like purses with which they attempt to bribe; but finally he relents, bids adieu to his consort, and mounts his charger, in company with his squire, to seek the beast at the enchanted castle of the Danish king where it is installed. And here commences the Guy's ride, which was anything but successful and is contrived by his prancing on the stage while the scenery is in motion. One stage of the journey met with great applause: a cottage is seen situated on the brink of a pond, and the lattice lit up by the light within appears reflected on the water. Guy hails the inmates, and one appears at the window, opens it, and answers; while reflected in the pond appears reversed the very counterpart of what took place above. At last arrives the bourne of his voyage, the castle, a mighty piece of imaginative architecture, bedecked with dragons and other fabulous beasts. There the Earl encounters (by poet's license, for the author departs from history), Colbrand, the Danish Champion, whom he succeeds in vanquishing, together with his ally, the Dun Cow, and thus sets Phœbe at liberty. The castle is then transformed into one of those fanciful com-

binations which none so well as the mechanists of this theatre can produce, composed of the celebrated Warwick-vase as a centre-piece, above which appeared Paradisia, the aforementioned Queen of the Fairy Birds, surrounded with a beautiful arabesque wreath. At the back a large revolving star shot its refulgent rays in every direction, and produced a magnificent effect.

The scenery is throughout beautiful, and elicited unqualified applause, though the comparative slowness of this mode of working interfered occasionally with the "business" of the stage. The tricks were executed with great precision and neatness, but were neither very humorous nor very new; among the best of them were those displayed in the "Foreign and English Toy Shop," especially the Turkish dance. The only allusions to the times were, one levelled at Mr. Cavanagh, the "fasting man," to whom the treadmill has recently given an appetite, and a very beautiful "vision of the past and future," comprising the transformation of a placard into a set of extremely well executed transparencies of the Kemble family. This latter had a very beautiful effect, and was loudly greeted. Mr. W. H. Payne was the Guy, and, a first-rate and most amusing Guy he made; Miss Fairbrother is as good a Columbine as any on the boards, and the new Harlequin, Mr. J. Rigway, is excellent; his figure is extremely well adapted to the part of the motly hero, he is neither deficient in agility nor whim; his leap down the Clown's throat was as neatly executed as any trick of the kind we ever witnessed. The earlier scenes, notwithstanding the beauty of the paintings, may be advantageously curtailed, and we would especially recommend the shortening that in which the Earl is engaged in his nursery; since that which is done, is childishly ridiculous.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Few names are more attractive than that of Pizarro:—at this house of favorite resort: Wallack was the Peruvian hero, Rolla, and so greatly did his manner please the audience, that at the end of the play they compelled him to receive their open plaudits. Our business is, however, with the pantomime, which exhibited itself in a spectacle entitled, *The World of Dreams, or the Man in the Moon*. The plot, which is extremely simple, turns upon the wooings of three mortals and one immortal for the hand of Violette (Mademoiselle Celeste). This pride of the village has in some mysterious manner charmed old Hans Brauenwig (Strickland), his nephew, Franz (Webster), and Peter Floop, the bellman, auctioneer and constable (D. Rees). There is a legend which recites that the mortal who, in the month of May slumbers beneath the Elf-King-oak, becomes in the power of the spirits. Violette, who disbelieves the truth of the legend, reposes upon

a bank beneath the tree, and is forthwith wafted to the moon, where she meets the Man of that planet, and is alternately persecuted by the bad and protected by the good sprites which dwell within it. The latter, however, ultimately prevail, by the assistance of Fazenhein, the man in the moon and the prince of the world of dreams. A necromancer has sentenced the unfortunate prince and condemned him to be a man in the moon and to carry a bundle of faggots on his back, until a virgin should confess her love for him. No sooner is she made to confess her love, than the previously miserable prince appears as a handsomely attired knight. She is allowed again to return to earth accompanied by an invisible sprite instructed to plague every one who annoys her. To save her mother from cjeetment she has consented to wed old Hans, but after various vicissitudes she is again wafted to the moon, to be united to her spiritual lover. The scenery, dresses, and mechanism are excellent, and when the actors are more mellowed in their parts, the author's points will tell. Mitchenson, as a dumb sprite in the Wieland school, displayed activity and humour. There was some graceful dancing by Celeste, Webster, and a numerous corps of Coryphees, and also excellent acting, in dumb show by Celeste. The piece was very well received.

ADELPHI.

Mr Yates's bill of fare for the Christmas holidays, attracted one of the most crowded of audiences within the walls of the Adelphi. *Barnaby Rudge*, the laughter-exciting *Norma* burlesqued, and the "new comic Christmas pantomime, in which were shown two beautiful aquatic scenes, and 8000 feet of reel water!—never before attempted in a holiday entertainment. It is called "*The Little Old Woman and Her Pig; or the Harlequin Pedlar and the Magic Petticoat*." The scene opens with the regions of darkness, King Erebus instructing his imps of night. Their dark deeds are soon put an end to by the approach of Aurora, with her attendant spirits and fairies, who, after pleasant trifling in fairy land, descend upon *terra firma*, and join company with the Little Old Woman in her cottage, where is a pretty little "Rosebud"—afterwards Columbine (Miss Bullin)—the old woman's daughter, who has two suitors, Orlando, a pedlar—afterwards Harlequin (Mr. Frampton)—and Sir Juniper Cut-em-off, the mayor (Mr. Sanders). Neither can, however, obtain the fair Rosebud's hand without cutting off the old woman's magic petticoat. All the introductory fun to the customary metamorphoses, consists in the stratagems of the rival lovers to obtain the magic petticoat, and secure Rosebud herself. Orlando, of course succeeds, for the Little Old Woman, returning from market, wearied with her pig that "will not get over the stile,"

falls asleep on the "King's highway," and gives him an opportunity of "cutting her petticoats all round about."

The Mayor, on the same pursuit, arrives immediately afterwards, but too late, and Harlequin and Columbine begin to dance through life with all that joy which their mutual happiness inspires. The *real* fun for the little boys and girls now commences—the knocks and shocks, thumps and bumps, which call forth endless laughter. A more active Harlequin and Columbine, more mischievous Clown, or more be-thumped Pantaloon, we have seldom seen. The rapid succession of new scenes, incessant noise and bustle of incident, are great points in a pantomime—not a moment's time to reflect upon the last joke before another demands attention. This was the case at the Adelphi, and the piece was consequently perfectly successful. The dancing was very good. A hornpipe or two enraptured the gallery, and the scenery, of a superior character pleased all. The last scene but one, the Tower of London, with real water in the moat, and subsequent destruction of the armoury, was one of the most successful productions of Mr. Telbin's pencil, and called forth their applause. The whole concluded with a splendid display of fire-works—the centre exhibiting the Prince's Feathers encircled by the motto—"Long Live the Prince of Wales," and the curtain fell amidst that general approbation which frequently rewards Mr. Yates's efforts.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Pantomime and spectacle at the other theatres and crowded audiences did not prevent a full assemblage at this house whose arrangements deserve to be patronized. In addition to the usually excellent musical performances, Master Henri Laurent, a son of the director of the concerts, made his first public appearance as a pianist, and gave a solo, "grandes variations" on Harold's opera of *Le Pre aux Cleres*: he is a pupil of Mr. W. Holmes's, and is stated to have received the whole of his musical education in this country. His manipulation in difficult runs was extremely skilful. Now-a-days, the great aim at surprising mechanical skill. The overture to *Fidelio* and *Don Giovanni*; a grand fantasia on Meyerbeer's opera of *Robert le Diable*, the solos by MM. Baumann, Barrett, Lazarus and Chipp, elicited great applause. The admirers of instrumental music must be gratified to see this accomplished *troupe* hold together so well. There never was such a band of performers brought nightly together under M. Laurent, Negri, and M. Tolbecque, the leader of her Majesty's Theatre.

OLYMPIC.

Wild's *Sixteen String Jack* elicited, in his admirable humour and captivating dancing rapturous applause from a numerous host of spectators. The pantomime was *Riddle*,

dee Riddle-dee Riddle-dum-ree. There were introduced a number of devices upon passing events, and, as may be supposed, even royalty did not completely escape unscathed.

There was not a bad hit at the Reading magistrates for imprisoning the poor fasting man, Cavanagh. A rival is set up to Cavanagh, who offers to eat as much as any man in the world, and under the contagious influence of the dis-appearance of whole yards of sausages by this glutton, Cavanagh was induced to swallow a mouthful of bread and a hue and cry being raised against him, the poor fellow bolts through an aperture, which is headed "Reading Sauce."

There were many other jokes cut, and merry things done, too numerous to particularize, and some pretty dancing which left the delighted children and audience, at the fall of the curtain, immeasurably satisfied and applauding, when the piece was announced for repetition.

We can now take only a cursory glance at the mighty doings of the other houses. The neat little THEATRE IN THE STRAND was principally remarkable for Mr. Jacobs' display of Ventriloquism, and well executed 'Phantasmagorical Portraits,' with feats of agility and strength by three individuals designated as 'Patagonian Wonders.'

SAILEY'S WELLS.—Here the *tragedy* of Douglas and Lovers' Quarrels was *pantomimed* by the mirth of an almost overwhelming audience. The new grand Comic Pantomime—*Harlequin Cinderella, or the Little Fairy and the Large Glass Slipper*, abounded with diverting tricks and endless changes, under the magic influence of Harlequin and Columbine (Mr. and Mrs. Collyer), and the whimsicalities of Pantaloon and Rowley powley (Mr. Newton and Mr. Stilt).

The VICTORIA now claims our attention. The Pantomime is founded upon the story of Peter Wilkins. There was a great want here of good sense and right feelings. The distribution of arms and legs from the Grand Junction Railway Office, *may* be a fit subject for a farce, but a more correctly judging audience visited the offence against propriety with well-merited marks of extreme displeasure.

BATTY'S OLYMPIC CIRCUS is the only Theatre of which we have not spoken, yet in its way (the renowned Astley's) it merits as much notice as any, and more than many: but in truth, so great is the diversity of the fare, that "excellent" will better declare its merits, than entering, as we should be obliged to do, into nicagre recital of the admirable performances within its arena.

READING IN BED.—The Countess Illshazy was reading in bed, to which she was confined by indisposition, when her taper

caught the curtains, set the bed in flames and the unfortunate lady was so dreadfully burnt that, says *Galignani's Messenger*, she died next morning.

It is ungracious not to acknowledge a present, how small soever the gift; here is a little annual aspirant for 1842, entitled "A LOVE GIFT"—a compilation from the writings of some old, some young poets and poetesses. To those proud of the pure expression of Love feelings, this pocket companion will furnish abundance of delight, in the absence of 'sweet' Edwin, and 'adorable' Emma. Shakspeare furnishes, it seems, the hint for such a work, and is besides a contributor.—

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink was tempered with love sighs:
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

The next in order is "THE WARNING," translated from the German. This is published by our old friend Royal-exchange-burnt-out-Effingham-Wilson, and we are glad to see him again alive and well in the publishing world.

The story is illustrated with a number of well executed wood-cuts. The commencing letters, too, of each chapter are pictorial. The whole intended for the nursery.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S VISIT.—His Majesty the King of Prussia will leave Berlin, on his visit to London, on the 17th or 18th of January. Generals Von Natzmer and Neumann will be included in his Majesty's suite, which will be very numerous. When the intention was first rumoured at Berlin, on the 19th Dec., that the king had accepted the invitation of the English Court to go to London to be present at the christening of the Prince of Wales, the report was strenuously denied; then it was declared that he had at first declined, but on its being more urgently repeated, had agreed to undertake the journey. The news spread like wildfire and was thought to be founded on an article in *Staats Zeitung* from London. The king, it was further stated wished, to conclude with England a close connexion for the protection of the Protestant Religion. If this be so, it is added, his journey ought to be wished for, for the Protestants need protection, as a late example proves. He knew how the Protestant Religion had been attacked since 1836, by foreign popish journals and pamphlets, and how even their own government had been abused. It was stated that the king would go by way of Calais.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—We are truly gratified, that the recent rumour of the state of Her Majesty's health having been lately less favorable is without foundation, and in being able to state that Her Majesty is still progressively gathering an accession of strength.

CHEESE MADE FROM POTATOES.—Cheese, it is said, of an extremely fine quality is manufactured from potatoes in Thuringia and part of Saxony in the following manner :—After having collected a quantity of potatoes of a good quality, giving the preference to the large white kind, they are boiled in cauldron, and, becoming cool, they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or a mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added a pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together, and the mixture covered up and allowed to remain for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded again, and the cheese placed in little baskets, where superfluous moisture is allowed to escape. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large pots, or vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheeses are the more their quality improves. Two kinds of them are made. The first, which is the most common, is made according to the proportions above indicated ; the second with four parts of potatoes, and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses have this advantage over every other kind, that they do not engender worms, and keep fresh for a great number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation, and in well-closed vessels.—*Doncaster Chronicle*.

HOW TO BOIL POTATOES.

Though potatoes are of great value as a nutritious and wholesome article of food, it is very important, to their deserving this character, that they should be mealy and in good condition, and that they should be thoroughly dressed, yet not overdone and watery. Frequent opportunities of examination after death have convinced me that waxy and overdone potatoes are the most indigestible article taken into the stomach as food. It must also be observed, that with invalids of very weak digestion, it is sometimes necessary to enjoin not only care as to quality, but greatly to limit the quantity, or wholly to suspend the use of potatoes, as well as of other vegetables. The secret of “steaming” potatoes is very little understood, and rarely carried into full effect, although it is indispensable to the nutritious development of the vegetable. The whole mystery consists in suffering the steam to escape, and at the same time keeping the potatoes hot. When the cook throws off the water, under the judicious direction of the cookery-books, what is she to do next? The steam rushes out, and she places the vessel opposite the fire, but fearful that the potatoes may cool in the meanwhile, she puts on the cover! Thus she undoes one process by the other; for the steam no

sooner escapes from the potatoes, than, being confined by the lid, it condenses rapidly, and falls back in water upon the vegetables. And thus, through the ignorance or obstinacy of our cooks, we are perpetually served with what are familiarly called wet potatoes—a sort of vague excuse which helps to throw the fault upon the season or the gardener, or anything or anybody rather than the real culprit. The Irish peasant-woman, wholly ignorant of science, but with instinctive sagacity, gets rid of the difficulty by the simplest process imaginable. Placing the vessel *without the cover* in a slanting direction opposite the fire, so as to hasten the process of steaming by the action of the external heat, she throws a napkin over the potatoes, which receives and retains so much of the steam as does not effect its escape, while it performs the equally essential office of preserving the heat to the vegetables below. Nothing much easier of accomplishment than this can be imagined; and we hope we shall not be thought uselessly dwelling on an unimportant matter in expounding for the benefit of the lieges the secrets of the art of boiling potatoes.—*Dr. Hodgekin*.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

This greatest of British sculptors was the son of a farmer in Derbyshire, and born at Norton, a village in that county, on the 7th of April 1782. Early in life he was destined for a lawyer, and it was while his friends were conducting him to Sheffield to be articled for that purpose that his genius accidentally received that bent in which he afterwards became so pre-eminent. He happened to arrive in the city a few hours before them, and, while gazing in the streets, his attention was so arrested by the figures in a carver's window, that on their arrival he expressed a resolution to pursue this profession, and was accordingly apprenticed to the proprietor, a Scotchman named Rogers, with whom he remained for nearly three years. Carving on wood, however, was not his forte. Before he had attained the age of seventeen he devoted himself to modelling in clay, and the nocturnal candle burning in his chamber displayed the young student's devotion to that art in which he soon became so proficient that after a short interval he entered on the career of a sculptor. Dublin and Edinburgh were visited by him with this view ; but in the former he received little patronage, and the latter was blind to his genius. In the year 1808-9 accordingly he arrived a friendless artist in London.

The exhibitions of the Royal Academy afford an opportunity for artists which the members of no other profession possess. The abilities of a first-rate lawyer or physician may languish in obscurity, as both are indebted almost exclusively to chance for an

occasion of display. But with the artist it is otherwise; he has the opportunity, and if he fortunately possesses ability to substantiate it, his road to fortune is secure. A bust which Chantrey sent to the Academy attracted the attention of Nollekens, who, whatever may have been his foibles, was never blind to kindred art. He instantly said, "that's a splendid work, let the man be known; remove one of my busts and put this in its place, for it well deserves it." The words proved prophetic; the bust, we believe, that of John Raffael Smith, was universally admired, and Nollekens' admiration was not confined to mere words. He immediately took the artist under his protection, and to the last declared, "if you want a bust, Chantrey's the man," when he himself was applied to on the subject.

The opportunity once secured, Chantrey's genius did the rest. The busts of Sir Walter Scott, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord St. Vincent, the Duke of Sussex, Sir W. Curtis, Wordsworth, Southey, George III., George IV., William IV., Canning, Watt, Northcote, Nollekens, and Wellington, with a host of others, evince his excellence. Of these, those of Scott, Watt, and George III., and IV., are perhaps the best. His statue to the memory of Lady Louisa Russell is said not to be equalled by anything of the kind done in Britain. She is represented standing on tip-toe, fondling a small bird in her bosom; and the youthful eagerness, yet natural ease, with which she does it, has long attracted the admiration of visitors to Woburn Abbey. "The Sleeping Children," which formerly so riveted attention at Somerset House, and now adorn Lichfield Cathedral, are not less celebrated. A mother is said to have wept over the group while surveying this emblem of infant beauty.

A curious anecdote is told of Chantrey, from which we may conclude that, although already known to the west end, his fame had not penetrated the City. When, along with a number of others, he sent in his model for the statue of George III., proposed to be erected in the Guildhall, the wisacres there intended to reject it on the supposition that the artist was a painter, and it was not until Sir W. Curtis sent for him to be examined on this point that the preference was given to the superiority of his design! Chantrey, we may add, was a painter, and of no inconsiderable power; but the splendor of his chisel threw the execution of his brush into the shade.

Sir Francis was often unlucky about his works. The statues of General Bowes and Colonel Cadogan, when conveyed to be placed in St. Paul's, experienced an accident by the breaking of a rope, which proved fatal to one, and with difficulty allowed the other to remain an object of repose to the eye, wearied in surveying the absurd allegorical groups in the cathedral. But to another temporary misfortune those who visited his atelier were

indebted for one of their choicest pleasures. The beautiful statue of Marianne, only daughter of Johnes of Stafford, the translator of *Froissart*, was allowed to remain in the hands of the artist, in consequence of a calamity which overwhelmed the father.

In the year 1819 Sir Francis proceeded to Italy, where he spent several months in examining the productions of the ancient masters. In 1801 and the following year, we believe, he visited the Louvre, for the purpose of studying the spoils of art which Napoleon had there collected from all quarters of Europe. What influence these may have had in forming his taste is needless to state; but it may be observed, that both in his designs and his execution he is eminently British, and he has formed an English school, if we may so term it, which is celebrated all over the Continent, and is almost equally esteemed with Thorwaldsen's and Canova's own.

In 1826-7 Sir Francis commenced the formation of his statues in bronze. The statue of George IV., at Brighton, was the first of his productions; and it attracted such general admiration that he was engaged to execute one in marble for Windsor, and another of larger dimensions in bronze for Edinburgh. His statue of Pitt in Hanover-square is considered the finest specimen of his productions in this branch; and it must be owned that no where, excepting perhaps in his sitting figure of Watt (in marble), has the inelegant appearance of modern dress been so artistically concealed.

In person Sir Francis Chantrey was under the average height, but possessed a compact form, and a highly intellectual countenance. His disposition was beneficent, and his conversation eminently engaging. He was possessed of great energy, although in the sixtieth year of his age, and suffering from the disease by which he was so suddenly removed from the field of his fame.—*Morning Post*.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.—The Wellington statue, the commission for which was in the hands of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, will be completed by Mr. Weeks, who has for some time had the entire execution of the models, brought under the superintendence of the late lamented artist.

MR. JOHN BURCHAM, of Coningsby, deceased.—Administration was granted by the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, on the 5th of November, to Mary Hardwick, the wife of Mr. H. Rogers, of Boston, and Sophia, the wife of the Rev. T. Best, of Kirkby-super-Bain, children of the deceased. The personalty was sworn under £400,000, upon which a stamp duty of £7,875 would be paid. Besides this, the real estates are believed to be worth at least £200,000. The whole of this vast property (£600,000 or upwards) descends to the two daughters of deceased, in equal shares.

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office for Printing and Publishing the Court Magazine, No. 5, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

Registration of a Birth or Death, 3s. Marriage, 5s.

A plan of a PRINTED ALPHABETICAL REGISTRATION of MARRIAGES, BIRTHS and DEATHS was proposed some years back to the Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the *Harrow Road Cemetery* and the new system of exurban Burial in England—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry might be made, namely in the Parish where a death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno 1824, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed somewhere about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of ———— in a recent number.—His residence was in Kent, he died in Sussex, and he is buried in Middlesex: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, notwithstanding the present admirable registration act, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. Likewise also with persons marrying away from home.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not ere long few persons concerned will be inconsiderate enough not to register with this establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place, even forgotten—when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life Assurance establishments which would not at once receive this *proof presumptive* of the day of birth as *proof positive* of an individual's age.

BIRTHS.

Airlie, Countess of, of a son; at Leamington, Dec. 1.

Arlis, lady of Dr., of a daughter; in Old Burlington-street, Dec. 25.

Barnett, Lady of Charles J., esq., of a son; at Petworth Hall, Hants, Dec. 3.

Beaver, Lady of Hugh, esq., of Glyn Garth, in the county of Anglesea, of a daughter; at the Temple, near Manchester, Dec. 6.

Colville, wife of the Rev. Asgill, of a son; at the Rectory, Livermore, Suffolk, Dec. 3.

Cumberbath, the lady of Carlton, esq., Her Majesty's Vice-Consul, of a daughter; at Constantinople, Nov. 16.

Digweed, the wife of W. H., esq., of a daughter; at Woodford Bridge, Essex, Dec. 7.

Douglas, Lady, of a daughter; in Wilton Crescent, Dec. 7.

Earnshaw, the lady of Thomas, esq., of a son; at Lower Tulse-hill, Dec. 7.

Fuller, the lady of the Rev. Thomas, of a daughter; in Eaton-place, Dec. 11.

Gibbs, Mrs. William, of a son; in Hyde-park-street, Dec. 10.

Gooch, the lady of F. S., esq., of a daughter; at Beacon Hill, Suffolk, Dec. 8.

Groom, wife of Arthur Philip, esq., of a daughter; at Bayswater, Dec. 4.

Harrison, lady of Ed. M., esq., of a daughter; Duke-street, Westminster, Dec. 5.

Henceage, the lady of G. F., esq., of a son, at Hainton Hall, Lincolnshire, Dec. 4.

Hollingsworth, lady of Archdeacon, of a son; at Hampstead, Nov. 30.

Hubbard, Hon. Mrs. Gillibrand, of a daughter; at 28, Montague-square, Dec. 2.

Jackson, lady of E. Ward, esq., of a daughter; at Edge Hill, near Liverpool, Dec. 5.

Jay, lady of Captain, of the Admiralty, of a daughter; at West-square, Lambeth, Dec. 18.

Jervis, Hon. Mrs. Ed., of a son; at Duffield Bank, Dec. 12.

Kendall, lady of Russell, esq., of a daughter; at Genoa, Nov. 26.

Laumann, lady of Henry, esq., of a son; at Fulham, Dec. 6.

Ley, lady of Lieut.-Col., Madras Artillery, of a son, at Pengance, Dec. 21.

Medlycott, lady of Sir Wm. Coles, bart., of a son; at Ven-house, Milbourne Port, Somerset, Dec. 9.

Morgan, the lady of John, esq., of a son; at Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, Dec. 12.

Mundy, lady of Clinton, esq., of a daughter; at Bayswater, Dec. 11.

Palm, wife of the Rev. W., of a son; at Stifford Rectory, Essex, Dec. 8.

Parr, lady of Thomas Clements, esq., of a son; at Clifton, Nov. 30.

Peele, lady of Wm., esq., of a son; at Liverpool, Dec. 19.

Perceval, lady of Ernest, esq., of a daughter; at Bindon House, Somerset, Dec. 23.

Peters, the lady of the Rev. Thomas, of a daughter; at Eastington Rectory, Gloucestershire, Dec. 6.

Prichard, the wife of Wm. Taylor, esq., of a daughter; at 70, Torrington-square, Dec. 12.

Scott, lady of George J., esq., of a daughter; of Betton Salop, Dec. 8.

St. Albans, the Duchess of, of a daughter; in Piccadilly, Dec. 13.

Stewart, Hon. Mrs. Andrew, of a son; at Pembroke, Dublin, Dec. 20.

Trevelyan, lady of the Rev. George, of a son; at the Vicarage, Malden, Surrey, Nov. 27.

Tupper, Mrs. Martin Farquhar, of a son; at Brighton.

Turner, Mrs. Wm. Hall, of a son; at Bermondsey-square, Southwark, Dec. 10.

Williams, lady of Dr., of a son; in Holle street, Cavendish-square, Dec. 17.

Winter, Mrs. Richard, of a daughter; at 23, Hamilton-terrace, St. John's-wood, Dec. 12.

MARRIAGES.

Abbott, Emily, daughter of the late Wm. Abbott, esq., to the Rev. J. Corbett Turnbull, of Cheltenham; at Brighton, Dec. 21.

Andrews, Emily Frances, 5th daughter of the late W. S. Andrews, esq. of Richmond, Surrey, formerly surgeon of H. M.'s 19th regiment of foot, to William C. H. Hood, esq., eldest son of Wm. Hood, esq., Upper Bedford Place, Russell-square; at Paddington Church, lately (1841).

Bankes, Anne, relict of James Langley Bankes, esq., to Captain Samuel Wyatt, R. A.; at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. W. R. Dickinson, Dec. 23.

Birley, Frances, youngest daughter of the late John Birley, esq., of Manchester, to Dan. Hornby, esq., of Rakes Hall, Blackpool, by the Rev. Robert Hornby, M.A., Dec. 21.

Bodle, Louisa, youngest daughter of Robert Bodle, esq., of Woolston-hall, Essex, to George Wallington, esq., of Aldenham, Herts, at Clugwell, by the Rev. A. T. Chanvel, vicar, Dec. 7.

Bradwy, Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. H. Bradwy, of the Leigh, Wilts, to John Bailward, esq., of Horsington, Somerset; at Bradford, Nov. 30.

Brooke, Sarah, daughter of Henry Brooke, esq., of Newport, Essex, to John Sydney Smith, esq.; at St. Ann's, Blackfriars, Dec. 23.

Bryan, Julia, only daughter of John Bryan, esq., R.N., to Francis Henry Marshall, esq., surgeon, Moulton, in the county of Northampton; at Rothwell, by the Rev. A. Macpherson, Vicar, Dec. 16.

Brunker, Charlotte, daughter of the late Captain Brunker, 5th dragoon guards, to James Birch Kennedy, esq.; at Wexford, Dec. 23.

Cooke, Harrietta, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Cooke, of Kingston-upon-Hull, Yorkshire, to I. I. I. Sudlow, eldest son of I. I. I. Sudlow, esq., of Cocobee Ferry Cottage, Kingston-hill, and Chancery Lane, by the Rev. George Edward Biber, L.L.D.; at Kingston-upon-Thames, Tuesday, Dec. 7.

Currie, Isabella, eldest daughter of the late John Currie, esq., of Essendon, Herts, to Charles Le Blanc, esq., of Northaw, in the same county; at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Nov. 30.

Collingwood, Sarah, only surviving child of the late George Lewis Newnham Collingwood, esq., and granddaughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Collingwood, to Cuthbert Collingwood, 2d surviving son of Benjamin Edward Hall, esq., of Paddington, Middlesex, and Cilgwyn, Cardiganshire, grandson of the late Admiral Brathwaite, of Maze-hill, Greenwich; at St. Mary's, Wyndham-place, by the Rev. John Lynes, Incumbent of Hatton, Warwickshire, Dec. 9.

Dyson, Harriet, 2d dau. of J. Dyson, esq., of Watford, to Samuel Ward, esq., by the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Cassel; at Watford, Dec. 1.

English, Sarah Maria, only daughter of John English, esq., of Feckenham, to J. J. W. Gutch, esq., of Stockwell, by the Rev. J. Beesly, M.A.; at Feckenham, Worcestershire, Dec. 27.

Ewart, Margaret, 2d. daughter of the late Peter Ewart, esq. of Rosefield, Stewartry of Kirkcubright, formerly of the Hon. E.I.C.S., to James Wardrop, esq., London, by the Rev. Dr. Dickson, of St. Cuthbert's; at Edinburgh, Dec. 7.

Fetherston, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Col. Fetherston, of Park Wood, to W. C. Alston, esq., of Elmdon hall, Warwickshire; at Yardly, Dec. 10.

Fry, Mary, only daughter of the late James Christmas Fry, esq., of Euston-square, Senior Registrar of the Court of Chancery, to Thomas Haywood Sewell, eldest son of Charles Sewell, esq., of Clarendon-square; at St. Pancras Church, Dec. 18.

Gibson, Jane, daughter of the late Charles Gibson, esq., of Quernmore Park, Lancashire, to Thomas Yeates P. Michaelson, esq., of the Isle of Barrow, same county; Dec. 1.

Gleadow, Henrietta, youngest daughter of the Rev. T. R. Gleadow, of Frodesley Rectory, Salop, to the Rev. R. R. Hurle, of Long Wittenham, Berks; at Frodesley, by the Rev. Thomas Gleadow, Dec. 9.

Glynn, Mary Ann, relict of John Glynn, esq., Deputy Commissary-General, and daughter of the late Richard Troughton, esq., of Lady-place, Henley, Berks, Lieut.-Col. Robert Melville Glenn, late 60th Royal Rifle Corps; at Clewer, Windsor, Nov. 29.

Hawker, Emily Christine, youngest daughter of the late General Sir Samuel Hawker, G.C.H., to Edward Houndle, esq., by the Rev. Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, at St. George's, Hanover-square; Nov. 30.

Heron, Margaret, daughter of the late Sir Robert Heron, to Samuel Jackson Cassidy, esq., of Magherafelt, Ireland, Dec. 22.

Hippsey, Mary, third daughter of the late Rev. Henry Hippsey, of Lamborne-place, Berks, to the Rev. Henry Mills, vicar of Pillerton Hersy, Warwickshire, by the Rev. John Dolphin, rector of Antingham, Norfolk; at Lamborne, Dec. 9.

Hodgson, Eliza Ann, niece of Richard Barker, esq., of Fitzroy-square, to W. B. Glasier, esq., of Milton-street, Dorset-square; by the Rev. John Sargeant, at St. Pancras New Church, Dec. 9.

Honywood, Priscilla, of Marks Hall, Essex, relict of Philip Honnywood, esq., late Member for Kent, to Arthur Netterville Blake, esq., of Newborough-house, in the county of Galway, Ireland, and nephew of the late Viscount Netterville, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Dec. 7.

Hooper, Mary Fowler, 3d daughter of G. H. Hooper, esq., of Bloomsbury-square, and Stanmore, Middlesex, to the Rev. Joseph Maude, of Newport, Isle of Wight, and chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man; by the Rev. W. Short, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Dec. 7.

Hinton, Mary, Elizabeth, only daughter of Hmaphrey Hinton, esq., of Much Wenlock, to Richard Ray, esq., of Holmes Terrace; by the Rev. Richard Corfield, Dec. 21.

Jones, Letitia Jane, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Jones, esq., of Woodhall, Norfolk, to Francis Charles Forde, esq., youngest son of the late Mathew Forde, esq., of Seaforde, county Down, Ireland, by the Rev. St. Vincent Beechey, M.A., at Hilgay Church, Downham; Wednesday, Dec. 8.

Lashbrooke, Matilda, youngest daughter of the late John Lashbrooke, esq., of Trinity-sq., to the Rev. John Baptist Austin; at Finsbury Chapel, Finsbury Circus, by the Rev. Alex. Fletcher, Dec. 16.

Macdonald, Hon. Octavia Sophia Bosville, youngest daughter of the late Lord Macdonald, to William James Hope Johnstone, jun. esq., of Annandale, by the Rev. Charles Hudson; at Bossall, Dec. 7.

Patteson, Ellen Sophia, 2d daughter of Henry Patteson, esq., of Woburn-place, Russell-square, to the Rev. Edwin Ellis Coleridge, vicar of Buckerell, in the county of Devon; at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Dec. 8.

Popham, Charlotte Moore, eldest daughter of Edward Popham, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, and Newtown-hill, Tramore, county of Waterford, to the Rev. Robert Bell, M.A., only son of the Rev. Robert Bell, D.D., Rector of Ballybrood, in the diocese of Cashel; at Tramore Church, Dec. 7, by the Rev. J. Cooke, rector of Drumcannon.

Riddell, Georgina Vereker, 3d daughter of the late Thomas Riddell, esq. of Camleston, Roxburghshire, to Malcolm McNeill Rind, esq. Hon. E.L.C. Medical service; at Indore, Oct. 25.

Roberts, Jane Delicia, youngest daughter of the late John Roberts, esq., M.D., to Phillip Henry, eldest son of the late Phillip Henry Crampton, esq., of Fassaro, county of Wicklow; at All Saints, Southampton, by the Rev. J. E. Shadwell, Dec. 6.

Robinson, Mary, relict of the late James Robinson, esq., of Southwold, to Charles Rayley, esq., commander in the Royal Navy; at Wrentham, Suffolk, Nov. 25.

Rooke, Elizabeth Matilda, 2d daughter of Charles Rooke, esq., of Wistwood-house, near Colchester, to the Rev. Markham Mills, son of the Rev. Henry Foster Mills, Chancellor of York Minster, and grandson of the late Archbishop of York; at Little Horkesley Church, Essex, by the Rev. David P. Markham, Canon of Windsor, Dec. 16.

Rowley, Georgiana, daughter of the late Sir Wm. Rowley, of Penning-hall, Suffolk, to Col. Blaggrave, of Calcot Park, Berks; at Laylam Church, Suffolk, by the Rev. J. Rowley, Nov. 30.

Rusbridge, Mary Scarvill, eldest daughter of Joseph Rusbridge, esq., to Richard John Cole, esq.; at Chertsey, by the Rev. Charles Cotton, vicar, Dec. 9.

Russell, Frances, youngest daughter of Thomas Russell, esq., of Mitcham, to Wm. Rollison, esq., of Upper Tooting, by the Rev. E. Darby, Dec. 4.

Shepherd, Charlotte, daughter of the late James Shepherd, esq., to Lieut.-Col. W. M. Burton, royal marines; at Faversham, Kent, Dec. 2.

Silver, Elizabeth Smyth, daughter of S. W. Silver, esq., of Abbey Road, St. John's-wood, to the Rev. George Chute, of Roxborough, county of Kerry, at Christ Church, Marylebone, Dec. 7.

Smith, Emma Sophia, daughter of James Smith, esq., of Watford, to J. G. Hepburn, esq. of Trinity Terrace, Newington; at St. Mary's, Watford, by the Rev. J. Clutterbuck, M. A., Dec. 22.

Smith, Elizabeth Mary Ann, only daughter of Nathaniel Smith, esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, to Charles James Frederick Denshire, esq., late Captain of her Majesty's 4th Regiment, son of the late Major Denshire of the 7th Hussars; Dec. 2.

Thompson, Isabel, youngest daughter of the Rev. F. Thompson, of Shrewsbury, to John Currell, esq.; at St. George's Church, Liverpool, by the Rev. S. Brewster, Nov. 24.

Threlkeld, Mary, daughter of the Rev. J. E. Threlkeld, late of Norwood, Surrey, to A. Lloyd, esq., in New South Wales, Oct. 28.

Tudor, Emily, 2d daughter of Major James Tudor, of the Ordnance Office, to John Erskinefield Risk, esq., Lieut. of the R. N.; at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, Dec. 21.

Vere, Mary, youngest daughter of the late Peter Vere, esq., of Grosvenor Place, to Archibald Campbell Dennistoun, esq., son of the late Robert Dennistoun, esq., Dumbartonshire; at the British embassy at Florence, Dec. 16.

Vine, Maria, daughter of the late J. H. Vine, esq. of Hadlow, Kent, to Joseph Starling, esq., jun., of the Stock Exchange; at East Peckham, Kent.

Varnham, Eliza, only daughter of the late Wm. Varnham, esq., to James Dillon Roche, esq.; at Ballinagall Church, Westmeath, Ireland, Dec. 9.

Walker, Louisa Stuart, only child of Major General Walker, of Whetleugh-house, Somersetshire, to the Rev. Ed. Caswell of Stratford-sub-Castle, near Salisbury; at Wilton, near Taunton, Dec. 21.

Watson, Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Arthur Watson, esq., to George Cowen, esq.; by the Rev. Walter Fletcher, at Dalston, near Carlisle, Dec. 16.

White, Emily, 2d daughter of Richard Samuel White, esq. of Gordon Place, Tavistock Square, to the Rev. Alex. Thomas Grist Manson, of Magdalen College, Oxon, eldest son of the late Alex. Manson, of Nottingham; at St. Pancras, by the Rev. Henry White, of Kew, M.A. Rector of Cloughton, Dec. 28.

Wilkes, Ellen, 2d daughter of Robert Wilkes, esq. of Hoddesdon, Herts, to George Nicholson, esq., jun. of Abingdon-street, London, (having been previously married in Scotland), at Broxbourne, Herts, by the Rev. Thomas Pickthall, Friday, Dec. 10.

Willis, Mary Ann, daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Shippen Willis, of Astrop-house, Northamptonshire, to Walter Cowan, esq.; at Offchurch, Warwickshire, by the Rev. Ed. Willis, Dec. 4.

Worster, Anne Fletcher, only daughter of the late Henry Worster, esq., of Barnet, Herts, to John Humphrys, of the same place; by the Rev. T. H. Winbolt, A.M., Dec. 9.

DEATHS.

Anderson, Elizabeth, relict of Capt. Wm., late of the 29th regt. foot; at Plaistow, Essex, Dec. 1.

Arnold, Charles Stappleton, son of William John De Lancy Arnold, esq. of Fulham, aged 10 years, died 14th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Atwood, Anne, 2d dau. of the Rev. Thomas, at Beevor Lodge, Hammersmith, aged 9, Dec. 2.

Austin, Laura, eld. dau. of the late Nathan Austin, esq., of Ramsgate, aged 18, Dec. 27.

Babbage, Henry, son of Mr. Babbage, of New Kent Road, aged 6 weeks, died 3th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Batley, Caroline, relict of the late William Batley, esq.; at Blackheath, aged 82, Dec. 12.

Bedwill, Mrs. Harriot, Chester-place, Kennington, in her 67th year, died 1st Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Bennett, John William, esq., of the Audit Office, Somerset House, in his 59th year.

Blackburn, Mr. John Richard, of Brixton, aged 26 years, died 29th Nov. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Bland, William Osborn, only son of William, esq., of Hartlip, in the county of Kent; at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, aged 22, Dec. 8.

Bowman, J. E., esq.; at Manchester, aged 57.

Birch, Saml. esq., late alderman of Candlewick Ward; at his residence in Guildford-street, aged 84, Dec. 10.

Brandreth, James, esq., of 5, Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn, eld. son of Wm., esq., of Liverpool, after an illness of four days, aged 31, Dec. 13.

Bright, Elizabeth, wife of John, esq., M.D., of Manchester-square, Dec. 33.

Backnall, Miss Mary, of Hamilton Terrace, Greenwich, died 1st Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Bullock, Stanley, esq., of St. Sidwell's, Exeter; at Teignmouth, at an advanced age, Dec. 7.

Burkitt, Lydia, wife of Alex. Sheaf, esq.; at St. George's-place, Cheltenham, Dec. 26.

Bush, Mary, wife of Lieut.-Col., K. II., 1st West India Regiment; at Demerara.

Carpenter, Mrs., widow of the late William Carpenter, esq., of Toft Monks, Beccles, and sister of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Berry, bart., Dec. 7.

Carr, Catherine, daughter of Mr. Carr, of Paradise street, Lambeth, aged 4 years, died 18th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Catley, Frances, relict of the late Thomas, esq.; at Clapham, aged 72, Dec. 10.

Chantry, Sir Francis, knt., R.A., Nov. 24.

Chester, Miss Anne, 5th dau. of Chas. Chester, esq., brother to the late Lord Bagot; at Hampton Court Palace, at Chicheley, Dec. 5.

Cleasby, Mary, wife of Stephen, esq., of Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, universally beloved and respected, Dec. 8.

Collett, Thomas, esq., 2d son of the late E. J. Collett, esq., M.P., aged 35, Dec. 25.

Comyn, R., esq., in Mecklenburgh-square, aged 59, Dec. 7.

Crofton, Miriam Lowther, daughter of Frederick and Miriam Crofton; at Maze-hill, Greenwich, aged 2, Dec. 12.

Davison, John, esq.; at his residence Grove End-place, St. John's Wood, Dec. 24.

Deverille, Robert, esq., 11, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, of apoplexy, Nov. 29.

Davis, David Daniel, M.D.; at his residence 17, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square. He was the author of several standard works, and physician-acoucher to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent upon the occasion of the birth of Her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, aged 64, Dec. 4.

Ditges, Madame; at Cologne on the Rhine, aged 63, Nov. 27.

DON, PROFESSOR DAVID.—This distinguished naturalist died at the apartments of the Linnean Society, Soho-square, Dec. 8. He was the second son of the late Mr. George Don, whom some of our northern readers will remember as long Curator of the Royal Botanic Garden Leith-walk. About twenty-five years ago Mr. David Don came to London, carrying with him an introduction from a friend to the celebrated Robert Brown. This gentleman soon perceived, and duly appreciated the merits of the young Scotch botanist; and through his powerful recommendations he was successively appointed Keeper of the Lambertian Herbarium and Librarian to the Linnean Society. In 1821 he accompanied his early friend to Paris, and thus formed acquaintance with some of the most eminent continental naturalists amongst whom were Humboldt, Cuvier, and Delessert. Mr. Don's *Prodromus Floræ Nepalensis*, and various excellent papers in the Linnean Transactions having brought him prominently into notice in the botanical world, he was chosen Professor of Botany in King's College, Somerset-house; and he may be said to have fallen a martyr to his zeal as a lecturer there, for he resolutely delayed till the end of the session an operation, recommended by Sir B. Brodie, by which his life might have been saved, and it was then found too late.

Durham, Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. Philip, of Ely, in her 22d year.

Eager, Charles, esq., proprietor of the *Kerry Evening Post*, in his 55th year.

Egmont, the Right Hon. Henry Frederick James, fifth Earl of Egmont, Viscount Perceval (in Ireland), and fourth Baron Lovell and Holland (in England), expired Dec. 23, at his Lordship's residence in Wigmore-street. The deceased Peer was great grandson of John, second Earl of Egmont (First Lord of the Admiralty in the Ministry which succeeded Lord Bute's in 1763), who was father, by a second marriage, of the late Lord Arden and the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval. The late Earl was in his 47th year, and, dying unmarried, his titles have devolved upon his cousin, the Right Hon. George James Lord Arden, captain in the navy, who served with distinguished gallantry under the late Lord Exmouth, at the siege of Algiers; and, before succeeding to his peerage, represented the western division of the county of Surrey in the late Parliament. George James, the present and sixth Earl of Egmont, was born in 1794, and married in 1819, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Hornby, of Hook, near Southampton, now Countess of Egmont. His surviving brothers are the Hon. and Rev. Charles George Perceval, rector of Calverton, and the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Perceval, one of her Majesty's chaplains.

Elsgeod, Francis, Chas., 2d son of Henry Chas. Elsgeod, of Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-sq., aged 27, Dec. 11.

Eyre, Rev. William, B.A., of Magdalen-hall, Oxford, Head Master and Librarian of Archbishop Tenison's Grammar-school and Library, St. Martin's-in-the-fields, and chaplain of St. Martin's workhouse, aged 44, Dec. 13.

Fearon, Margaret, widow of the late Lieut.-Col. George Fearon, of H.M.'s 31st Regiment of Foot, and the mother of Maj.-Gen. R. B. Fearon, Dep. Adj.-Gen. to Her Britannic Majesty's forces in India, and of the late Lieut.-Colonel P. Fearon, 6th Caçadores; at Stonehouse, Devon, aged 80, Dec. 9.

Fitzpatrick, Lady Anne, in the 11th week since the demise of her sister, Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick; at Farming Woods, Northamptonshire, Dec. 11.

Fortescue, Hon. Ann Lucy, sister of the late Earl; at her residence at Brighton, aged 77, Dec. 3.

Fowke, Miss Margaret, of Castle Hedingham, Essex, yst dau. of the late Major Thomas Fowke, Royal Marines, and sister of the late Rear-Admiral George Fowke, of Sible Hedingham, in the same county, suddenly, aged 59, Dec. 12.

Freeling, Sir George Henry, bart., 7, Hyde Park Gardens, the residence of Mrs. Lang, suddenly, aged 53, Nov. 30.

French, John, esq.; at Brighton, aged 72, Dec. 23.

Golding, Susan, relict of John Golding, esq.; at St. Osyth, Essex.

Goldsmith, Lieut., R.N., commander of Her Majesty's steamer "Mugera," at Barbadoes, his remains were interred at Santa Cruz; Oct. 9.

Hallyburton, Lord Douglas Gordon, half brother to the Marquis of Huntley; at Warren's Hotel, Regent-street, Dec. 25.

Hardcastle, John, esq., of 28, Surrey-square, Old Kent-road, after an illness of three days, universally regretted by all who knew him, Dec. 10.

Hargrave, Bridget, relict of the late Edward Robert, esq., Madras Civil Service, Dec. 22.

Harrison, Margaret, wife of Capt. King, R.N. at Cromer, aged 42, Nov. 25.

HARVEY, LADY LOUISA—This venerable lady expired on Saturday, Dec. 11, at Skreens, near Chelmsford, the seat of Mr. T. W. Bramston, M. P., her Ladyship's son-in-law, at the advanced age of 84 years. The deceased was the youngest daughter of Robert Nugent, first Earl Nugent (title now merged into the superior title of Duke of Buckingham), so created with remainder to his son-in-law, Mr. George Grenville, afterwards Marquis of Buckingham, and great-grand-father of the present Duke, by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Henry Drax and the Dowager Countess of Berkeley. Her Ladyship married, on the 15th of May, 1781, Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey, G. C. B., who died on the 20th of February, 1830. By her Ladyship's demise the families of the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Nugent are placed in mourning.

Heming, Thomas, esq., formerly of Magdalen-hall, Oxford, author; at Durham, at the house of the Rev. George Townsend, in the College, Dec. 13.

Henderson, Gilbert, esq.; at St. Ann's Hill, near Liverpool, in the 85th year of his age; Dec. 21.

Hendry, Mr. John, of Alfred-place, Bedford-square, aged 24, Dec. 18.

Heyrick, Catherine, relict of the Rev. Saml., late rector of Brampton by Dingley, in the county of Northampton; at her residence in the London-road, Leicester, aged 81, Dec. 6.

Hodges, Capt. Alex., Bengal army, son of the late Mary Hodges; at Lucknow, Sept. 6.

Hodges, Mary, relict of the late Rev. Thos. Hodges; at Ludlow, after a short illness, Dec. 2.

Hogg, Lucy, wife of Mr. George Hogg, of Leeds, late of Dulwich Common, aged 56.

Holdsworth, Ann, wife of J., esq.; New Town, Deptford, of consumption, after a long and painful illness, deeply regretted and respected, Nov. 28.

Hopkinson, Elizabeth, widow of the late George Cæsar Hopkinson, esq.; at Wotton Court, Gloucestershire, aged 98, Dec. 4.

Horton, John Colliboe, esq.; at Bath, aged 74.

Houghton, Sophia Catherine, eld. and truly beloved dau. of Capt. M., of the E.I.C.N.S.; at St. Hillier's, Jersey, sincerely and deservedly regretted, aged 17, Dec. 19.

Jones, Mrs. Sarah Bunney, wife of Mr. Solomon Llavellyn Jones, of the New Kent Road, aged 23 years, died 11th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Johnson, Sarah, widow of the late Thomas Johnson, esq., of Bute Iron Works, Glamorganshire; at her residence, Berkley-square, Dec. 9.

Johnson, Edward, esq., Chief Clerk of the Private Bill-office, House of Commons; at his residence in Upper Baker-st., aged 67, Dec. 9.

Kemphthorne, Thomas W., esq., solicitor, 3d son of the late Rev. John, of Gloucester; at Glastonbury, Dec. 21.

Kerfoot, Thomas, esq., of Bread-street, and Teasdale Cottage, Norwood, Dec. 23.

Kett, Charles G., esq., late of the Royal Artillery; at his residence, 3, Avenue-road, Regent's-park, after a painful and prolonged illness, borne with extreme patience and fortitude, aged 47, Dec. 14.

Kingelholfer, Emeley, the beloved wife of F. G., esq., of consumption; in Duke-street, Manchester-square, Nov. 30.

Lang, Mary, wife of Dr. James; at Sheffield House, Kensington, Nov. 17.

Langhorne, Elizabeth, wife of Wm., esq., of William Town, late of Highgate; at Port Philip, Dec. 3.

Latham, Louisa Mary, eld. dau. of Thomas Latham, esq.; at Beaconsfield, after a long and lingering illness, Dec. 1.

Lillington, Chas. Alex. Gordon, infant son of the Rev. E. Lillington; at Derby, Dec. 23.

Littlewood, Thomas Golden, 3d son of the late John, esq., of Walworth; in Lincoln's Inn Fields, universally beloved and respected, leaving a widow and eight children to bewail their loss, Dec. 22.

Lloyd, John, esq., of Park-place, Peckham, aged 89 years, died 8th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Lockley, Lieut. Edw., 2d Grenadier Regiment Native Infantry, son of the late G. F. Lockley, esq., of Hall-moon-street; at Bombay, aged 25, Oct. 27, most sincerely lamented.

Lynn, Mr. Charles, of Lower Thames-street, aged 22 years, died 4th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Mackay, George, esq., after a long and painful illness, aged 65, Dec. 8.

M'Nair, John, esq.; at 12, Woodside-crescent, Glasgow, Dec. 12.

Mallalieu, F. M., esq., of Broughton, near Manchester, Dec. 24.

Maltby, Mrs., widow of Rowland Maltby, esq., and daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Pollok, formerly rector of Grettleton, Wilts, in Charlotte-street, Portland-place, universally regretted by all who knew her, Dec. 9.

Martin, Sarah, wife of Wm., esq., and sister to the late Sir Wm. Rowley, bart.; at Henington Hall, Suffolk, aged 76, Dec. 21.

Mathew, Lady Elizabeth, of Thomastown Castle, Golden, suddenly at her apartments in Moleworth-street, in Dec. 1841. The deceased lady had attained a very advanced age. She was the sister of the late Earl of Llandaff and the late General Mathew, who so long represented the county of Tipperary in Parliament. Lady Elizabeth devoted much of her fortune to acts of benevolence, and was venerated by the poor in the district where she resided.

Meriton, Major R. O., late of the Bombay army, most sincerely and deservedly regretted by all who knew him; at St. Helier's, Jersey, aged 49, Dec. 9.

Mitchell, Mary Ann, wife of John, Seymour-place, New-road, after a painful illness of several years, borne with great patience, Dec. 19.

Monteith, Wm. Elphinstone, eld. son of Major-Gen. Wm. Monteith, of the Madras Engineers; at Bangalore, aged 6, Oct. 22.

Morgan, Mrs. Mary Ann, widow of the late Thomas Morgan, esq., formerly of Sudbury, Suffolk, solicitor, Nov. 22.

Morris, Mary, wife of J., esq., Civil Service, Bengal, late of Totteridge; at Chittagong, Nov. 20.

Morris, Joseph Thomas, esq., of Park Road, Brixton, aged 80 years, died 25th Nov. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery.*

Myers, Rev. J. W., curate of Eltham, Kent; at Leamington, aged 46, Dec. 26.

Naghten, Alfred, son of the late Thomas, esq., of Crofton-house, Titchfield, Hants, a cadet at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, from a fall from his pony, whilst riding near Titchfield, Dec. 11.

Neville, Hon. Caroline, wife of the Hon. George, of Flowerplace, Godstone, brother of the Earl of Abergavenny; at Eridge Castle, Sussex, aged 76, Dec. 21.

Newcombe, Capt. Francis, R.N.C.B.; at his residence Queen Charlotte-row, sincerely regretted by numerous friends, aged 70, Dec. 10.

Newlands, Capt. Francis, R.N.C.B.; at his residence Queen Charlotte-row, sincerely regretted by numerous friends, aged 70, Dec. 10.

Noyes, Mrs. Ann; at her house in Gloucester-place, aged 78, Dec. 9.

Overton, Mr. James; at Gibson's-hill, Norwood, Surrey, the oldest inhabitant of that village, sincerely regretted by his affectionate widow, numerous family, and friends, aged 82, Dec. 9.

Ovey, Miss Eliza, of Henley-on-Thames; at the house of her brother-in-law, 47, Piccadilly, after a lingering illness, Dec. 9.

Parry, Segar, esq., at Great Crosby, near Liverpool, Nov. 27.

Penruddocke, John Hungerford, esq., of Compton Chamberlaine, Wilts, late M.P. for Wilton; in Curzon-street, May-fair, Dec. 27.

Phillips, Lieut. R.N., of the *Inconstant*, at Malta.

PHIPPS, LIEUT.-GEN. GEORGE WILLIAM, from the Royal Academy at Woolwich, on Thursday morning, Dec. 16, at his residence Woolwich Common. This gallant officer was eighty-one years of age, and was a commissioned officer for the long period of sixty-two years, having entered the service as an ensign in the Royal Engineers, on the 21st April, 1779. On the 20th of December, 1786, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and in the following year was appointed Quarter-Master to the Royal Military Artificers on the formation of that corps in October, 1787, and continued to act in that capacity for many years after he was promoted to the rank of Captain. His commission as Captain was dated on the 21st of November, 1792; Major, 1st January, 1800; Lieutenant-Colonel, on the 9th of October, 1806; Colonel, on the 4th of June, 1814; Major-General, on the 19th July, 1821; and Lieutenant-General, on the 10th of January, 1837. Major Cuppage of the Royal Artillery and Captain Pester of the Royal Horse Artillery are nephews of the deceased.

Porter, Martha, widow of the late Thomas Chinnall, esq., of Birlingham, Worcestershire, and Fulham; at Birlingham, Dec. 2.

Price, Mrs. Charlotte, relict of the late Chas., esq., formerly of Park-street, Grosvenor-square; St. George's-terrace, Hyde Park, aged 74; Dec. 26.

Priesthorp, Thomas, esq., late of the Exchequer, in the Wandsworth-road, at an advanced age, Dec. 10.

Procter, John, esq., of Pulbore' Place, Kennington, aged 85 years, died 12th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery.*

Ramsden, Maria Emma, ygst. dau. of Richd. esq., of Compton-terrace, Islington, aged 17, Dec. 25.

Ratsey, the beloved wife of Lieut. Nathaniel, R.N.; at Hamburgh, Oct. 25.

Rawstorne, Mary, wife of the Rev. Robert Atherton, of Hutton Hall, in the county of Lancaster; at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Dec. 20.

Redman, Sibella, relict of Richard, esq.; at Gloucester-terrace, Mile-end, aged 85, Dec. 6.

Rixon, Maria, relict of the late Henry, esq., of Camberwell; at East Lavant, near Chichester, aged 59, Dec. 21.

Roberts, Louisa, daughter of Mr. Thomas Roberts, Park Place, Clapham, aged 6 months, died 4th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery.*

Rogerson, relict of Dr. Rogerson, of Wamphray; at Dumerieff, Dumfriesshire, Nov. 28.

Roy, Alexander, aged 55, formerly of the Athol Highlanders, and transferred to the East India Company by the late Duke of Athol. He often related, in glowing manner, the events of that memorable day at Portsmouth, 1783, when the regiment refused to embark. There is an individual of the same corps and age still in the parish.

Rye, Eliza Marion, the wife of Mr. William Brenchly, of the British Museum, and only daughter of Mrs. Brooker; in Powell-street West, King's-square, in her 25th year, deeply regretted by all who knew her, Dec. 5.

Samwell, Francis, widow of the late Thomas Samwell, Watson, esq., of Upton Hall, Northamptonshire, at an advanced age; at Duston-house in the above county, Dec. 10.

Savage, Joshua, esq., of Camberwell Green, aged 74 years, died 1st Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Schroder, Joseph, esq., deeply lamented, at Plaistow, Essex, Dec. 21.

Scotson, Mr. Adelaide, of Stamford-street, Blackfriars, aged 46 years, died 29th Nov. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Seal, Richard, esq., of Grove Road, Brixton, aged 53 years, died 30th Nov. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Scott, Vice-Admiral Sir G., K.C.B. This gallant officer expired at his villa at Petersham, on Tuesday, December 21, at an advanced age. He had seen much service during the last war: he attained the rank of Vice-Admiral of the White Squadron on the 10th of January, 1837. On the 13th of September, 1831, he was nominated a K.C.B. Sir George married on the 27th of October, 1810, the Hon. Caroline Lucy Douglas, second daughter of the late and sister to the present Lord Douglas, of Douglas, and to Lady Montagu.

Shaw, W. F. Nicholson, infant son of J. R., esq.; at Harrow's Hall, Cheshire, Dec. 26.

Sloper, Mary, wife of the Rev. George, late of West Woodhay, Berks, and Lymington, Hants; at Boulogne, Nov. 30.

Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth, of Bedford-row, widow of Harry Smith, esq., in her 91st year.

Steel, Thomas Jordan, esq., upwards of 30 years treasurer of the corporation of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and four several years mayor of the borough, Dec. 17.

Stewart, Emily, daughter of Mr. Stewart, of King-street, Cheapside, aged 4 months, died 12th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Taylor, John Sydney, A.M., barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple; at his house in Chancery-lane, after a painful illness of several months, which he bore with great firmness and resignation, aged 44, Dec. 10.

Thomson, Cecelia, ygst dau. of James, esq., of Primrose, near Clitheroe; at Leamington, after a long and lingering illness, Dec. 14.

Todd, Richard, esq., of Upper Halliford, Sunbury, Middlesex, Dec. 25.

Toker, Claude Buck, the 3d surviving son of Edward Toker, esq., of the Oaks, near Faversham, Kent, drowned in Newcastle District, Upper Canada, on the 22d Oct. last.

Truherne, Llewellyn, esq.; at St. Hillary, near Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, aged 75, Dec. 6.

Turner, Samuel, esq. of Balham, aged 57 years; died 4th Dec. 1841; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Turner, James, esq., 2d son of Ed., esq., formerly of Warrington; at Ostend, Dec. 13.

Turner, S., esq.; at Balham, Surrey, aged 57.

Utten, James Phillips, esq.; at Valley Miner, St. Ann, Jamaica, Nov. 15.

Vidal, Robert Studley, esq., F.S.A., formerly of the Middle Temple; at Cornborough-house near Bideford, Nov. 21.

Waller, Ensign, Saml., 1st Madras European Regt., eld. son of S., esq., of Cuckfield, Sussex; at Secunderabad, Nov. 30.

Ward, Alfred, esq., Commander of the ship George the Fourth; at the residence of William Abbott Green, esq., Howrah, Calcutta, Sept. 22.

Warry, Thomas, esq., of New Inn, Dec. 22.

Welch, George, jun., esq., late of the General Post Office, London; at Portsmouth, lately.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

This venerable nobleman, whose death had been hourly expected for upwards of three weeks, departed this life at his residence at Brighton, at about half-past ten o'clock on Wednesday night, Dec. 15. The deceased Earl had for a considerable period been blind; but even this calamity did not deprive him of his favorite exercise on horseback, which up to a very late period he took daily in the riding-school attached to the Pavilion, by permission of Her Majesty. We understand that his Lordship was afflicted with no disease, but that his death resulted simply from the natural decay incident to old age.

The noble Earl, who has just paid the debt of nature, attained an age not so unusual amongst the aristocracy as in the humbler walks of life. Had he lived to the last day of the past month, his age would have been eighty-three, for he was born on the first of January, 1759. Having passed through the usual routine of school and college education, he was married, on the 20th of May, 1782, to Sarah Anne, only heir of Robert Child, Esq., of Osterley-park, Middlesex.

Mr. Child, it is well known, was a banker of great eminence in London, and bequeathed the bulk of his property to the eldest daughter of the deceased Earl, Lady Sarah Sophia Fane, who married the present Earl of Jersey. By his first wife (Miss Child) Lord Westmorland had four daughters and two sons, of whom one son and two daughters survive. His Lordship became a widower on the 9th of November, 1793, and remained seven years unmarried. On the 24th of March, 1800, he espoused Jane, the second daughter and co-heir of Mr. Richard Huck Saunders, M.D., and sister of the Viscountess Melville. By this second marriage the noble Earl had three sons and one daughter, of whom three survive, namely, the daughter and two of the sons; he has left, therefore, six children altogether; and the second Countess still lives. The noble Earl succeeded to his title and estates in the twenty-fifth year of his age, on the death of his father, the ninth Earl. The administration of the Irish Government was committed to his charge by Mr. Pitt at a period quite as eventful as any that have since occurred, and demanding as much prudence and skill as a chief governor could be called on to exercise. His Lordship undertook the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the month of January, 1790, and continued to fill it for five years. With the public history of that

period the present brief notice has nothing to do; but the appointment to such an office during the heat of the French revolution, and in the midst of the operations of the United Irishmen, carries with it strong evidence of the esteem in which the deceased peer was held by the greatest of English Ministers. His immediate successor as head of the Irish Government was the late Earl Fitzwilliam; but Lord Westmorland did not long remain out of the public service. He became a member of the Cabinet in two years afterwards (1797), holding the office of Lord Privy Seal, which he retained till the death of Mr. Pitt gave to the Whigs six months' tenure of power. In 1807 he resumed his former situation of Lord Privy Seal, and continued to hold it till the retirement from office of the late Lord Liverpool broke up the last Ministry to which the application of Tory is strictly applicable, and made way for the coalition which Mr. Canning at that time formed with the Whigs, the duration of which was so brief, and the influence of which on public affairs is so little remembered. The noble Earl was a Knight of the Garter, and Lord-Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, in which his estates are principally situate; he was also Recorder of Lyme Regis; but for many years past he declined all attention to public affairs, which he could with any propriety avoid, for the infirmities inseparable from his advanced age rendered him naturally averse from any exertion which a strict sense of duty did not actually impose. For many years past he was not in the habit of even attending the House of Lords. The Right Honorable John Fane was the tenth Earl of Westmorland. The creation of this earldom dates as far back as the reign of King James I., and the individual noblemen who at various times were the heads of the family have not been undistinguished in the history of the country. The seventh Earl obtained considerable reputation in the army under the celebrated Duke of Marlborough; and other members of this noble house have served the Crown, and promoted the interests of the country, in various capacities, civil and military. It is perhaps not unworthy of notice, that the mother of the first Earl of Westmorland claimed and succeeded as Baroness Le Despenser, and that title was enjoyed by the successive Earls of Westmorland—viz., from the second to the seventh inclusive; but the latter dying without issue, the earldom, in accordance with the original patent, reverted to the great grandfather of the present Peer, and the barony of Despenser passed into another family. The eldest son of the late Earl, of course, succeeds to the honors of his father, and is well qualified to uphold the dignity of this distinguished family. Lord Burghersh, now eleventh Earl of Westmorland, was born nearly two years after his father's marriage with Miss Child—viz., on

the 3d February, 1784. Having entered the army at an early age, he rose through the various gradations of that honorable profession, till, in the year 1838, he attained the rank of Lieutenant-General; for his distinguished services in the campaign of 1813, his Lordship received the Order of Maria Theresa; and was invested with the Orders of St. Ferdinand and St. Joseph, for his services in the Neapolitan campaign; in 1817, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Guelfs of Hanover was conferred on him; and in 1838, he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Bath. His Lordship was for years Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Tuscany, and on the accession of the Conservative Ministry in the present year was selected to represent British interests at the Court of Prussia. Though highly esteemed in diplomacy and arms, the lighter arts have not been neglected, and music has received at once honor and advancement at his Lordship's hands. His Lordship married on the 26th June, 1811, the Hon. Priscilla Anne Wellesley Pole, the third daughter of Lord Maryborough, niece of the Duke of Wellington, and now Countess of Westmorland. By this marriage his Lordship has four sons and one daughter.

The late Earl leaves the following other issue by his first marriage:—Sarah Sophia, Countess of Jersey; Lady Augusta, born 17th March, 1786, and married 20th June, 1804, to the present Earl of Morley, which marriage was dissolved 14th February, 1809, and her Ladyship married Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B., who died in 1840. By his second marriage the Earl has left Lady Cecily Jane Georgiana, born 25th January, 1801; Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Sutton, born 18th January, 1804; and Hon. Montagu Villiers, born September 18, 1805. The late Lady Duncannon, who died in 1834, was a daughter of the tenth Earl, and was born in 1787. The late Countess of Lonsdale, who died in 1838, was his Lordship's sister.

The late event will place many noble families in mourning, amongst which will be the descendants of the last Duke of Ancaster (grandfather of the late Peer), as also the Jersey family, the Wellesley, the Lowther, the Ponsonby, and other noble houses.

Whitmore, Thomas, esq., of the Elms, Epsom, Surrey, aged 65, Dec. 9.

Winsor, Augusta Wilhelmina, relict of Fredk Albert, esq., late of Pall Mall and of Shooter's-hill, Kent; at Dresden, Nov. 26.

Winterton, Eliz., Dow. Countess, relict of the late Ed. Garth, 1st Earl of Winterton, and subsequently of the late Wm. Richardson, esq.; at her house, Upper Seymour-st., aged 83, Dec. 1.

Wise, Edward James, 3d son of the late Chas Furlong Wise, esq., of the New Forest, Hants, aged 9, Nov. 28.

Wood, Lieut.-Col., of Sloane-square, Chelsea, late of Lime Grove, Putney, Dec. 22.

Wood, John, esq., at his house at Worthing, Sussex, aged 73, Dec. 1.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]

*Description of the full-length Authentic colored Por'trait, No. 101,
(of the series of full-length Authentic ancient Portraits),*

OF

CHARLOTTE CORDAY,

Whose Memoir appeared at pages 317, 433, (1841).

Charlotte Corday is here represented in the dress in which she appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Her dress of purple stuff, probably, is made without any pretensions as to fashion. The corsage is low, and the sleeve long and tight, in the style of those worn at present. On her neck she wears a clear muslin kerchief, which is crossed upon the bosom. Her cap, of the Vendean form, is of thin muslin. The crown is round, and the border, narrow over the brow, but of an immense depth at back, is edged with narrow lace. A blue ribbon encircles the crown of the cap, and is tied in a large loose bow, nearly at the back of the left side of her head. Her hair is short in the forehead, but falls in a profusion of rich brown curls down the sides of her face and over her neck. Her calm and beautiful countenance neither betrays emotion for the deed she has committed, nor terror at her approaching dreadful fate.

Description of the Authentic full-length colored Portrait, No. 103, of this series,

OF

KATHERINE OF VALOIS,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF HENRY V., AND MOTHER OF HENRY VI. OF ENGLAND ;

whose Memoir appeared in the last number, viz. for December the 1st, 1841.

That the ladies of the reign of Charles VI. did not bid defiance to the outward adorning of their persons is indeed a fact not to be doubted ; but that they did bid defiance to every thing like that graceful elegance of attire with which their countrywomen, in almost every other age, took such pains to enhance their charms is also a fact, which our Magazine can testify beyond contradiction. Here we behold Catherine of Valois, the fair queen of Henry the fifth of England, decked out in all the monstrous ugliness of the costume of her unfortunate father's and her husband's courts. Would it not seem certain that the fair creatures even took pains to make frights of themselves, to disfigure dame Nature's handywork, and conceal whatever share of beauty they might have been gifted with ? Thanks to the march of—which, gentle reader, shall we say—intellect or fashion ?—our ladies of the present day are wiser than their generations of four hundred and odd years bygone, they know the meaning of ' graceful ' and ' becoming,' and various other such words, which we would fain think were exploded from the vocabularies of the noble dames of the fifteenth century ; for, were it not so, would the hideous and extravagant horned and mooning head-tires have ever been tolerated in our countries ? Catherine of Valois, no doubt, heard the anathemas delivered from the pulpit against the tremendous high square caps ; and she has modified hers, though alas ! she has not displayed much taste in the modification. The one she wears partakes, then, more of what is known as the Heart-shaped Turban, than of the horned cap that disfigured so many of her lovely contemporaries. The heart-shaped *bour-relet*, or roll, is of cloth of gold, richly studded with jewels, and the inner part a net-work of gold and pearls, with a stuffed or padded lining of green silk, beneath which all her luxuriant tresses are concealed, leaving her seemingly as bald as though she had just escaped from the barber's hands ! A short veil of white gauze or muslin, having a fine gold selvaige all round, and a minute fringe of the same at bottom, hangs from the back of her head-dress. The whole is surmounted by the Royal Crown. Her robe is of pale lemon-color damask, richly brocaded in green. The skirt, which is of great width, is cut with a train, and has a deep border of ermine round the bottom. A dark orange silk petticoat is just visible beneath the robe, which she holds up a little in front. The robe is very high in the neck, and over it she wears a surcoat of the same, fitting tight at the waist, but descending sufficiently low to cover the hips. It is bordered with ermine, and fastened down the front with a broad band of jewels. The sleeves are plain, and of a beautiful cut, fitting tight to the arm. They are precisely such as we daily see. She wears the royal mantle of crimson velvet, made with a sweeping train. Besides having a light pattern worked all round in gold, it is lined and edged with ermine. Her necklace is of rubies in a massive gold setting, and her shoes, those long-pointed ones, known by the name of *Pignaces*.



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1^{er} AOÛT 1842.



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JOURNAL DES MODES.

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Modès.

Notre bulletin de ce jour ne pourra ajouter rien de bien important aux détails assez précis que contenaient nos derniers numéros. Quant aux étoffes, ce sont toujours des foulards, des mousselines de laine, des organdis, des pékins, des barèges et des moirés, pour lesquelles on ressuscite les noms bien significatifs de Pompadour et de Ninon. C'est du reste une manière commode de faire de la nouveauté, et la recette se trouve à la portée de toutes les intelligences.

Les formes attendent, et comme nous ne sommes encore qu'au commencement d'août, c'est trois mois de patience que la morte saison leur impose. Trois mois ! C'est un es-

pace de temps toujours bien long, mais quand il s'agit de modes, trois mois sont trois siècles.

Nous vous dirons pourtant, en observation générale, que les succès de la passementerie dépassent toutes prévisions, et que les broderies en soutache s'appliquent maintenant à toutes les toilettes, ainsi que nous en avons fait l'observation dans les ateliers de madame Thiéry, où nous avons vu encore que les étoffes légères s'accrochent fort bien de corsages à coulisses horizontales, fantaisie aujourd'hui généralement adoptée et traitée dans cette maison avec une perfection qui ne laisse rien à désirer.

M^{me} Thiéry exécute beaucoup de redingotes en batiste blanche à raies, s'ouvrant sur une jupe de jaconas à entredeux brodés; des robes en organdis et en mousseline ornées de trois grands plis à la jupe, ou d'une échelle de ruban formant tablier, d'autres richement garnies à la jupe de remplis garnis de malines, et enfin des robes en moiré de diverses nuances, s'ouvrant de chaque côté de la jupe ornée de revers de moiré d'une nuance différente, mais harmonieusement assortie, joints ensemble par une échelle de ruban; la robe de dessous, en moiré de la même nuance que les revers, dépasse celle de dessus de toute la hauteur de l'ourlet; corsage en pointe très décolleté, garni de trois biais sans couture sur l'épaulette, manches courtes garnies de biais relevés laissant le bras entièrement découvert. Cette charmante toilette que M^{me} Thiéry expédiait dans une maison de campagne où l'on se propose de donner quelques bals d'été, avait pour complément une de ces ravissantes coiffures dont Chagot seul a le secret, car nos plaisirs de l'été sont aussi l'objet de sa sollicitude, et chaque jour, pour ainsi dire, vient nous prouver tout ce qu'il y a de ressources dans cette riche et brillante imagination qui crée toujours sans jamais s'épuiser. Aujourd'hui ce sont des garnitures de robes en réséda, en myosotis, en géranium, etc., etc.; des cordons en fleurettes pour border les doubles et triples jupes, les ornements du corsage et le bas des petites manches, etc.; tout cela bien frais, bien velouté, artistement coloré, et exécuté avec un goût si pur, une élégance si attrayante, qu'on est forcé de convenir que Chagot a dans sa spécialité une supériorité incontestable.

L'exposition qui a lieu depuis quelques jours dans les salles de l'Orangerie du Louvre est une véritable bonne fortune pour nos bulletins hebdomadaires, parce qu'elle attire une foule nombreuse, et que, dans le nombre, on trouve toujours quelques toilettes de bon goût.

Nous disons *dans le nombre*, et cette restriction n'a réellement rien d'injuste, car il est trop vrai que la saison d'été est pour la mode une époque de saturnales, et qu'il règne alors un laisser-aller un peu trop encourageant et qui permet de risquer à peu près tout. Aussi voyez avec quelle effronterie le camail, la pélerine et le crispin, ces trois filles jumelles du mauvais goût, abusent de la tolérance qu'on a eu la faiblesse de leur témoigner jusqu'à ce jour. Fêlicitons-nous, du reste, de les voir hâter, par leurs propres excès, une fin qui ne sera jamais assez prochaine, et espérons que le dernier camail tombera avec les dernières feuilles, et qu'il aura le bon esprit de ne plus sortir de son tombeau. Ainsi soit-il !

En attendant la réalisation de ce vœu, que certaines de nos lectrices trouveront peut-être un tant soit peu féroce, laissons le camail jouir de ses derniers succès et se pavaner orgueilleusement sur de gracieux corsages dont il nous cache les heureux détails, et dont nous ne pourrions vous entretenir, si nous n'avions la ressource de voir ces mêmes toilettes dans les ateliers, ce qui nous aide à les reconnaître quand nous avons l'avantage de les retrouver sur notre chemin, soit aux Tuileries, aux Champs-Élysées ou au bois de Boulogne, soit, comme ces derniers jours, dans les salles de l'Orangerie du Louvre.

Ainsi, pour ne parler que des toilettes de ville, les seules qui puissent offrir en ce moment quelque intérêt, nous avons retrouvé au Louvre deux des plus délicieuses créations de madame Lallemant, remarquables par une exquise fraîcheur et une simplicité toute gracieuse. C'étaient deux robes en poul de soie, l'une garnie à la jupe d'un double rang de bouillonnés bordés d'une petite ruche découpée; corsage montant ouvert en cœur; manches plates, avec manchettes de dentelle couvrant la moitié de la main; l'autre brodée à la jupe d'une guirlande arrondie sur

chaque côté du lé de devant et montant en tablier jusqu'à la pointe du corsage qui est plat, montant, ouvert en cœur et brodé également de l'épaulette à la pointe; manches plates avec petits jockeys ronds brodés. Faut-il vous dire que la première toilette avait pour complément un crispin en mousseline brodée fermée par un nœud de ruban bleu, et la seconde un camail en dentelle noire?

Nous avons vu encore, toujours de M^{me} Lallemand, une fort jolie robe en piqué rose fermée par une rangée de boutons émaillés, corsage plat, ouvert, orné de deux rangs de boutons en éventail, le dos du corsage plat et terminé par un petit caraco, les manches plates fermées le long de l'avant-bras par des boutons pareils à ceux de la garniture de la robe; pour complément, une guimpe à entre-deux brodés réparés par plusieurs petits plis et fermée par de petits boutons en or.

Nous sommes heureux d'avoir à vous mentionner aujourd'hui deux toilettes de madame Descombes, au talent souple et gracieux de laquelle nous avons déjà eu l'occasion de rendre justice. — Nos éloges trouveront une justification complète dans le succès des nouveautés que nous allons vous décrire. D'abord, une robe en foulard ecru, ornée sur le devant de la jupe d'une riche broderie en soutache, corsage montant en pointe, brodé, manches plates, et, pour complément, une pélerine-cardinale brodée tout autour; ensuite une robe en gros d'Oran à reflets gris et ecru, ornée en tablier de petits choux liés entr'eux par une passementerie-guipure, corsage montant en pointe, à triple couture, celle du milieu recouverte en passementerie guipure, manches plates, doubles manchettes retombant sur la main; écharpe en mousseline brodée garnie d'une haute valenciennes. Les salons de Leclère, pour lequel il n'y a pas de morte-saison, continuent à être le rendez-vous de toutes nos élé-

gantes. Nous y avons vu de fort jolis chapeaux en crêpe blanc à forme relevée, découvrant le derrière de la tête, ornés d'une branche de feuillage et d'une voilette d'Angleterre; d'autres en crêpe bleu ornés d'une riche dentelle; des pailles de riz qui se posent très en avant sur le front, les deux côtés de la passe joints derrière par un nœud de ruban de taffetas vert qui remplace le bayolet, plusieurs marabouts nués vert disposés en guirlande autour de la forme.

Une nouveauté assez piquante et qui obtient un succès remarquable, ce sont les chapeaux en crêpe tendu brodés sur la passe de trois tresses de paille et ornés sur le côté d'un de ces coquets plumets russes qu'on ne trouve que chez Chagot; les chapeaux en poul de soie blanc ornés de biais en crêpe et d'une longue plume blanche qui descend jusque sur l'épaule, sont toujours bien portés.

La maison Mayer, qui sait varier si heureusement les produits qu'il livre à la fashion, a de délicieuses mitaines en velours noir et grenat qui vont fort bien avec les manches courtes, et qui se garnissent de riches bracelets, d'élégantes cordelières, de somptueuses dentelles. On aime beaucoup ses mitaines en velours brodées de lacets en relief et garnies de glands algériens, ainsi que ses mitaines en peau fermées par une rangée de petits boutons en perles ou en or.

La dernière création d'Oudinot-Lutel justifie les éloges de notre avant-dernier bulletin, et nous remercions l'habile industriel d'avoir appliqué aussi heureusement à la chaussure le frais et léger tissu que connaissent toutes nos lectrices. C'est un bienfait inappréciable, aujourd'hui surtout que nous jouissons de 32 degrés de chaleur, si j'en crois mon thermomètre. Il est vrai que cet instrument a été fabriqué par un enfant d'Apollon, et je soupçonne dans les degrés un peu d'exagération poétique. Quoi qu'il en soit, la pédicrine ne

pouvait faire sa première apparition sous de plus favorables auspices, et nous sommes persuadée que bientôt le nouveau tissu aura toute la popularité de la crinoline. Nous avons vu différents modèles de bottines, de souliers et de pantoufles, et nous nous sommes convaincue que les chaussures en pédicrine ont tout ce qui peut leur assurer le patronage de la Mode. La légèreté, la finesse et la fraîcheur du tissu l'emportent de beaucoup sur toutes les tentatives faites jusqu'à ce jour pour améliorer cette importante partie de notre toilette, et si vous joignez à ces qualités, déjà si précieuses la richesse et l'harmonie des nuances, la coquetterie des formes et le fini d'exécution que possèdent au plus haut degré tous ces modèles, vous conviendrez avec nous que les succès de la pédicrine ne sont pas contestables, puisqu'elle nous assure à la fois de nouvelles joissances et de nouvelles parures.

Nous ne saurions vous recommander plus à propos la poudre du célèbre Guerlain, poudre qui donne aux gants un parfum d'une parfaite distinction. Le nom de Guerlain est du reste une autorité, et sa réputation est depuis longtemps au dessus de tous les éloges; aussi ne voulons-nous que vous rappeler ses produits auxquels la santé et la beauté doivent tant, heureuses compositions, bénies de toutes celles de nos lectrices qui en ont fait usage : l'oléine émulsive, qui communique à la peau une si délicieuse fraîcheur, la lotion de Guerlain, lotion réparatrice, dont l'usage fait rapidement disparaître les traces que laissent toujours les fatigues prolongées, les longues maladies, les plaisirs pris sans mesure, etc., etc. Citons encore l'eau de Judée pour les bains, cosmétique qui a une puissance si sûre, la cydonia, qui donne à la chevelure un éclat d'ébène, la pâte aux quatre semences,

etc., etc. Les essences de Guerlain pour mouchoirs sont trop connues et trop appréciées pour que nous insistions beaucoup sur cet article, mais nous vous recommandons ses sachets pour embaumer le linge : c'est une nouveauté fort goûtée.

Nous rappelons à votre souvenir, en attendant les détails d'un prochain bulletin, les meubles en fers creux de Gandillot frères. Nous ne saurions trop insister sur les raisons d'économie, de commodité et d'élégance qui ont assigné aux fers creux une place si distinguée parmi les produits de l'industrie contemporaine. Nous sommes déjà entré dans quelques développements à ce sujet. Nous nous proposons d'y revenir plus d'une fois.

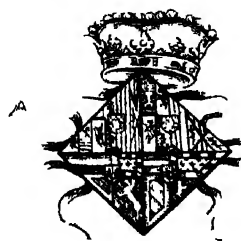
DESCRIPTION DES GRAVURES.

N° 4022.—Toilette de ville.

N° 4023.—Toilette d'intérieur.

Isabelle, Claire, Eugénie.

Le portrait qui accompagne cette livraison, et qui porte le n° 441, représente la princesse Claire-Eugénie, dont la livraison de juillet contenait la notice historique, revêtue du costume de religieuse franciscaine, dans lequel elle mourut et fut ensevelie, d'après sa volonté expresse, le 4 décembre 1635.





opened her eyes more fully than ever to her unfortunate situation : she felt that the Duke of Norwood would never consent to his son's forming an alliance with her, and she determined to use every effort to drive his image from her mind, and to assume an appearance of coldness to discourage his addresses. This, unfortunately, she could not do, without appearing to act with coquetry, a thing which her pure and ingenious soul abhorred. In the first moment of pleased confusion, the only idea that presented itself to her mind was that she was beloved by a man who appeared to possess every noble quality that could win the heart, and to whose suit the proudest peeress in England would have listened with delight. Though dignified and *retenuë* in her manners, she was unskilled in concealing her feelings. Lord Eversham had, therefore, no cause to complain of the reception which his declaration had met with, and though no word of encouragement passed her lips, he read in her countenance, as plainly as words could speak, that his had found their way to a heart which had never before responded to the whisperings of love. How then could she so suddenly assume indifference ? *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*, and she resolved to begin, at once, her work of self-denial. Meanwhile, her mind was harassed with fears on the subject of her birth. Was she the offspring of guilt, and would she not, on the death of her benefactress, be hurled as an intruder and impostor from the high station which she enjoyed.

This fearful question having taken possession of her imagination, she hastened to the breakfast-parlour, and throwing herself into the arms of the Countess, she entreated that she would suffer her to seek a situation in some family, where she could make herself useful and procure her living by her own exertions ; " for," added she, weeping passionately, " I have not courage to encounter the sneers which my appearance in public must ever excite : as a governess or humble companion I should have no mortifications of this sort to encounter. I feel that I must ever be alone in the world, and the sooner I enter on the path that it has pleased God to mark out for me the better."

The Countess looked at the noble countenance of her protégée, and felt that she was not formed to be a *humble* companion to any one. She saw that something had occurred very recently to distress her favorite, and tried with all the eloquence of affection to restore her serenity, winding up her arguments by saying, " surely, Louisa, if you entertained for me even a small portion of the affection which I do for you, you could not wish to leave me, alone, in my old age ?"

This was touching a chord which could not fail to vibrate. Louisa adored her benefactress, and throwing her arms round her neck assured her that nothing should ever again induce her to give utterance to feelings of discontent.

Let it not be inferred from this circumstance that Louisa was fond of scenes, or, in other words, of making a vulgar display of her feelings ; on the contrary, though a girl of strong passions and acute sensibility, she was calm and gentle in her deportment ; but the remarks which she had overheard on the previous evening had wounded her feelings to the quick, and the idea that she was compelled by her unfortunate situation to return coldness and restraint for Lord Eversham's feelings of warmth and affection made her irritable and unhappy.

The ladies had scarcely finished breakfast, when Sir George Fairfax was announced. Louisa, on hearing the arrival of a visitor, anxious to conceal the traces of tears which were still visible on her face, made a hasty retreat. Sir George had, therefore, the satisfaction of finding the Countess alone. Though at a loss to discover to what cause she owed so early a visit, her ladyship was too polite to betray any surprise, and entered into conversation only on general topics. No sooner, however, had the breakfast-tray been removed, than Sir George began to break the object of his visit, by turning the conversation on the sensation which Miss Villiers had made on her *début* at the Duchess of Ely's ball; and having commented in strong terms on her beauty, talents and so forth, he added, "if the current report be true that she will inherit a considerable fortune on her coming of age, she is likely to marry well."

Now, Sir George had never heard that Miss Villiers would inherit a farthing on her coming of age; he had raised the report for the occasion.

The *ruse* succeeded; the Countess told him frankly, that, though her protégée had no fortune by inheritance, it was her intention, in the event of her forming a matrimonial connection, to provide for her in such a manner as would secure to her a handsome establishment.

This was all that Sir George wished. He was perfectly sincere in his admiration of Miss Villiers, and finding that she would have a good fortune, he resolved to overlook her doubtful origin, and press his suit before Lord Eversham could have time to insinuate himself into the young lady's favor, and defeat his projects. Without any farther circumlocution, he, therefore, declared to the Countess his wish to convert her *élève* into "Lady Fairfax," and asked her consent to his making immediate proposals to Miss Villiers.

The Countess was taken by surprise; she had felt alarmed, thinking at first that he was going to renew his addresses to herself; but satisfied that her fears were groundless, she began to consider the probabilities of Louisa's listening to his suit. This was a point on which Sir George appeared to entertain no doubt, and from his *empressment* and total rejection of the diffident bearing which generally characterises an unaccepted lover, the Countess supposed that he must have met with some encouragement from the fair object of his choice. She, therefore, consented to his wish of having an interview with her, and promised, should he succeed, to give her unqualified sanction to their union. Still, she could not help thinking it almost impossible that Louisa could be happy as the wife of Sir George Fairfax; she had unconsciously interwoven the image of Lord Eversham with that of her *élève*, and she wished that Sir George had declared himself previous to her expressing her intentions with regard to her fortune. Resolved not to bias the mind of the young lady, before her interview with Sir George, the countess rang the bell, and desired the servant to inform Miss Villiers that she wished to see her in the breakfast parlour.

Louisa's first enquiry if Sir George Fairfax was gone being answered in the negative, she hastened with a beating heart to obey the Countess' summons.

"What," said she to herself, "*could* be the reason of Sir George's calling so early? and if his visit was on business, why was she invited to join the conference! Or,

could he have possibly sought an interview with the Countess, charged with any message from Lord Eversham in which she was concerned?" This idea oppressed her mind as she lingered on the stair-case, whilst pretending to be busily engaged fastening her bracelet, but, in reality, endeavoring to regain her self-possession; seeing, however, that the servant had opened the door, and was waiting for her to pass, she rallied her courage and answered Sir George's enquiries after her health, with apparent tranquillity.

The Countess soon after left the room, and Louisa found herself *tête-à-tête* with her admirer, who did not think it necessary to keep her long in suspense. "Since," said he, "Miss Villiers has condescended to favor me with an interview, may I hope that what I am about to say will meet with indulgence?" Louisa, in the simplicity of her heart, reminded Sir George Fairfax that she had obeyed the summons of the Countess, at the same time casting a wistful glance on the carpet, as if she entertained something approaching to a hope that the ground would open and deliver her from the trammels of Sir George's eloquence. At length, she murmured something about joining her Ladyship in the drawing-room.

"I have already," resumed her lover, "received the Countess' permission to inform you that it is in your power to make me the happiest of men."

Louisa began to tremble from head to foot; she tried to speak, but in vain, and as the truth flashed across her mind, her face was suffused with blushes.

Sir George, mistaking her embarrassment and silence for encouragement, seized her hand and entreated that she would not suffer herself to be agitated by the abruptness of his proposal. "I have duly considered the matter," added the *soi-disant* adorer, "and I feel assured that in spite of the prejudices of the world, the beauty and talents of Miss Villiers must far outweigh those little impediments which exist with regard to birth and family connections;" and, again, Sir George attempted to seize the small, trembling hand which had been hastily withdrawn from his impassioned grasp.

Louisa rose from her chair, and drawing up her figure to its full height, while her eyes flashed with indignation, replied:—"Sir George Fairfax! there must be some great mistake in this matter; for I cannot believe that you came here purposely to insult me under the roof of the Countess of Dudley. I will not affect to misunderstand you, but will candidly inform you that your decision on this subject has been premature, and notwithstanding the unfortunate impediments which you have thought it necessary to recall to my recollection, and which you have had the generosity to overlook, I must gratefully, but decidedly, decline the honor of your alliance."

Sir George stood petrified with astonishment; he had been so much occupied in finding arguments to overcome his own scruples, that he had never anticipated any on the part of the lady. Seeing her move towards the door, he threw himself on one knee, and entreated in the most passionate terms that she would allow him to hope, and not in a moment of anger, caused by his unfortunate allusion to circumstances over which she had no control, blast his prospects of happiness for ever. Just at this juncture, and before Sir George (who had become seriously alarmed at

the complexion of affairs) had time to recover his mental equilibrium, the door opened, and Lord Eversham was announced.

This unlucky *contre-temps* filled up the measure of his vexation. He had been rejected by Miss Villiars, and his humble posture had been discovered by the man, whom of all others he disliked, who, also, he now doubted not was the cause of his mortification.

"Bravo, Sir George! I thought you gentlemen of the long robe were too much occupied in the weighty matters of the law to practise *tableaux-vivans* in the morning. I regret that my untimely intrusion has driven away your divinity!"

"Pshaw!" replied Sir George; "a mere *bagatelle*! Miss Villiars is but a child; one *must* go a little out of one's way to please those bread-and-butter sort of girls."

"A tolerably well-grown child, however," rejoined his lordship. "And pray is Miss Villiars so *exigeante* as to demand that you should make the agreeable on bended knee?"

"Pooh—pooh! I told you it was a mere joke; but I have no time to talk about such nonsense;" and suddenly recollecting that he was obliged to hurry into the city on business, the discomfited lawyer donned his hat and rushed out of the house, stung with shame and vexation, but never doubting that if he could put a stop to Lord Eversham's intimacy with Lady Dudley and her protégée, the young lady would soon recover from her indignation at the abrupt manner in which he had approached her, and would open her eyes to the advantages which he offered her.

While Sir George retraced his way to Russell-square, chewing the bitter cud of his reflections, Lord Eversham was leaning on the mantel-piece, thinking of the scene which he had so unexpectedly witnessed. "Could Miss Villiars, whom he believed to be all purity and goodness, be acting a deceitful part? It was only the evening before, when he had rallied her on Sir George's marked devotion to her, that she had said, "she could not help disliking him, and that he had never before paid her even common attention." How then was he to account for the situation in which he had found him? He had little doubt, in spite of his awkward attempt to treat the matter *en badinage*, that he was there for the express purpose of making a formal declaration; and how had that declaration been received by Miss Villiars? Lord Eversham was not of a disposition to endure suspense with patience, and he determined to seize the first moment of his being alone with Louisa to entreat her to come to some explanation on the subject of her intimacy with Sir George, and should he be satisfied on that point, to lose no time in declaring his sentiments. Could he succeed in winning the affection of Miss Villiars, as his father entertained a warm friendship for the Countess, he trusted, he would have little difficulty in persuading him to give his consent to his union with her protégée.

Rousing himself from his reverie, he rang the bell and asked if the Countess was visible. The man answered in the affirmative, and conducted him to the drawing-room, where he found her ladyship and Miss Villiars. The latter returned his admiring yet respectful glance with an appearance of confusion, and replied to his anxious enquiries after her health with a coldness which augured ill for the explanation which he hoped to receive. The fates seemed, indeed, combined against

him, and he was condemned to suffer all the torments of suspense. A constant succession of visitors filled up the rest of the morning till the first dinner bell rang, when the ladies retired to dress.

His lordship, in despair, returned to his hotel to make his toilet, which he accomplished in the short space of ten minutes ; he then threw himself into his cab, and having ordered his groom to drive like lightening, he hoped that Miss Villiers might be the first to descend to the drawing-room. But, again, he was disappointed : seated on the couch where his fancy had pictured the sylph-like form of Louisa, he found the fat, good-natured Duchess of Ely, who had come to dine and accompany them to the opera to witness the *début* of the Countess Leonelli, who, in consideration of her birth and title, and the unfortunate events which had induced her to have recourse to her talents for support, had secured the patronage of her grace, whose heart was open as day to melting charity.

CHAPTER XI.

Le Maître de Musique.—La philosophie est quelque chose, Mais la musique, Monsieur, la musique.

Le Maître à danser.—La musique et la danse, la musique et la danse, c'est là tout ce qu'il faut.

Le Maître de Musique Il n'y a rien que soit si utile dans un état que la musique.

Le Maître à danser.—Il n'y a rien que soit si nécessaire aux hommes que la danse.

Le Maître de Musique.—Sans la musique un état ne peut subsister.

Le Maître à danser.—Sans la danse un homme ne saurait rien faire. *Molière.*

WHEN Louisa found herself, for the first time, in the brilliant circle of the Opera-house, all her cares were forgotten, in the novelty and excitement of the surrounding scene.

Had there been neither opera nor ballet, she would have been very well amused for an hour, looking at the groups of beautiful women who filled the boxes. The Queen had held a drawing-room in the morning, and had just entered the royal box, attended by her maids of honor and some of the flower of the nobility dressed in full costume.

After the first flush of pleased surprise was over, Louisa sank back on her seat, struck with a feeling of her own insignificance. Surrounded by all the aristocracy of the country, and by many of the rich and noble of other nations, she could not banish from her mind the bitter reflection, that no human being formed a link between her and the bright chain of which she shone a conspicuous ornament ; and resting her arm on the edge of the box she shaded her face with her fairy hand, wishing to escape the notice which her first appearance had excited. But if Louisa felt little gratification at the admiration which attended her appearance in public, not so did Lord Eversham. Nothing contributes more to feed the passion of love in the male sex, than the consciousness that the object of their adoration is admired and pursued by others. It is not uncommon for men of narrow intellect to suppose that if a woman is endowed with superior personal and mental attractions she must be vain, frivolous and incapable of performing the duties of domestic life ; but Lord Eversham was not one of those, and he rejoiced to think that the homage which was paid to his beloved would give place to a warmer feeling, could the qualities of her

heart and mind be discovered through the medium of the numerous opera-glasses that were employed in scanning her features. The overture ceased, and Louisa lost all recollection of self, in her anxiety for the success of the *debutante*, whom the duchess had described as a very interesting and talented woman, who having been reduced to extreme poverty by the calamities of civil war, had determined to sacrifice feeling, and avail herself of her musical talents, in some measure to retrieve the ruined fortunes of her family. Her Grace of Ely looked to the success or failure of the contessa merely as a matter of money, and felt little anxiety with regard to the ability of the *debutante*. The house was crammed to the ceiling, and she recollected that a young officer of the sister kingdom, to whom she had sold a dozen tickets, had remarked that the name of a *raal* countess in the bills would fill the house, even if her voice failed to effect that object. But Major O'Brien was in this instance mistaken; for John Bull, though notorious for gullibility, having paid his eight-and-sixpence, forgot the countess in the *artiste*, and felt inclined at the end of the first act to exclaim with Juliet, "what's in a name?" Amidst loud and long continued bravos, the Leonelli advanced towards the foot-lights, but before she had sung six bars of the recitative, the hopes of the audience had sunk below zero. She had unfortunately chosen *Otello* for her first appearance. The Desdemona of Pasta still rang in the ears of the *fanatici per la musica*, and the thin, sweet voice of the contessa, and her timid, constrained gestures, could bear no comparison with the thrilling notes and impassioned acting of the great *artiste*. Still, the contessa was an interesting woman, and as the audience saw that she was laboring under the disadvantage of excessive timidity, they were inclined to be indulgent. Her figure was elegant, but rather too *petite* for a *prima donna*: her countenance was Grecian, and the beautiful clearness of her fair complexion was rendered more striking by the dark lustre of her eagle eye. But in spite of the attractions of her features, her performance was tame and unsatisfactory, and when the curtain drew up for the second act, her friends felt infected with her timidity. She endeavored, in vain, to rally her courage as the opera proceeded, and when she gave the beautiful passage, *Se il padre m' abbandona*, with which Pasta used to electrify the house, her failure was complete. At the conclusion of the piece, a faint attempt at applause was made. Costa elevated his shoulders till they touched his ears; Spagnoletti took a pinch of snuff, and the ill-bred part of the audience tittered, but *malgré* these indications of disapprobation, according to the barbarous custom of the times, the panting and dispirited *prima donna* was dragged before the curtain to curtsy and look grateful for a few more *bravos*, which she had tact enough to attribute more to her beauty and modest deportment than to her skill as an *artiste*.

The audience being satisfied with her obedience to their summons, permitted her to retire to her dressing-room, where, having shed some hysterical tears, and drunk a glass of *cau sucré*, she gave her hand to her husband, and was conducted by him to her carriage, never more to appear before an English audience, except in her box over the stage, where she was seen to much greater advantage than on the boards of the theatre. Her failure excited no surprise, either in herself or in her intimate friends. Besides being deficient in firmness of nerve and physical strength, she had

too much susceptibility and delicacy of mind to succeed as a *debutante* in the histrionic profession, at an advanced period of life. But enough of the *contessa*.

During the performance, Louisa had listened with the eager attention of a novice, seldom withdrawing her eyes from the stage, except to refer to the *libretto* between the acts: however, her attention had been several times attracted by the appearance of a man in the pit who had stationed himself exactly under the countess' box, and continued to eye her and her noble companions with a scrutiny for which she could not account. She had more than once felt inclined, when annoyed by his bold and persevering stare, to point him out to the notice of Lord Eversham, thinking, from his appearance, that he was some discharged servant or retainer of the countess' family; but fearful that his lordship might be provoked to punish the fellow's insolence, she allowed it to pass in silence, hoping that when the *ballet* commenced, the graceful movements of Taglioni might divert his attention from her. In the meantime, Lord Eversham had not failed to observe the conduct of the individual in question, and as he looked at the harsh and almost ruffianly expression of his countenance, with his fierce, black eyes ever turned on his beloved, he felt a strong inclination to descend and chastise the rudeness; but supposing from Louisa's composed manner, that she had not observed him, he attributed the annoyance less to any curiosity which they personally excited, than to the eagerness with which the vulgar often watch the movements and seem to devour the conversation of persons of rank. Besides, his lordship was not in a mood to cavil at trifles; the fears which had haunted him during the day with regard to the impression which the proposal of Sir George Fairfax had made on the mind of Louisa had gradually been melting like snow beneath the sun of her cheerfulness; the resolutions which she had formed in the morning, to endeavour to treat Lord Eversham with coldness, had fled with the depression of spirits which suggested them. The excitement of the passing scene had tuned her feelings to their usual pitch of happiness, and when some beautifully executed passage in the opera excited her approbation, she turned an enquiring glance on her lover, and felt her enjoyment doubly enhanced by his sympathy. Lord Eversham had been still farther reassured, by observing that Sir George, who had all the evening been playing the agreeable to his friend and client, Lady Graball, had made no attempt to approach the countess' box. This, in itself, was "confirmation strong;" for had Sir George been the accepted lover of Miss Villiers, it was scarcely probable that he would suffer so favorable an opportunity to escape of triumphing over a rival. He determined, however, to prevent a recurrence of similar uneasiness, by requesting an interview with Miss Villiers on the following morning, and should he be so fortunate as to be successful in his suit, to write to his father, candidly explaining all the circumstances connected with Louisa's residence under the roof of their noble relative, and entreating him, if he valued the happiness of his only son, to give his sanction to their union.

Meanwhile, the *ballet* proceeded. Taglioni, as Amina in the *Sonnambula*, charmed all beholders. Louisa had never before felt the poetry of motion. When Amina put her tiny foot on the narrow bridge, with a lighted taper in her hand, the breath of the audience seemed almost suspended, and just as the taper fell to the

ground, and the attention of the spectators was riveted on the *danseuse*, Louisa felt something twitching the loose, blonde sleeve of her dress which, as she bent eagerly forward, hung far over the front of the box. Turning suddenly round, she was astonished and alarmed at seeing the man, whose notice had already so much annoyed her, with his arm elevated towards the box, endeavoring to thrust into her hand a note or slip of paper which was concealed beneath the cuff of his coat. Louisa immediately withdrew her arm, with a gesture of indignation; on seeing which, her persecutor raised his head, and, with a demoniac expression of countenance, whispered in tones loud enough to be heard by her to whom they were addressed, "refuse this billet again, and your father's life will be the price of your obstinacy." Louisa's heart sickened, and she fell back on her seat, pale as death. Lord Eversham turned a fierce eye towards the pit, but he looked in vain for any clue to Miss Villiers' sudden indisposition.

The attention of every one else was directed towards the stage, and the individual who had excited his displeasure in the early part of the evening was no where to be seen. Louisa, anxious to divert the attention of her friends from the real cause of her indisposition, attributed it to the heat and excessive excitement to which she was unaccustomed, and having availed herself of some *eau de Cologne*, which Lord Eversham had hastened to procure, she made an effort to overcome the tumult of her feelings, and declined the countess' offer to order the carriage and accompany her immediately home, fearful that the person who had so much alarmed her, and whose dark and sinister countenance filled her with aversion, might be loitering in the passages, and endeavour again to force himself on her notice. Her attempts, however, to resume her interest in the spectacle, were vain; the words of the repulsive stranger were ever present to her ear. Could he have anything to communicate relative to the mystery which hung over her birth? Louisa could not help indulging a hope that he was either insane or had mistaken her for some other person, for so forbidding was his aspect that she felt convinced that he could not be the herald of anything but evil tidings; and the wild and unnatural gleam of his hollow eye seemed to favor the idea that he was laboring under some mental delusion: still, it was strange that he should have singled her out as the object of his persecution, and she almost regretted that she had not received the billet which he had tried to force on her acceptance.

The countess, judging by the pale countenance of her protégée that she wanted repose, sent for her carriage, and, accompanied by Lord Eversham, the ladies proceeded to the crush-room, where they were accosted by Mrs. Fairfax and her daughters, who, escorted by the Count de Millefleurs, were also waiting for their carriage. Mrs. Fairfax, who, like the good gentleman in the Spectator, was a great respecter of persons, and duly addressed every person according to his or her rank, having saluted the duchess and Lady Dudley, turned to Miss Villiers with a patronizing air, and exclaimed, "La, child! what is the matter with you? I declare you look as white as a sheet: well, what a difference a little color *does* make."

Miss Fairfax, ashamed of her mother's *brusquerie*, said something pretty about a snow-drop, which nobody seemed to understand except the Count de Millefleurs.

At last, the carriages were announced, and as the Fairfax family retired a little to give the *pas* to their superiors, a note was thrust into Louisa's hand, and the same voice which had before alarmed her, repeated in a low, but distinct whisper, "be secret, if you value your life!" Love is ever quick-sighted. Lord Eversham saw Louisa conceal the note in the bosom of her dress, and a fearful suspicion flashed across his mind; but the next moment, Louisa, who had been leaning on his arm, fell suddenly forward, and as he conveyed her to the carriage, in a state of insensibility, and gazed on her innocent and death-like features, all his suspicions vanished, and he only felt how dear she was to his existence.

Having left his fair burden under the countess' maternal care, and ascertained that the fresh air had already contributed to revive his beloved Louisa, his lordship returned to the saloon with the vague hope that he might be able to discover the individual who, he doubted not, had been the cause of so much distress: he wandered anxiously through the ante-rooms, and searched the avenues leading to the pit, but in vain. The door-keepers smiled when he enquired eagerly if they had observed a tall man with a sallow complexion dressed in a shabby Spanish cloak, his hat pulled over his eyes: a shake of the head was their only reply; sallow men with Spanish cloaks were too common at the opera to attract individual notice from those functionaries. Tired and dispirited, he abandoned his search as fruitless; and having made a last attempt, by describing the man to the porter and dropping a sovereign into his "yielding palm," with the promise of twenty more if he could succeed in tracing him, he prepared to leave the house. Lord Eversham had not advanced many steps, when he encountered Sir George Fairfax, who was standing on the pavement, having just seen Lady Graball to her carriage.

Sir George had heard of the scene in the cloak-room; his mother had observed Louisa receive the note and conceal it within her robe. The affair lost nothing by her manner of describing it: she doubted not that Louisa was caring on some intrigue; she pitied the poor countess, who had been fostering a serpent in her bosom; "but," added she, triumphantly, "nothing better could be expected: 'what is bred in the bone, will never come out of the flesh.'"

Sir George could not help acknowledging to himself that this giant aphorism was not exactly *à propos* to the case of Miss Villiers, whom he would at that moment have given the world to have made "bone of his bone," but he resolved to avail himself of the circumstance, to poison the mind of Lord Eversham against Louisa, and with this friendly intent he put his arm within that of the young nobleman, and proposed to walk with him as far as Jermyn-street. Nothing could have been more disagreeable to Lord Eversham, than the company of Sir George at that precise time; and when the rejected lover vented his spleen by repeating the remarks that had been made on the strange conduct of Miss Villiers, and expressing his fears that she was unworthy of the countess' protection, Lord Eversham was irritated beyond all bounds; angry words passed between them, cards were exchanged, and Sir George had the satisfaction of knowing, that on the following day was to enjoy an honor to which, even in the wildest flights of his ambition he had ever aspired, viz., shooting or being shot by the son of a duke.

CHAPTER XII.

"For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby." *Twelfth Night.*

WHEN Louisa retired for the night, she declined her maid's proposal to sit up for an hour or two wither, saying, that she felt quite well and did not anticipate any return of indisposition. As soon as the door closed on the sleepy abigail, she proceeded with trembling hands to open the note, which was written in a hand apparently unaccustomed to wield the pen, and ran thus :—

To Miss Villiers—Where I might command obedience, I stoop to entreaty, and request that you will waive obstacles and admit me to an interview to-morrow evening after sunset, when I will communicate to you every circumstance relative to your birth. You must bribe the servant who admits me, to be secret; should our meeting transpire to the countess, or to any in her household, the consequences would be more terrible than you can imagine. The disclosure which I have to make will be painful, but should you refuse to listen to it I muse compulsion. Be punctual and silent, and all may be well.

PIETRO BALDONE.

This preciousistle, which is translated into English, was written in bad Italian, so bad that Lou had some difficulty in decyphering the meaning of the writer.

Overcome with an undefinable presentiment of evil, she threw herself on her bed, but no refreshingsleep visited her weary eyelids. The most fearful visions crowded on her mind. The conduct of the stranger had excited her strongest aversion, and she knew not how to account for the imperious tone which he assumed in addressing her, even if he spoke the truth; in affirming that he could reveal to her the circumstances of her birth and desertion, could he not have found means of doing so in a quiet and respectable manner, without causing her so much alarm. Whatever the end proposed, little good could be expected where so ruffianly an agent had been employed, and nothing but the threat that her indiscretion would be fatal to the author of her being could have prevented her from revealing all to the countess. Baldone had warned her that what he had to say might be painful to her; were then the forebodings of her most desponding moments to be realized? Was she the offspring of parents stained by crime? and was disgrace in future her only inheritance? Or else had Baldone prepared her for painful tidings? It was possible that, owing the splendor in which she had been reared, the man might have supposed that she would be grieved at finding her parentage from humble life, but Louisa felt that if poverty was the sole degradation, her heart would bound to meet the authors of her being.

Exhausted by conflicting ideas, towards morning Louisa fell into a feverish sleep. When she opened her eyes at a late hour, she found the countess sitting by the side of her bed gazing on her perturbed countenance. As she returned the warm embrace, she answered the anxious enquiries of her benefactress with regard to her health, she dashed to think that, for the first time in her life, she was obliged to

use deception, and had she not dreaded involving others, she would have opened her heart to her friend, whose sympathy and advice would have stilled the fever that was burning in her veins. Fortunately, as she had made up her mind to know the worst, a favorable opportunity presented itself for receiving the stranger. The countess was that day to dine at Sir James Bouverie's; Louisa had been included in the invitation, but she could easily excuse herself on the plea of ill health, a plea which the countess readily admitted when she felt the feverish pulse of the suffering girl. Fearing some serious attack of illness, she proposed sending immediately for the family physician, but to this the invalid would not consent, attributing her indisposition solely to the over-excitement of the previous evening, and saying, that a few hours rest was all that she required. Having received her promise that she would remain in bed, at least till the evening, the countess took her departure, and we will now follow her ladyship's example, and return to Lord Eversham, whom we left in jeopardy, in consequence of his rencontre with Sir George Fairfax under the piazza of the King's Theatre.

The young nobleman having spent a restless night, had just finished dressing, when Mr. Allerton was announced.

Concluding that the object of his visit was to arrange the time and place for his hostile meeting with Sir George, he gave orders that he should be instantly admitted. He was not a little surprised to find that Sir George had employed his secretary to offer the olive-branch of peace, and to say that having considered his lordship's youth, and entertaining the warmest friendship and admiration for the Duke of Norwood, he could not bring himself to raise his hand against the life of his son, he therefore felt anxious, should Lord Eversham feel inclined to retract the offensive expressions which he had made use of in a moment of passion, to settle the affair in an amicable manner. Mr. Allerton added, "that should his lordship still insist on a hostile meeting, it must inevitably be postponed, as Sir George had during the night been in a high fever, and his disease had made such rapid progress within the last two hours that the slightest excitement might lead to a fatal termination."

Lord Eversham could not help thinking that Sir George's sudden access of fever had happened very *mal-à-propos*, but being by principle averse from duelling, which he looked upon as a remnant of barbarism that "would be more honored in the breach than in the observance," and, moreover, feeling that a very slight apology would heal the outraged honor of the prostrate knight, he professed his willingness to let the affair pass, and expressed some regret for his impetuosity, accompanied, however, with a threat, that he would not again brook the slightest provocation on the same subject, as he felt ready to pledge his life on the purity and discretion of Miss Villiers. Having settled that matter satisfactorily, the plenipotentiary took his leave, and Lord Eversham proceeded to lock up his pistols, with the same coolness with which he had a few moments before selected them for the purpose of chastising Sir George's insolence.

Whatever may be the opinion of those who are following us in this Tale, to the contrary, Sir George's illness had not been got up by Mr. Allerton for the purpose

of diverting Lord Eversham's wrath ; no, though the love of truth need not be compromised by attributing to him one particle of courage, either animal or moral : ill he certainly was ; his temples throbbed, and ever and anon he heard the report of a pistol ; then, groaning audibly, he tugged the blankets and buried his face in the pillow ; his skin was pale-blue ; his teeth chattered, and Mrs. Fairfax thought the dread time of the cholera had returned ; even the doctor was puzzled, and, doubtful how to proceed, he ordered an anodyne, which the patient thought smelt strong of gunpowder ; and a pill which arrived half an hour after, his imagination magnified into a musket-ball.

When Mr. Allerton's footstep was heard on the stairs, the invalid's face grew more livid, and he shook like a man in an ague ; but when the secretary, in a whisper, had delivered Lord Eversham's message, he threw his night-cap to the foot of the bed, and, starting up, desired his mother to order breakfast. The good lady, believing that her son was seized with a sudden paroxysm of insanity, fled from the apartment, carefully locking the door ; and, ringing the bell with violence, she ordered the servant to proceed instantly to the house of Dr. Swift, and inform him that she begged to see him immediately, as Sir George was much worse. Fortunately, the doctor lived in Gower-street, and the anxious mother, putting herself under his protection, was soon at the door of her son's chamber. She feared to find the secretary, whom she had so unceremoniously left in company with the supposed lunatic, torn to pieces, but, on unlocking the door, her mind was soon relieved. Sir George lay with his eyes closed, in apparent slumber, and Mr. Allerton was quietly seated in the recess of the window. To the doctor's enquiry how he felt, the patient answered, " better, doctor—*much* better ;" nevertheless, the doctor pulled out his lancet and prepared to bleed him. This measure was violently opposed by the sick man, but the doctor considering his perverseness as an additional symptom of his malady, persisted, and Sir George, thinking it better that his blood should flow under the lancet of the prudent Esculapius, than the fire of the impetuous Lord Eversham, made a virtue of necessity, and quietly submitted to the operation. The doctor having departed, Sir George again repeated his order for breakfast, which order being given in a calm and reasonable manner was immediately complied with, and having swallowed a cup of chocolate, a muffin, two eggs, and half a dozen slices of rein-deer tongue, the knight found his inward man much refreshed, and thinking it best for the sake of appearances to be *perdu* for the rest of the day, he ordered his escrutoire and penned the following letter :—

" TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORWOOD,

" My Lord Duke,—Much as it distresses me to wound your paternal feelings, gratitude for the many favors which I have received from your Grace induces me to urge your immediate return to town to watch over the welfare of your son. Nothing but your timely interposition can prevent his forming a connection which could never meet with your Grace's approbation. Circumstances prevent me at present from entering more fully on the subject. I have already made use of the high privilege which you conferred on me, by remonstrating with Lord Eversham ; but I regret to say that my interference, instead of

producing the desired result, has only excited his Lordship's displeasure. Should it not suit the convenience of your Grace to come up to town immediately, I would earnestly recommend that you should lay your commands on his Lordship to join you in the country, as the only means of preventing the impending evil. Trusting that you will attribute this communication to the best of motives, viz., the anxiety which I feel for the honor and welfare of your Grace's family,

" I am, my Lord Duke,

" Your obedient servant,

" GEORGE F. FAIRFAX."

This epistle having been duly sealed and dispatched, Sir George, dreading another visit from Dr. Swift, thought it advisable to return to bed, lest his medical friend, finding him engaged in business so soon after his late alarming attack, might again think it necessary to have recourse to the lancet. His prospects began to brighten. He knew the Duke of Norwood too well to suppose that he would not immediately act on his suggestions. He also knew that his Grace had for some days been confined to his room by gout, and, consequently, could not take a journey to London. He knew likewise that nothing, not even the fascinations of Miss Villiers, could induce Lord Eversham to violate the duty which he owed to his affectionate and suffering parent, and his lordship once fairly out of the way, his vanity whispered that Miss Villiers would soon see the folly of refusing such eligible offers of an establishment.

With this impression, he had refrained from calumniating her, personally, having in his letter to the duke expressed himself so cautiously that by a little dexterity his inuendoes might be made to apply to some other object; for, with all his meanness, Sir George could not wilfully asperse the character of the person whom he still hoped to make his wife.

While Sir George was thus congratulating himself on the address which he had displayed in banishing his rival, and anticipating the effect which it would have on Louisa's conduct to himself, the unfortunate object of his thoughts was endeavoring, though with little success, to rally her strength, and prepare to meet her unwelcome visitor.

When the countess's carriage rolled from the door, Louisa summoned her maid; but, while dressing, she trembled so violently that Roget, who was much attached to her gentle mistress, entreated her to allow her to send for Sir James Duncan, her ladyship's physician. By a strong effort, however, the young lady conquered her agitation, and having told the astonished attendant that she wished to speak with the hall-porter in the ante-room, she prepared for the humiliating part of her task, that of soliciting the domestic to favor her interview with Baldone, unknown to the rest of the household. When the wondering abigail tripped into the hall, she found Robert half asleep as usual in his comfortable arm-chair, and before him a small table, on which lay his snuff-box, a bunch of mignonette tied with a piece of red-tape, which the under-housemaid, a tender-hearted girl, had given him, and a copy of the *Morning Herald* turned upside down.

Robert had been thirty years in the family of the Earl of Dudley ; his servitude, as he called it, had commenced long before legislators had discovered that knowledge is power ; consequently, he did not, as hall-porters of the present day are wont to do, beguile his lonely hours by reading the classics ; nevertheless, Robert, though his knowledge was chiefly confined to his business, was not entirely destitute of erudition ; he could, with the aid of his spectacles, decypher the names on the letters and cards which passed through his hands, and a newspaper generally lay on his tiny table, but the knowledge which Robert thereby attained never crossed the threshold of his lips. . On one unlucky occasion, when the servants had assembled for supper, he entered the hall with the *Morning Chronicle* in one hand, and the fore-finger of the other mysteriously placed on his lips, ever and anon casting glances of strange import from his fellow-servants to the newspaper ; but notwithstanding the importunate entreaties of the females, the lips of the hall-porter remained as usual hermetically sealed. It is difficult to say how long this obdurate silence might have lasted, had not Sally, the under-housemaid, remarked with tears in her eyes, while she devoured her rump-steak and onions, " that if Master Robert would not open up, she would certainly go into *exteries*."

" Nature could no more : " and Robert informed his astonished listeners, that on the following evening the Houses of Parliament were to be blown up. The party in the servants' hall were staunch tories, and their dismay was in proportion to their respect for the aristocracy ; but the coachman, saying " he was afeared Master Robert had found a mare's nest," snatched the paper from his hand, and informed the ladies that the hall-porter had been reading an extract from a review of a new History of England, abridged expressly for the use of schools.

Ever since this *denouement*, Robert, whatever information he may have gleaned from the public prints, never communicated any to his companions. Indeed, it was strongly surmised by them that the circumstance had cooled his literary ardor. The newspapers lay on the little table beside him as usual ; but when he fell into a gentle slumber, the maids would facetiously turn his paper upside down, and returning soon after to the hall would find Robert deeply engaged in reading, without having changed its position.

The hall-porter was thus engaged, when Roget informed him that her mistress wished to see him. He obeyed the summons immediately. Louisa told him that she expected a visitor, and requested that he would contrive to admit him without attracting the notice of the domestics. Blushing at the idea that she was obliged to stoop to offer some explanation, she added that, the person was coming on business, and would remain but a few minutes. Robert's face indicated surprise, mingled with curiosity, and he began a speech, in which, however, he had not proceeded farther than, " you'll excuse me, marm," when an equivocal knock was heard at the street-door. Louisa snatched her purse, and emptied its contents into Robert's hands, who forthwith made a respectful bow and retired ; and in a few minutes Louisa, trembling and breathless with agitation, found herself alone with her unwelcome visitor.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Have not—"

Hear me, my mother Earth ! behold it ! Heaven !
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven ?
 Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's led away ?
 And only not to desperation driven,
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the soul of those whom survey."

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

LOUISA had endeavored, previous to her interview with Baldone, to prepare herself to hear the worst, and pointing to a chair, and seating herself on a sofa at the other side of the room, she requested that he would explain the nature of his business with her.

"I suppose," replied the man, with a sneer, "I ought first to thank you for your compliance with my request;" and crossing the room, he threw himself into a chair by her side: "*per Bacco*, you are a fine girl, and nobody need be ashamed to own you!"

Louisa shuddered at his effrontery; but fearful of preventing him from making the desired disclosure, she only reminded him that their interview must be short, and that he had promised to reveal something that might lead to the discovery of her parents.

"Oh! you are in a hurry, are you: well, then, I suppose I must out with it at once," and bringing his lips close to her eye, he whispered, or rather growled, "in the first place, I, Pietro Baldone, am your father; and in the next, if you can't keep this piece of information to yourself, I must swing, for the police are scenting me out like a pack of blood-hounds."

Louisa heard no more, her ears tingled—her senses reeled—and she would have fallen to the ground, had not the man caught her in his arms and dragged her to the window, which he hastily opened, fearing that he should be obliged to call for assistance. Louisa, however, soon revived, and summoning all her fortitude, she enquired with a distracted and incredulous air what proofs he could bring forward to corroborate his strange tale.

"So, you are sorry that I have found you," rejoined her tormentor fiercely, "and would give the lie to your own father! That's mighty civil, truly!" and here the fellow muttered an oath.

Dreading to irritate him by showing her aversion, Louisa tried to disguise her feelings, and assured him that when he had satisfied her mind by making a full disclosure of all he knew concerning her, 'he would not find her deficient in duty,' she would have said, but the words died on her lips, and she burst into tears.

"Oh! if you could believe that I am telling the truth, you would kiss and paw me as other tender chicks do their papas; but that is not what I want. I must have money, girl—money! That's the only thing that can save my neck. Of course the old woman who is rolling in wealth gives you plenty of the needful." Seeing,

however, that Louisa again turned pale as death, and grasped the arm of her chair for support, he altered his tone, and proceeded thus, interlarding his story with many coarse expressions, with which the reader's delicacy need not be wounded.

"I am a Neapolitan by birth, and though poverty and crime have for many years been my constant companions I once possessed a considerable estate in my native country. During a visit which I made to Scotland, more than twenty years since, I fell in love with a young Scotch girl, who was as beautiful, even more beautiful than yourself. I married her, and took her to Naples, and from this marriage I date all my misery. Your mother, like most beauties, was a fool, and I soon saw that her affection for me did not outlive the first few weeks after our marriage; she disliked every thing Italian, but most of all my own family. Even the sunny skies and bright vineyards of Naples were hateful to her, and she sighed for the bleak rocks and eternal-drizzling mists of her native land. This state of things could not last long. Finding no comfort in the society of my wife, my evenings were spent at the gaming-table; and a few months after you were born, your mother found a companion more suited to her taste, in a young Scotchman, who was related to her family, and who had come to Italy on account of his health. Charles Percy was a constant guest at our villa, and one evening on my return from Naples, where I had spent several days and nights in the mad excitement of play, I found that your mother had eloped with him, having taken you with her. In a state of distraction I endeavored to trace them, but in vain, till some months after I learnt through the exertions of a friend, who had taken a journey to England on purpose while I was pursuing them over the continent, that they had settled at a village on the north-west coast of Scotland.

"Thirsting for vengeance, I hurried to that country, but on my arrival I found that your mother's paramour had sailed for America, where she was to join him, and that having embarked for that purpose, she had been shipwrecked, and died in the house of Mr. Allerton, a Scotch clergyman, who had given her shelter.

"I watched in the neighbourhood, and became aware of your having been adopted by the Countess of Dudley. I was a ruined man, and did not want to be troubled with a squalling infant. And now, child, do you believe me? But to end all doubts, you have in your possession a miniature of your mother's seducer, and here is another which he had painted at the same time, as a present, he said, for a lady in Scotland, to whom he was engaged, but, doubtless, with the view of lulling my suspicions with regard to the real object of his attachment. Be that as it may, in the confusion of flight he left it in my wife's writing-desk," and Baldone handed to Louisa a miniature exactly the same as that which she had treasured as the likeness of her father, except that it was set in a plain, gold case without jewels.

He then proceeded to inform the unhappy girl that he had no intention of revealing to any one else the secret which he had communicated to her, nor did he wish, he said, to withdraw her from the protection of the countess to share his adversity; but, in return for thus sacrificing his claims to her society, he would expect some pecuniary recompense.

Louisa told him, that far from considering his forbearance as a favor, it would

be a source of unspeakable mortification to her to carry on such a cold-blooded system of deceit; and, she added, that if he would not consent to her revealing all to the countess, she would immediately embrace the first means that offered, however humble, of getting an honest livelihood.

"Obstinate fool!" muttered Baldone; "have I not already told you that your babbling would ruin me! And you would lead a life of drudgery, and see your father die an ignominious death because you cannot keep a secret!"

Louisa's firmness of character was, fortunately, not to be overcome by ruffianly violence. She replied, calmly, that she was ready to obey his wishes in anything consistent with the virtuous principles in which she had been educated, and would willingly devote her talents to his support, but that no arguments could ever induce her to stoop to the deception which he required; "either," said she, "I must have your permission to reveal everything and throw myself on the generosity of the countess, or I must leave her house and throw myself friendless on the world."

"And where will you find a home?" interrupted Baldone, impatiently; "not with me. And yet," added he with a sneer, "I am not without a roof to shelter me. In a dark alley, where the air of Heaven never penetrates, up four pair of stairs, you will find the splendid apartments of your father. Nor is there any lack of company, both male and female, though the latter may not be so eminent for virtue as Miss Villiers, alias Baldone, the pampered minion of the Countess of Dudley."

Louisa sat pale and cold as marble. She prayed inwardly that whatever threats the miserable being who called himself her father might use to intimidate her, no fears for her personal safety should induce her to become the tool of his avarice.*

In reply to an enquiry why he had not brought forward his claims sooner, he replied that he had followed Percy to the United States, and had settled there in the hope of discovering him, but pecuniary distress having again driven him from his home, he had returned to England for the express purpose of making himself known to her. Louisa, finding that he had nothing more to communicate, pleaded illness as an excuse for putting an end to their interview, and said that when she had had a little time to reflect on the strange circumstances in which she had been so suddenly placed she would see him again.

"Well," but the chief point remains to be settled. "How much money can you come down with?"

Louisa told him that she seldom had much money at her command, but that she would willingly share with him what she had."

"Then I must have a hundred pounds to begin with."

The terrified girl answered him that she could not possibly procure so large a sum, but that she would give him twenty-five pounds, which was half the quarterly allowance of pocket-money which she received from the countess.

* We feel particularly indebted to our author for inculcating such principles, and every one who, for a moment, reflects upon the consequences of an opposite line of conduct, would do well to read the reverse and its fatal effects, in the story of "a Rich Man's Wife"—*Tales of a Confessor*, No. 5, Court Magazine, March and April, 1841.

"Come, come," said Baldone, seizing her roughly by the arm. "what I say I mean; from this room I do not stir till I receive from you the sum named. If you have not the money you have jewels,—fetch them at once."

Louisa's courage rose in proportion to her father's insolence; and provoked beyond endurance at his despicable conduct she assured him that she looked upon her jewels as the property of the countess, and that previous to leaving her house she should consider it a point of duty to restore them to her possession.

Baldone's sallow visage turned pale as death: his whole frame shook with rage, and clenching his hand he would have struck his innocent victim, had she not, with the strength of despair, sprung towards the door:—in another moment she gained her apartments. *

Having locked the door, Louisa proceeded with trembling hands to open her writing desk, from which she took some bank notes, and having enclosed them in an envelop, she stole softly down stairs and requested the porter to give the packet to the gentleman in the breakfast-room. Lingered on the stairs, she had the satisfaction of hearing her visitor depart, whilst Robert, muttered as he closed the door, "*Gentleman*, indeed! one of the worst-looking fellows that ever I saw enter a nobleman's house. But this comes of taking in babbies that don't come of decent people."

CHAPTER XIV.

"The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enlivened their red.
The Ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance though clear was chill." *Byron.*

WHEN the Countess, at an early hour next morning, drew aside the curtains of Louisa's bed to enquire after her health, she was shocked at the change which a few hours had made in her appearance: but no entreaties could persuade her to see the physician, and she even insisted on joining the countess as usual at breakfast, saying that she felt much better, and that remaining in her room might increase the slight nervous attack from which she was suffering.

Supposing that her malady was of a mental nature which solitude would only encourage, the countess yielded to Louisa's wishes, and kissing her pale cheek and telling her that she would send her maid to assist her in dressing, the former descended, alone, to the breakfast room. Louisa would have now gladly declined the assistance of her *femme de chambre*: she dreaded Roget's prying curiosity, for though in other respects a worthy and faithful servant, she was by no means exempt from that failing which is attributed to her sex in general, and to the character of *femme de chambre* in particular.

During the long, dark hours of the night, Louisa had been endeavoring to school her mind to bear her humiliation with patience. She felt that the daughter of a felon could never appear as the friend and favorite of the high-minded Countess of Dudley, and her heart swelled almost to bursting as she thought that pity would hence-

forth take the place of the love and admiration which she had been accustomed to excite when she joined the select *coteries* of her benefactress. She therefore resolved to lose no time in making every effort to procure a situation as governess in some respectable family, where, in the quiet exercise of her duties, she might escape observation ; and, to prevent any opposition from the Countess, she determined not to inform her of her plans till they were ripe for execution.

A circumstance now occurred which, by leaving her the uncontrolled mistress of her actions, enabled her to carry her resolution into effect with little difficulty. When she entered the breakfast-room, she found the Countess cutting the seals of two letters which had just been delivered. The first was from an eminent physician, and informed her that her father's mental malady daily increased, and that he apprehended total alienation of mind, unless his patient could be prevailed upon to travel, and recommended that her ladyship should set off immediately for Bolton Castle and endeavour to induce the Earl to travel with her on the continent, where constant change of scene might tend to subdue the morbid melancholy that was fast destroying his naturally strong constitution. The second letter was from Lord Eversham, and contained one for Louisa. There is a depth of misery from which the human heart can never recover ; that of the Countess had been made desolate in the spring-time of her years ; the silken cords that had bound her to the world had been snapt asunder, and she looked back on the time when she was a wife and mother, as one remembers a happy dream.

But though as far as she herself was concerned, her life was a state of patient endurance rather than enjoyment, yet no one participated more warmly in the joys and sorrows of her fellow-creatures ; it was, therefore, with a feeling of heartfelt pleasure that she handed to Louisa the letter from Lord Eversham. She was already informed of its contents, and her warm congratulations, on the happy prospect which the poor girl knew could never be realized, only added fuel to the grief that was consuming her. Unable to command her feelings sufficiently to read the precious billet in the presence of the Countess, she hastily swallowed her coffee and retired to the solitude of her dressing-room. The letter conveyed to her the welcome information that its writer had left town at an early hour that morning to attend the sick couch of his father, who was supposed by his physicians to be dangerously ill ; it breathed the warmest protestations of unalterable affection, and concluded by requesting that she would write without delay and not keep him in suspense, assuring her that the moment the Duke was declared out of danger he would hasten to town to learn his fate from her own lips. He also earnestly requested that she would reply to his letter, as he feared, should she throw any obstacles in the way of his happiness, that he might be tempted to abandon his filial duties to throw himself on her mercy. Louisa wiped away the tears that for the first time since her interview with Baldone rolled down her pale cheeks. But the flood-gates of her heart once unlocked, she felt relieved, and opening her *escrutoire* she resolved at once to inform Lord Eversham that circumstances, which she could not explain, had recently occurred, which rendered it impossible for her ever to return his affection ; and she begged that he would cease to think of one who could only render her warmest tokens of gratitude for a

preference of which she felt herself unworthy. Louisa was in the act of folding this epistle, when the Countess entered, and she heard that in a few hours she was to be separated from her beloved friend. Her ladyship would gladly have taken Louisa as the companion of her melancholy journey, but one of the chief features of the Earl's malady was his dislike to strangers, particularly those of the female sex, and he had always evaded her wish to introduce her protégée at Bolton Castle, and it was determined, though with much reluctance on the part of the Countess, that during her absence from town the young lady should become the inmate of Mrs. Gresham, who resided in Charlotte-street, Portland-place.

Nothing could have been more satisfactory to Louisa than this arrangement; the absence of the Countess from London, and her residence with her *ci-devant* nurse and instructress would afford her every opportunity of carrying her plan into effect, without having recourse to the deceit and secrecy which was so repulsive to her feelings, and she hoped before the return of her benefactress to be settled in the line of life which she had resolved on embracing.

The Countess could not help remarking with surprise Louisa's ill suppressed satisfaction at her departure, but attributed her seeming indifference to the loss of her society and the new and pleasurable feelings that had been excited by Lord Eversham's letter. Her surprise increased, however, when, in answer to her enquiries and congratulations on the subject, Louisa put into her hand the reply which she had just finished writing. Having perused its contents, the Countess remonstrated with her on the folly of rejecting Lord Eversham. "I did not," said her ladyship "use a single argument to induce you to accept Sir George Fairfax, because your character is so different from his that no sympathy could ever exist between you; but you love Lord Eversham, nay, do not speak, (and the Countess playfully put her finger on the lips of her blushing *élève*) your face betrays you, and you would sacrifice your own happiness and that of one of the most amiable and noble-minded beings that exists, to a false and over-strained delicacy. Should the Duke of Norwood consent to overlook the circumstances to which your letter alludes, the only reasonable obstacle to your union with his son would be overcome. If I did not feel assured that you are above the meanness of coquetry, I should be inclined to think that you are raising objections, only to give Lord Eversham the trouble of removing them."

Louisa was silent; she could not say anything in her own defence, without betraying the promise so cruelly wrung from her by her Father. The Countess, mistaking her silence for acquiescence in the justness of her observations, returned the letter saying, with a smile, that she knew she could not be so cruel, and that she should be ready, should her visit to Bolton Castle have the desired effect, to engage, on her return, in the delightful turmoil of choosing jewels, lace, carriages and all the paraphernalia of a bride. Louisa sighed as she thought of the "*dure et pénible vie*" she had marked out for herself. Though endowed with strength of mind to bear the vicissitudes of life with patience and dignity, she was but mortal; and what mortal, particularly if she be a lovely girl of nineteen, would prefer the life of a governess, to being the wife of a peer, young, handsome and highly gifted as was Lord Eversham. Can the reader blame Louisa, if, spite of the ties of blood, she almost hated

the being, stained with crime and dishonor, who had poisoned the cup of felicity so unexpectedly offered for her acceptance?

The Countess, whose notions of filial duty were paramount to every selfish consideration, determined to lose no time, but to set out that evening for Bolton Castle, and while her maid was busily engaged in the task of packing, she ordered her carriage with the intention of driving to Russell-square, for the double purpose of seeing her lawyer with whom she wished to leave the care of her establishment and saying farewell to the ladies.

Mrs. Fairfax was delighted when the Countess was announced; she had just been discussing with her daughters the propriety of informing her ladyship of Miss Villiers' suspicious and unaccountable conduct. Dora, with her usual good-nature, thought it would be better not to mention the matter to the Countess as, after all, it might only be some frolic, or, perhaps, a begging letter. But Miss Fairfax was of opinion that a young woman who received written communications without the knowledge of her parents or guardians was guilty of a great misdemeanour and ought forthwith to be exposed.

Mrs. Fairfax, who was, perhaps, touched with some reminiscences of her own youthful days, was inclined to embrace Dora's view of the subject and pass over the affair in silence; but Justice and Mercy, viz.—Matilda and Dora—argued the point warmly, and the former carried the measure by remarking, that though she felt the greatest compassion for the unhappy girl, who she feared on the discovery of her duplicity would be thrown friendless on an unfeeling world, yet it was a duty which they owed to their kinswoman to put her on her guard, as the most disagreeable consequences might ensue from the unbounded confidence which she appeared to place in the poor infatuated girl, whose want of principle no one could lament more than herself.

Mrs. Fairfax could not help thinking that her eldest daughter was somewhat hasty in delivering her verdict, and that she might have given the culprit the benefit of her doubts till something farther transpired, but zeal for the interests of the Countess, who had ever been her leading star, as the planet which ruled the fortunes of her family, overcame every other suggestion, and much to the regret of Dora who, instead of hating, had sense enough to admire the excellence which she could not reach, it was decreed that they should order the carriage and proceed to Langham-place, to inform their friend of the bad conduct of her protégée. But here a difficulty presented itself. Louisa always spent the morning with the Countess, and as it was desirable that the young lady should not know who had calumniated her, how could they request to have a private conference with the former without exciting her suspicions? This point was soon settled by the *à-propos* visit of the lady in question. Mrs. Fairfax having condoled with the Countess on the cause of her journey, and expressed how deeply they would all regret her absence, began her attack by a very skilful manoeuvre. She said it would have afforded her the greatest pleasure to have invited Miss Villiers to be their guest till her ladyship's return, had not a circumstance occurred which made her fear that the young lady was not an eligible companion for her girls. (Mrs. Fairfax still persisted in calling her daughters girls

though Anna Matilda had seen thirty summers). The Countess, in the utmost astonishment, requested to know what she alluded to, saying she felt convinced that Mrs. Fairfax must be under some mistake, as she knew Miss Villiers to be as pure in mind as she was lovely in person, and that she would stake her existence * on the delicacy and propriety of her conduct. Thereupon, Mrs. Fairfax, (who under the least excitement always returned to her pristine vulgarity of expression, and allowed the rich and visitable Mrs. Fairfax of Russell-square! to relapse into the Anna Matilda Hobbs of the third floor in Leadenhall-street) replied with warmth, "La! my lady! you don't mean to say that you are liable for the actions of every beggarly upstart that lives on your charity? Of course, had the girl been your own flesh-and-blood, such a thing could never have happened;" but meeting the cold and somewhat haughty gaze of her noble visitor, she added in a soothing tone, "I don't mean to say that your elv, as Millefleurs calls her, is worse than others of her stamp; but I am ready to take my bible oath, and so are my two daughters, Dorothea Fox, and Anna Matilda Fairfax, who never told a falsehood in their lives, that on the evening before last, while waiting for our carriage in the crush-room of the King's Theatre, we saw a man (not a gentleman, but a common-looking fellow, skulking in a threadbare Spanish cloak, his hat drawn over his eyes) slip a letter into your *prodigy's* hand, which however she appeared to expect, for, instead of looking queer and screaming out as any modest young lady would have done, she very coolly concealed it in her dress. On looking round, however, and seeing that we had observed her manœuvres, she took a qualm of conscience and threw herself into Lord Eversham's arms in a fainting fit."

The Countess, though she suspected Mrs. Fairfax of exaggerating, could not doubt the fact of Louisa's having some secret correspondent, and she had herself witnessed her sudden attack of indisposition; but so great was her confidence in her good sense and propriety of conduct that the ill-natured remarks of Mrs. and Miss Fairfax made little impression on her mind, and she contented herself with saying, that she doubted not the circumstance would soon be satisfactorily explained.

"If you really think, then, after all," said Mrs. Fairfax, who was hovering between her dislike to Louisa and her desire to propitiate the Countess, "if you *really* think that the young lady has not done anything improper, I am sure I would willingly receive her here, I am not the least afraid on account of my daughters, but I have a son,—"

Lady Dudley had not a particle of that petty malice which often forms a leading feature in the conversation of persons of narrow intellect, and though Mrs. Fairfax's ill-disguised aversion to Louisa, and the constant hints which she threw out about the danger of making pets of foundlings, who might naturally be imagined to have a double share of original sin, often excited a smile, they had never before provoked anything in the shape of repartee. On this occasion, however, her ladyship could not help replying, "I am aware of it, my dear Madam, and it is not *your* son's fault that you have not also a daughter-in-law, as Sir George proposed to Miss Villiers a few days since and was rejected."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax, "that is, if anybody but your ladyship

had told me so, I could not have believed it. Refused an offer of marriage from Sir George Fairfax; bless me!" and the perplexed mother turned to her daughters, expecting to read incredulity in their faces. Dora, who had been all the morning busily engaged in piercing little holes in a bit of muslin, and working them round with moravian cotton, afforded her little consolation, by remarking with unaffected naïveté, that she did not wonder that Miss Villiards had refused her brother as they were so *very* different. Matilda, however, despite her respect for the Countess, thanked Heaven that the girl's folly had saved them from a connection, which Sir George could only have thought of in a moment of infatuation.

Though the countess had concealed her uneasiness from the Fairfaxes, she could not help feeling that Louisa's mysterious conduct required some investigation, and abandoning her intention of paying a few farewell visits, she drove home to give her protégée an opportunity of opening her mind previous to her departure; but she felt vexed and surprised when luncheon passed over, and the travelling-carriage had been ordered without any attempt at explanation on the part of Louisa. All her suspicions, however, vanished when the moment of departure arrived, and the agitated girl, throwing herself into her arms, entreated that she would not give credit to any reports that she might hear to her disadvantage, as she would not know a moment's happiness till she could lay open every feeling of her heart to her inspection. The countess tried to comfort her protégée, assuring her that nothing could ever lessen the affection which for so many years had cheered her solitary existence.

When the carriage which contained the only friend that she had in the world drove from the door, Louisa's fortitude forsook her, and yielding to the chill and oppressive feeling of loneliness which came over her, she buried her face in the cushions of the sofa and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XV.

"O nostra vita! ch' è sì bella in vista,
Com' perde agevolmente in un' mattina
Tutto che in molt' anni a gran pena s'acquista." *Petrarca.*

It has been truly said, that "there is no real sorrow but for sin." Those who have lived in the lap of luxury without having experienced the vicissitudes which, with a few exceptions, are the lot of humanity, would find it difficult to believe the extent of misery which the buoyant spirit of youth and innocence can endure before it gives way to despondency. Miss Villiards rose, on the morning after the countess' departure, with a lightened heart. She had compared her present situation and future prospects, not with her past life, but with the condition of many of her fellow-creatures, and the result was, a sense of gratitude to the Providence which had watched over her youth and endowed her with talents which her want of experience in the ways of the world led her to believe would easily secure a humble independence. She began therefore with alacrity, and even cheerfulness to make preparations for her residence in Mrs. Gresham's comparatively humble abode, and having selected from her well-replenished wardrobe such articles of apparel as she thought would be most

suit for her new position in society, she resolved to consign all her personal property, including her jewel-box, to the care of her maid, in whose fidelity she had full reliance.

The next difficulty to be surmounted was how to dispose of the maid herself. The countess, in making arrangements with Mrs. Gresham for her temporary residence under the nurse's roof, had made it a point that Roget should accompany her mistress, naturally concluding that the cook and housemaid who composed the old lady's establishment might not be particularly dextrous tire-women. Roget was in great distress when informed by Louisa that she could not possibly be accommodated at Mrs. Gresham's, as it would be inconvenient for her to receive two inmates in her small abode; but the kind-hearted maid was somewhat comforted by the assurance that, as the distance from Langham-place was so short, her services would be requested in cases of emergency. The disappointment of the *femme de chambre* was, however, soon lost in surprise, when Louisa told her that she wished her to send one of the servants to call a hackney-coach to transport herself and luggage to Charlotte-street.

"A hackney-coach!" exclaimed the astonished abigail; "dear me, Ma'm, I beg pardon, you know best, but surely you would not venture out in a hackney-coach when her ladyship left the new green chariot for use, and the under-coachman has just been to ask if you will drive in the park this morning as usual. I hope you'll excuse me ma'm for taking the liberty of telling you that those who ride in hackney-coaches don't always know what company they are in, but this I know, that a young person, a cousin of my own, who was in a house of business, went out for a holiday, and as she had a good many friends to visit she hired a hackney-coach by the hour. On returning home in the evening, after her day's pleasuring, who should be at the door to hand her out, but a couple of constables, who the moment she put her foot on the pavement jumped into the coach and dragged something from under the seat which turned out, on examination, to be a dead body sewed up in a sack. Dear me, I never could pass a coach-stand since, without feeling all-over-ish." Here Roget's loquacity was overcome by her reminiscences.

Finding that her mistress' resolution was not to be shaken by her cousin's untoward adventure, the *femme de chambre* went down stairs to astonish the servants' hall, by ordering the denounced vehicle, whilst Louisa, having finished her little arrangements, indulged the restless state of her mind by wandering through the splendid apartments, where, basking in the sunshine of the countess' affection she had spent the happy days of her childhood.

Light is the sorrow which finds vent in tears and lamentations, compared with that silent and overwhelming sensation of misery which poor Louisa felt, as she gazed for the last time on each familiar object and compared the happy realities of the past with the dark and cheerless prospect of the future. Her heart throbbed,—a choking sensation rose in her throat, and she would have fallen to the ground had not her eye caught a magnificent portrait of the countess which was suspended over the drawing-room mantel-piece. The current of her ideas was changed; she thought no longer of herself, but sinking on a couch opposite the picture, she gazed

on the noble and expressive features of her friend, till she was almost blind with crying.

On the mantel-piece, just under the picture, stood a small vase of rare china, in which, two days before, she had placed a bouquet of violets which Lord Eversham had given her; with an irresistible impulse she seized the precious flowers, and tying them together with a piece of ribbon, and blushing at her own eagerness, she hastened to conceal her treasure in her own apartment.

In a few minutes, Roget appeared with a letter, which she delivered to her mistress accompanied by the information that the coach was at the door, and though she could not swear to it, as she did *know* the number, it was her firm belief that it was the identical hackney-coach which had been a receptacle for the quick and the dead, on the memorable day which her cousin had devoted to what Roget called "taking pleasure."

The remarks of the *femme de chambre* fell harmless on the ear of Louisa, who, in the greatest perplexity was conning the letter. It was from Sir George Fairfax, and contained a renewal of his addresses, urging as a motive for her acceptance of them, the unprotected situation in which she would be left by the absence of the countess, which, should she be able to prevail on the earl to consent to the advice of his physicians and accompany her to the continent, might be of much longer duration than she anticipated. The letter was couched in the most polite and persuasive terms, and solicited an early reply. Louisa unlocked her *escrutoire*, and in a few lines informed Sir George, while she thanked him for the honor which he intended her, that the answer which she had previously given him was irrevocable, and that she could not receive any farther overtures on the subject. This little circumstance occurring just at the moment of her departure, by distracting her attention, served also in some measure to blunt the poignancy of her feelings; and hastily tying her bonnet and wrapping a large shawl round her, she hurried down the grand staircase; the footman who handed her into the coach mounted the box with the driver, and in a few minutes performed an overture for the admission of our heroine, which almost threatened destruction to Mrs. Gresham's diminutive but well-polished brass-knocker.

CHAPTER XVI.

"All ruined and wild was their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark ravens sheltering tree,
And travell'd by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircled the sea."
Campbell.

WHEN the Countess reached the end of her melancholy journey, and by an abrupt turn in the road, came within view of Bolton Castle, she was struck with the gloomy appearance of the surrounding objects and as she drew nearer to the home of her ancestors she sunk back in the carriage, and covering her face with her hands the memory of former years rushed vividly on her mind, when, the delight of her gentle mother and the plaything of her sister, she had gamboled through the now silent halls

of the castle in all the wild ecstasy of thoughtless childhood. Her Father, who now sat in his lonely chamber wrapt in the sable curtain of his darkened mind, was then the proud and patriotic statesman who had voluntarily retired from office while his country was yet anxious to heap honors on the man whose talents and eloquence even his enemies could not help admiring. In those days, the castle was open to all the rich and noble who could claim acquaintance with its lord, and the avenues of the park resounded with the rolling of carriages and the champing of horses. Now, every thing was still as death. No improvements or repairs had been made on the house or grounds for twenty years; for such was the Earl's state of mind, that the sight of a laborer working in the park drove him back to the solitude of his chamber, and produced a high degree of nervous irritation. Even the domestics who had spent their lives in his service were obliged to pursue their vocations, noiselessly, and as if by stealth. It was no wonder, therefore, that the splendid edifice of Bolton Castle, like the mind of its owner, was beginning to sink into premature decay. The annual visit of the Countess, to her home, had always been a painful one, but she had never before remarked such an appearance of desolation. Not a living creature was to be seen; many of the window-shutters were closed, and when the carriage stopped, and the grey-haired porter opened the gate with a slow and melancholy croak, the Countess dreaded to enquire for her father, fearful that she was about to be admitted to a mansion of death.

She was received in the hall by Mr. Hamilton, the Earl's private physician, who gave utterance to his feelings of pleasure at her arrival, saying that he anticipated much benefit to his noble patient from her presence, as within the last few days he had several times expressed a wish for her society, though he had opposed every endeavour on the part of his physicians to induce him to remove to London. Mr. Hamilton retired, after having conducted the Countess to the door of the library, the only room in the house which the Earl could then be persuaded to occupy. Her ladyship knocked gently, for it was one of the Earl's peculiarities that none of the domestics should enter the room, unless by his special permission, and she could not venture to infringe this command by desiring them to announce her; receiving no reply, she ventured softly to open the door, and as her father appeared to take no notice of her entrance, she paused for a moment to contemplate the change in his appearance.

In his youth, the Earl had been remarkable for the elegance of his person; and possessing a more than usually robust constitution, his malady had preyed on his mind long before it made any visible change in his outward appearance. Since the Countess' last visit, an ashy paleness had taken the place of his once florid and healthy complexion; his eye gleamed with a feverish and unnatural lustre, and his countenance, which once shone with the intelligence of a highly-gifted mind, now wore an air of restless anxiety and child-like timidity. On hearing the light footstep of his daughter, the Earl laid down the book which he held in his hand, and, with the urbanity which he knew so well how to assume, advanced to meet her, telling her with a smile, as her eye rested on his emaciated figure, that he supposed her next visit would be to the family vault.

The Countess, parting the long silver hairs on his noble forehead, and kissing him tenderly, while she strove to conceal her agitation, entreated him to banish such gloomy anticipations.

She then told him that her physician had advised her to try the air of Italy for a pulmonary complaint from which she had been suffering some time, and that the object of her visit was to try and persuade him to accompany her, as she thought the health of both would derive the greatest benefit from the change of climate.

The invalid, who disliked the slightest allusion to his malady, replied, that as far as he was concerned, change of climate was unnecessary, as all he desired was repose; but, added he, "you have ever been a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and on this occasion I will not refuse you my society and protection."

The Countess was surprised and delighted at the immediate success of the little *ruse* to which she had recourse, and thanked her father for his ready compliance with her request, saying that she only waited to know his wishes to make immediate preparations for their journey.

"Wishes!" exclaimed the Earl with a look of vague recollection, "I have none. I hate the common affairs of life. *My* mind is occupied with other objects than vapid details of every-day occurrences, only tell me that the carriage is ready, and I am with you;" then, rising from his chair and seizing his daughter's hand, he added in a hurried and agitated tone, "I believe you are right, we must go at once, else I have a companion here, even in this room, with whom I may not be able to prevail on myself to part."

The Countess, dreading the sudden excitement that had seized him, reminded him that she had travelled all night and required repose; she then rose with the intention of sending Mr. Hamilton to his patient and seeking refreshment and rest which she so much required.

Seeing her prepare to leave the room, the Earl sprang forward and seizing her hand asked if she had no curiosity to see the companion of his lonely hours. Thinking it best to humour his delusion, the Countess allowed him to conduct her to the farther end of the apartment, where, drawing aside a black-velvet curtain he exposed to view in a recess of the wall, a splendid full length portrait of the loveliest female she had ever beheld.

"This," said the Earl, while he gazed on the picture with an expression of veneration, "this is your sister, my first-born, ill-fated child, whom, when this burning heat shall have consumed me, I shall meet in glory;" and pressing his hands on his temples, the Earl left his daughter to gaze on the sweet features of her departed sister, pacing the room with hasty and agitated steps. The Countess stood spell-bound before the painting, which represented a beautiful girl in the first bloom of youth; her simple, white robe displayed to advantage the elegance of her form, whilst her raven hair fell in luxuriant ringlets over her fair shoulders, shading her slender and gracefully-turned throat. Her dark eyes shone with youth and happiness beneath their long, silken lashes, and so perfect was the illusion that the Countess almost fancied that she saw even the breath issuing from the full and smiling lips.

The Countess was aware that the Castle contained a portrait of her sister, but at

the time of her death it had been removed by the Earl to an apartment in an unfrequented part of the building, which no one but himself had ever since entered, and of which she had often vainly endeavored to obtain the key. She was not, therefore, much surprised at this circumstance, as it was generally believed that the Earl's mind had been unhinged from losing his favorite child. Anxious to draw him from the state of abstraction into which he had fallen, the Countess closed the curtain, and having expressed her admiration of the painting, she asked in a cheerful tone to which of the great masters they were indebted for what she believed must be a perfect resemblance of the departed. The Earl trembled with emotion, and his eye glared with the fury of a maniac as he replied in a hallow and broken voice, *to one on whom I daily and nightly bestow ten thousand curses.*

The countess shuddered as she felt how hopeless was the recovery of one who, forgetting that he was a follower of him who said, "forgive ye men their trespasses," could thus invoke the vengeance of Heaven on his fellow-man; it was, therefore, a relief to her, when the earl, as if ashamed of the violence to which he had given way, left the room, and she heard Mr. Hamilton, who was always in close attendance on his patient, join him on the staircase and accompany him to his sleeping apartment. The countess now resolved to avail herself as soon as possible of the earl's compliance, lest his mood might change, and hastened to give the necessary orders for their departure on the following morning. Before retiring for the night she wrote a long and affectionate letter to Louisa, in which she entreated her not to act rashly with regard to Lord Eversham.

While the two were breakfasting at an early hour next morning, they heard the trampling of horses in the avenue, and the countess was surprised and pleased to recognise Lord Eversham in their early visitor. He had accidentally on the previous evening heard of her arrival at the castle, and had rode over from Norwood-house, in the anxious hope that she would be able to throw some light on the letter which he had received from Louisa.

His expectations were not, however, realized; her ladyship could not account for the changed sentiments of her protégée, but she combated the idea that he had a rival in the young lady's affections. The lover derived little consolation from their *tête-à-tête*, since the countess would not encourage false hopes. She knew the firmness of Louisa's character, and she felt that, however deeply she might be attached to Lord Eversham, no persuasion or temptation would ever induce her to enter a family where she must be considered as an inferior; and though in this instance her ladyship regretted the obduracy of her élève, she could not condemn her, for she felt that she herself would have acted in a similar manner under similar circumstances. One hope yet remained. The duke's attack of illness (which his son could not help thinking had been a little exaggerated, though he had no suspicion of the cause) was gradually subsiding, and when the state of his health would permit the subject to be mentioned without agitating him, his lordship hoped that he

would not only approve of his choice, but might be prevailed upon to unite with him in endeavoring to overcome Louisa's high-minded scruples.

The countess shook her head; she thought the young man's expectations somewhat too sanguine. "Well," exclaimed his lordship, "if you think the duke will sacrifice my happiness to his family pride, he may take my life, also; my resolution is fixed. I shall purchase a commission in the first regiment that is ordered on foreign service.

The countess smiled at this ebullition of feeling, and told him that on her return from the continent she would use all her influence with Louisa to bring the affair to a happy conclusion. In the mean time, she entreated that he would do nothing rashly, telling him that she felt sure that Louisa was exercising the most painful self-denial, as she had no doubt of her preference for him, and she knew her protégée too well to suppose that a partiality once exhibited would be lightly altered.

Their conversation was here interrupted by the information that the travelling carriage was at the door, and that the earl, who like many other sensitive persons had a great dislike to taking leave, was already seated in it. Telling Lord Eversham, who continued to advance in her esteem, that she hoped very soon to meet him under happier circumstances, the countess hastened to join her *compagnons de voyage*, and his lordship, not a little disappointed at the result of his visit, mounted his horse and rode slowly towards Norwood-house.

As our travellers proceeded on their way to Harwich, where they proposed to embark for Ostend, the countess rejoiced to find that her expectations with regard to the invalid were likely to be realized. During the first half hour of their journey, her father sunk into a fit of abstraction, and only joined in the conversation to make some querulous remark on annoyances which they were likely to encounter on board the steam-packet, and the absurdity of travelling in pursuit of health; but when they lost sight of the castle and its localities, his gloom gradually dispersed, and ere they reached the hotel at Harwich, where they intended to pass the night, he seemed to have attained a degree of cheerfulness which he had not shown for many years.

On driving up to the door of the hotel, they found that, in consequence of a contested election, the town was unusually full; and in answer to the enquiry if they could have apartments, they were told that every room in the house was engaged; "but," said the landlord, patronizingly, as he glanced at the coronet on the carriage, "there are two gentlemen in the blue-drawing-room who start for London in a few hours, and I have no doubt they would be happy to accommodate your Grace, as they are to leave so soon, and their apartments would suit you exactly," (Boniface knew that there was a nobleman in the carriage and he always thought it better to be a little above the mark than below it; and had the new arrival been a Duke, he would have made a point of styling him your Highness). Mr. Hamilton turned to the Countess, doubtful how to proceed in this dilemma. Her ladyship, fearing that there would be equal difficulty in procuring accommodation elsewhere, thought it would be better to accept the proposal, should the present occupants be propitious

to their wishes. The landlord forthwith ascended to the blue-drawing-room, nothing doubting as to the success of his mission. The Earl, however, expressed great aversion to this arrangement, and could only be induced to enter the house by the Countess' telling him that she feared they had no choice except to sleep on board the steam-packet, which was not to sail till the following day. This was voted intolerable, and when the landlord thrust his rubicund visage into the carriage, and told them that the gentlemen in the room (which he somewhat ostentatiously dignified with the name of blue) were positively to set off in two hours, and, in the meantime, would be most happy to accommodate them, the Earl was prevailed on to avail himself of their politeness. At the top of the staircase, they were met by a gentleman who said he was commissioned by his friend to request that the party would consider the apartments as their own. The Countess having entered, thanked them in the most courteous manner, and soon engaged in earnest conversation with the strangers, the elder of whom was remarkable for the elegance of his appearance and address. He was in deep mourning, his age did not appear to exceed forty, yet his countenance wore an expression of settled melancholy; his features were faultless, his figure majestic, and his *abode* perfection but to the experienced eye of the Countess he conveyed the idea of a man who, blest with rank, affluence and every external advantage, was nevertheless consumed by some secret grief, which, however, had not extinguished a naturally benevolent and philanthropic character. He was evidently a foreigner, though he spoke English with the greatest fluency. If the stranger was an object of interest to the Countess, he had even in a greater degree excited that feeling in another member of the party. The Earl, who had seated himself in the recess of a window which overlooked a small garden, eyed him with a fixed and scrutinizing gaze, as if he would have looked into his very soul, his face became flushed, his eye shone with a fierce brightness, and just as Mr. Hamilton, who had been watching his movements, fearing some sudden access of delirium, stepped forward to lead him from the room, he seized the younger of the strangers by the arm, and shaking it roughly, vociferated, "I am the Earl of Somerville, tell me quickly the name of your companion."

The gentleman thus strangely addressed, perceiving from a gesture of Mr. Hamilton's the true state of the case, replied in a gentle and soothing tone that his friend was the Marchese Montefiore. The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the unhappy old man sprang desperately across the room towards the sofa where the Marchese was seated. The Countess, with that presence of mind which often distinguishes her sex in cases of great emergency, threw herself into the extended arms of her father, assistance was instantly procured, and he was carried from the room in violent convulsions. When the Earl's paroxysms had subsided, and he had sunk into a state of exhaustion, the Countess descended to the drawing-room, with the intention of apologizing to the gentlemen for the alarm and annoyance to which their civility had so unexpectedly exposed them. Much to her regret, she found that they had been gone more than an hour, but on the table lay a note, addressed to herself, which she opened, and found the following communication.

MADAM,

I regret much that the state of my friend's health would not permit me to remain here, to thank you in person, as the son of Mr. Allerton, for many favors bestowed on his family. I am ignorant of the circumstances which obtained for him the honor of your ladyship's acquaintance, but I have been informed of the result from my brother William. The Marchese Montefiore, with whom I have resided for several years in my medical capacity, has just communicated to me some passages in his early life, at a time when he was acquainted with the Earl of Somerville. As the Marchese has for some time been in a precarious state of health, and a second meeting would be attended with reminiscences painful to both parties, I have hastened his departure, and trust that on your ladyship's return to town you will permit me to have the honor of waiting on you and paying my respects in person

I have the honor to be, Madam,

Your Ladyship's obedient servant,

JAMES ALLERTON.

The Countess was surprised at the contents of this billet. She had never heard her father nor any of her family mention the Marchese, and she had imputed the Earl's sudden illness entirely to his dislike to strangers and the over excitement produced by the journey. In a few days, the invalid had recovered sufficiently to allow our travellers to proceed to the continent, and whilst they are crossing the ocean on board the Atlond steam-packet we will recall the reader's attention to the lone and desolate, though not forsaken Louisa Villiers, and her new abode in Charlotte-street.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lord What's here? one dead or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2d Huntsman He breathes, my Lord Were he not warm with ale, this were a bed, but cold to sleep so soundly

Taming of the Shrew

The family in Charlotte-street with whom Miss Villiers was domiciled consisted of Mrs. Gresham, her sister, Mrs. Perkins, a jolly, good-tempered widow in easy circumstances, and her nephew Dionysius, or, as his aunt used familiarly to call him, Die Perkins. When Mrs. Gresham agreed to receive Louisa as her inmate, she did not think it necessary to mention that the nephew of her sister's late husband had come over from Dublin a few weeks before to fill the situation of clerk in an attorney's office, and the young lady had been congratulating herself on her residence under the peaceful roof of Mrs. Gresham, where the sober conversation and quiet, unassuming manners of the two old ladies seemed to harmonize so well with the painful circumstances in which she had been so unexpectedly placed by the appearance of Baldone.

She was, therefore, disappointed, on obeying the summons to the dining-room, to observe from the arrangement of the table that a fourth person was expected. She was not, however, long in suspense with regard to the occupant of the vacant chair

at the bottom of the table ; for, just as Mrs. Perkins had remarked, significantly, that it was not every day that Die dined with a pretty young lady, the room door was thrown open, and Dionysius entered. He was a youth about twenty years of age, somewhat under the middle size, but well-proportioned withal, with twinkling, grey eyes, and feet painfully small. His black hair was redolent of bear's-grease, and stuck up from his forehead in little pyramids. His nankeen trousers and the salmon-colored tinge of his face and hands gave him the appearance of a red Indian as he stood at the door waiting to observe what effect his presence would produce. This appearance of a man in the natural state was, however, contradicted by the fashionable cut of his coat and silk waistcoat embroidered in colors, surmounted by a massive or-molu chain. To this chain was appended, not a watch, as simple-minded readers might suppose, but a seal ; for Dionysius had not yet attained his majority, at which happy era he was formally to be put in possession of the gold watch and tortoise-shell snuff-box of the defunct Mr. Perkins.

Die stood in the expectation that his aunt or Mrs. Gresham would make some attempt to introduce him to their fair visitor, but the ladies were gazing with mingled feelings on his absurd costume. Seeing that matters were not likely to come to a speedy issue, and that in the meantime the veal cutlets and roast mutton were getting cold, he looked daggers at the old ladies, and advancing with solemn dignity towards Louisa, he introduced himself to her notice as Mr. Dionysius Perkins, presuming at the same time that he addressed Miss Villiers, and here he darted another furious glance at his aunt. Louisa bowed in acknowledgment of her identity, and made a slight movement as if rising from her chair, which Die perceiving, he laid his hand patronizingly on her arm, and told her that he was no advocate for ceremony between two young persons thus unexpectedly thrown into each other's society. Louisa blushed with vexation, and could not help casting a reproachful look towards Mrs. Gresham ; but the good lady found it convenient to stoop to pick up her table-napkin, and Mrs. Perkins, who had none of the delicacy and decorum of mind which characterized her sister, added to Louisa's confusion by informing her in a coaxing tone, that though her nephew was a *little stiff* at first, she would find him a very comical, pleasant fellow when they became more intimate. " And now, Die dear ! " said his well-meaning and indulgent relative, " do lay aside that long face of yours, it is enough to frighten the crows. You will," she continued, turning to Miss Villiers, " hardly believe, Miss, that Die sometimes makes me laugh till my very sides shake."

" S'death, aunt, I wish you would not tease me with your nonsense when you see I am so hot," and Die wiped his face with a red cotton handkerchief well steeped in lavender.

There are few tempers which do not soften under the benign influence of a good dinner, and Die gradually became cool, and, as his aunt anticipated, even comical. The countess had ordered some choice Madeira to be sent to Charlotte-street, of which Dionysius partook, nothing loath. Having emptied his glass, he poured out another, and holding it between him and the light while he examined it through his eye-glass, he remarked, nodding familiarly to Louisa, " very pleasant tippie,

[COURT MAGAZINE.]

Miss V. Give me a glass of good genuine *Madeira* : I would as soon drink vinegar and water as that sour stuff called *Cape*."

Miss Villiers was at a loss how to reply, but she was relieved from her embarrassment by Mrs. Perkins assuring her that Die was quite an *accoucheur* in wines. When the ladies rose to retire, Mrs. Gresham cast an anxious look towards the *Madeira* which she would gladly have removed to the cellaret, had she not feared some violent explosion of temper from the irritable connoisseur.

"I hope," said Dionysius to Louisa, as he opened the door for the ladies to pass, "I hope, Miss V., you will use no ceremony with me. I am your man for a walk in the park, or any other way in which you may choose to spend the evening," and standing on tiptoe, and advancing his mouth close to her ear, "if you have a mind to go to the theatre, never mind what the old ones say. It is hard to put an old head upon young shoulders," and Die fell back in his chair convulsed with laughter at his own wit.

"I told you," said Mrs. Perkins, triumphantly, "that Die was a comical fellow. Well! there's no knowing what may happen!" and the old lady drew Louisa's arm within her own, and conducted her to the drawing-room.

The old lady next insisted on her victim occupying an old-fashioned, high-backed arm-chair, which she said belonged exclusively to herself, having been the identical chair in which "poor dear Mr. Perkins breathed his last." Then placing a footstool under her feet she requested to know how she could amuse her sister's guest while Mrs. Gresham was preparing tea. Miss Villiers entreated Mrs. Perkins not to think of her saying that she could find sufficient amusement in a collection of books which were neatly arranged on the top of a chiffonier beside her. Having selected one, she threw herself back in the chair, not to read, but to ponder upon her disagreeable situation. She had a lively perception of the ludicrous, and had she been the guest of Mrs. Gresham previous to her interview with Baldone, the pert officiousness of Dionysius, and Mrs. Perkins' interested and fulsome attentions would only have excited a smile, but in the present lacerated state of her feelings these absurdities tended much to increase the depression of spirits, which with all her fortitude she could not overcome; and she determined that very evening to have a few minutes private conversation with Mrs. Gresham, and, as far as she could without betraying her father, inform her of the change in her views and her intention of inserting in *The Times* of the following day an advertisement for a situation as governess or companion.

Louisa had early accustomed herself to examine and criticise, not only her actions but her feelings; and she attributed her aversion to her new companions chiefly to the irritable state of her own mind. She had vainly imagined, never before having made the experiment, that she could patiently endure the follies of her fellow-creatures, but, in truth, she had unconsciously raised in her heart a standard of male perfection, and it must be allowed that Lord Eversham was as superior to Die Perkins, as Die Perkins himself was to a Chimpanzee. Miss Villiers was roused, however, from the reverie into which she had fallen by the entrance of Mrs. Gresham, followed by a servant with the tea-equipage. The sisters now began

to express their surprise that Die had not made his appearance, he being, as Mrs. Perkins said, "a great man for tea." Miss Villiards, whose auditory organ was a little more acute than that of Mrs. Perkins, had several times, while reclining *par excellence* in the chair, been startled by strange sounds proceeding from the dining-room beneath; which sounds, becoming gradually louder, plainly indicated that Die, having finished his sacrifice to Bacchus, had fallen *sound* asleep; his non-appearance at the tea-table did not, therefore, astonish Louisa, who was too well pleased at his absence to mention her suspicions to his aunt. The urn was hissing on the table, and Mrs. Gresham desired the maid to inform Mr. Dionysius that tea was ready. Dolly stroked down her apron, pushed her cap a little more off her head, arranged the strings, and made haste to deliver her message. A minute had scarcely elapsed, when the drawing-room door was thrown violently open, and Dolly, rushing in, threw herself into a chair, and then into a fit of hysterics. The hysterics of a housemaid differ materially from the hysterics of a fine lady, inasmuch as the latter is deprived of the power of utterance, and only informs the spectators of the existence of the vital spark by uttering, at proper intervals, little sharp, piercing cries, somewhat between a bark and a scream; but not so, Dolly: "Dearie me!—Dearie me!" she sobbed; "and Mr. Die, such a sweet gentleman;" no one as ever lived under the same roof with him could help liking him, he was so kind to the dumb things. It was only this morning he said to me, 'Doll!' says he, (for he always called me Doll when he came into the kitchen), 'Doll,' says he, 'I had a mind this evening to have drowned them kittens myself, for the sooner they are parted from their mother, the less she will miss her hoffspring, but as my aunt tells me that Miss We is to dine here to-day ——'

Dolly's sobs now rendered her voice inaudible, and Louisa seized the opportunity to enquire if any serious accident had occurred to the young gentleman.

"Serious accident!" said the now offended Dolly; "I think so, Miss! Such an accident as don't happen to some of us twice, I'll warrant me."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Louisa, now seriously alarmed; "you do not mean ——"

"Ah! but I do mean though; there he lies poor fellow, under the dining-room-table, as deed as mutton."

At the commencement of Dolly's oration, Mrs. Gresham and her sister, knowing how difficult it was to stop the tide of Dolly's eloquence, had hastened in the greatest distress to the dining-room, where Louisa, obeying the naturally good impulse of her feelings, followed them, leaving the sensitive Dolly to recover as best she could. She found the room deserted, the chair, in which Dionysius had so lately acted as Croupier, lay on the ground, and the carpet was strewn with the wrecks of one of Mrs. Gresham's cut wine-decanter, but sound of human being there was none; and thinking it prudent not to appear inquisitive, she returned to the drawing-room, where she found Dolly regaling herself with a cup of tea and a piece of buttered muffin.

"You'll excuse me Miss!" said the now blushing and sensitive domestic, "for the freedom I take; I belong to the tea-total-temperance-society, and never touch

strong drink of any description, and as I felt all-over-ish, I thought a cup of tea would settle my nerves, and now," said the disciple of tea-totalism, while she wiped the cup and saucer with her apron, "I must go and see how my poor Missuses are bearing up against their troubles. Dearie me! how soon we come 'by an accident!' and with this ejaculation on her lips, Dolly made her exit.

Mrs. Perkins soon after made her appearance, and apologized to Louisa for the alarm which the servant had occasioned, saying that Die felt a little overcome by the extreme heat of the weather, and as she had prevailed on him to lie down for an hour or two, if Miss Villiars would excuse her absence, she would just step up stairs and sit with him a little. Miss Villiars accordingly begged that she might not detain her a moment.

Mrs. Gresham, who had felt not a little annoyed at the incident above mentioned, had mounted guard at the couch of the prostrate Dionysius, thinking it better to leave her sister to inform Louisa that the young gentleman's illness had been much exaggerated by the over-sensitive nerves of the tea-total-Dolly; but finding that Mrs. Perkins preferred watching the slumbers of her nephew in person, with some reluctance she joined her visitor in the drawing-room and began the long delayed duties of the tea-table. Louisa saw that her hostess was vexed at the unfavorable impression which her relative had made, and with her usual generosity of feeling she tried to divert her attention by entering at once on the subject of her own plans and entreating that she would give her the benefit of her advice and experience.

Mrs. Gresham was astonished when Louisa informed her that she intended to go out as a governess, and scrutinizing the young lady's face as if doubting her sanity, she spent half an hour to very little purpose, in conjuring up all the disagreeables, real and imaginary, which attend the life of a private governess. But though her auditress listened patiently and respectfully, the old lady perceived that her logic had made very little impression. Mrs. Gresham, though a worthy and well-principled woman, had, like most of the class to which she belonged, been all her life particularly awake to her self-interests. She had left the service of the Countess of Dudley laden with spoils, the just reward, indeed, of her usefulness and fidelity; the Countess had likewise settled a pension on her for life; but still there were many little perquisites and indulgences which she had enjoyed during her residence at the great house in Langham-place, which she could not command in her own little *ménage* in Charlotte-street. Her organ of acquisitiveness had developed itself more and more as she advanced in years, and she had hailed Louisa's residence in her house as a temporary revival of the days of hot suppers and genuine cognac, not forgetting the use of a carriage, no slight privilege to those who are condemned to live in London during the dog-days, when clouds of dust and burning pavements every where greet the unfortunate pedestrian. All these things taken into consideration, it was not in human nature for Mrs. Gresham to connive at Louisa's escape from her domicile, and she excused herself from doing so, with the best grace in the world, saying that she could not, without being guilty of the greatest ingratitude, countenance a scheme which she felt convinced would excite the Countess' serious displeasure.

Mrs. Gresham was too well acquainted with the disposition of her *ci-devant*

pupil, to suppose that she was acting under the influence of pique, caprice or any other unworthy motive. She perceived by Louisa's calm and unimpassioned conversation, that, however startling and absurd the step which she was about to take might appear, she had given it due consideration ; but it was her cue to pretend to believe that the young lady had formed a hasty resolution, which a few hours reflection would present to her in all its folly ; and when they parted for the night, she playfully told Miss Villiers that she hoped, on the return of the Countess, to see her the beauty of Almack's instead of being buried alive in a back parlour, cutting thick slices of bread-and-butter, and teaching turbulent children their A, B, C.

Louisa retired to her small, but neat apartment, with a heavy heart. Nothing throws such a chill over the buoyant and sanguine spirit of youth, as the disapprobation and opposition of those to whom we have been accustomed from infancy to look for advice and support.

Louisa had made sure of an ally in Mrs. Gresham : high-minded and generous herself, she had no suspicion that the woman whose correct conduct and pious sentiments had won her respect, could for a moment be influenced by sordid and worldly feelings ; she had expected in her adversity to find almost a mother in Mrs. Gresham, and the conviction that instead of assistance she would meet with opposition, fell with icy chillness upon her heart.

A girl with less energy of mind than Louisa possessed, under such discouraging circumstances would have abandoned her project, and have passively waited the issue of events over which it might be supposed that she had no control ; yet our heroine's firmness of purpose was not to be overcome by the ridicule of Mrs. Gresham ; she dreaded that something might transpire to provoke Baldone to disclose their relationship, and she felt the necessity of securing an asylum where she would be secure from his personal intrusion. Rising early the next morning, she made out a list of her accomplishments in the form of an advertisement. This, to a novice, was no easy task ; she had no disposition to indulge in self-praise, and when she looked at the numerous advertisements with which the newspaper teemed, from ladies of superior talent, ladies of unquestionable ability, and ladies who were perfect mistresses of the best style of drawing, music, &c., &c., she feared that her plain statement of facts would attract little attention. The next difficulty that presented itself was how get her advertisement inserted ; she could not ask Mrs. Gresham to send it, and she feared to trust her secret to the discretion of any of the domestics in Langham-place. There was, then, but one resource—to proceed to the office herself—and with this intention she descended to the breakfast-room, where she found the sisters, and much to her satisfaction learnt that Dionysius, who was obliged to be at his desk at nine o'clock, had already departed quite recovered from his sudden indisposition which Mrs. Perkins still maintained had been the result only of the extreme closeness of the atmosphere.

Telling Mrs. Gresham that she was going to Langham-place to select some books, she hastily swallowed a cup of coffee, resisting the other attractions of the breakfast-table ; then wrapping round her a large shawl and burying her face in a

Leghorn-bonnet, surmounted by that most unbecoming appendage, a green crape veil, she sallied into the street. It is a startling fact, which many a reader may be inclined to doubt, that Louisa did not know where "The Times" was printed, or she would as soon have dreamt of taking a journey to Palestine, unattended, as of threading the dark and narrow mazes of Printing-house-square. Necessity, however, had made her courageous, and directing an anxious look towards the coach-stand it was quickly answered by a lusty Irishman, who readily agreed to drive her to the desired spot.

Louisa, now, for the first time in her life, began to know the value of money. The sum which Baldone had extorted from her had reduced her purse to a very low ebb; and though the Countess had left orders with Sir George Fairfax to supply her with any sum she might require, yet she hoped that she would be able to procure a situation before her little stock was exhausted. When she alighted in Printing-house-square, as a matter of course the coachman demanded double the fare to which he was entitled; to argue the point would have been vain. Louisa sighed as she transferred the money from her purse to the capacious hand of her greedy conductor, and as she glanced at the few sovereigns she possessed—the all of her worldly wealth—she discharged the coach and resolved to return to Charlotte-street on foot.

When she thrust her delicate hand over the desk of the functionary who received the advertisement, Louisa trembled like a culprit: there were several gentlemen in the office, and she felt that her position was painful and unfeminine. As she stood timidly waiting to pay she felt something twitching the sleeve of her gown; and the next moment a voice close to her ear whispered, 'Miss V. by all that's lucky!' "Six shillings, Miss," said the gentleman on the opposite side of the desk, in a tone which seemed to include, 'be as quick as possible.' Louisa once more extended her hand, and as she drew it back it was eagerly seized by Mr. Dionysius Perkins.

"Come now, Miss V." said Die, as he drew her arm within his own, "confess that your lucky star is in the ascendant. Here am I, Dionysius Perkins, esquire, a gentleman at large, and ready to devote myself to your service for the rest of the day; how very fortunate that we should have met; if you had come two minutes later you would have missed me; did the old ones give you an inkling that I should be *here*."

Louisa blushed crimson from indignation, as she replied, coldly, that neither of the ladies in Charlotte-street were aware of her visit to the city. Die then drew in his lips, till his mouth was the size of a small button-hole, and placing his finger with peculiar emphasis on one side of his nose, he whispered, "I have it, a little affair on your own account, an advertisement for a husband, or something of that sort, eh? but come don't look so black upon it, I won't peach."

Miss Villiers made an attempt to withdraw her arm, too much annoyed and disgusted to explain the cause of her visit to 'The Times' office. But Die was not to be repulsed; pressing her arm closer to his side, to prevent her escape, he said, patronizingly:—"Well! well! I see mum's the word, and I ought to think myself a happy dog in having met with you, that's all." Louisa now begged that she might not detain him a moment from business.

"Business!" repeated Die, with animation, "what is business, compared with the pleasure of escorting Miss Villiers? Besides, old square toes is gone down the river to dine on white-bait, and I have no idea of being a fixture at the desk, when the governor is gormandizing."

The ill-assorted pair had now reached the end of the narrow lane leading from Printing-house-square to Ludgate-hill, and Die insisted that Louisa should stop to admire some oriental finery, temptingly exposed to view in the shop window of Messrs. Etherington and Co. Louisa paused, and while the flippant Dionysius was wondering what might be the price of a certain richly-embroidered velvet-cap, which he thought would give him an imposing appearance when he took his siesta, she contrived to make a signal which was immediately answered by a coach drawing up close to the pavement. Determined to make an effort to release herself from her importunate companion, Miss Villiers wished Mr. Dionysius 'good morning,' adding that she had some visits to pay; and before Die, who was still musing on the velvet cap had time to prevent her, she had placed her foot on the steps. At that moment, a dashing barouche drove up to the door of the shop, and the coachman, not aware of the lady's position on the coach-step, moved a little forward. Miss Villiers' foot slipped from the vehicle, and she would have fallen on the pavement had not Dionysius promptly sprung forward to save her. An exclamation of surprise from the party in the barouche immediately attracted her attention; and looking up she recognized the Fairfaxes and Lord Eversham.

Greatly was Miss Villiers' mortification increased by the behaviour of the ladies, who threw themselves back in the carriage, staring intently; but the next moment, the steps of the barouche were let down, and Lord Eversham was at her side. In a tone of the deepest interest, he enquired if she had suffered any injury. Louisa said she feared from the sudden jerk, that she had slightly sprained her ankle. "Good God! Miss Villiers, and you are here without any protection. Let me entreat you not to sacrifice your health to a point of etiquette; you must allow me to accompany you home." Here, Dionysius came forward. "Why, as to that, sir," there is no occasion for it, as Miss V. and I live in the same house, and I was going home at any rate to have a snack."

Lord Eversham surveyed Dionysius from head to foot, in mute surprise; but Louisa, who was now as desirous that her persecutor should remain as she had before been to get rid of him, turned towards his lordship with her usual, calm dignity of manner, and explained to him, in a few words, her acquaintance with Dionysius and her residence in the house of his relatives. Lord Eversham observing that the party in the barouche could not restrain themselves "within the limits of becoming mirth," at what they called *the scene*, coldly wished them good morning. Having handed Louisa into the coach, and told her companion to follow him, he seated himself by her side, and in a voice which even the angry Dionysius dared not dispute, ordered the man to drive to Charlotte-street. The ladies in the barouche were paralysed with astonishment. "In the city, without a gentleman! what *could* they do! They certainly had never before met with such an insult. However, things *might* have been worse. Had Millefleurs been with them, he *must* have chastised

his lordship's boyish impertinence. But after all, perhaps, the young man was not so much to blame. They always knew that the girl was very artful."

Lord Eversham, who had only come to town on the preceding evening, had hastened to Russell-square, in the hope of hearing some tidings of her who was never absent from his thoughts. The scheming mother, not devining the real motive of his visit, had again begun to build castles in the air. He repeated his visit at an early hour on the following morning. "What *could* be more marked!"

Careless how his time was occupied, his lordship accepted their invitation to accompany them on their shopping excursion, and Mrs. Fairfax, in the exultation of her heart, insisted that the *fiancée* of the Count de Millefleurs should leave a billet to inform him that they had gone to the city on business; "for," said the prudent matron, "it is better that his lordship should have us all to himself, a little finesse is allowable when the only son of a duke is the stake." Miss Fairfax, too, lisped something about plighted vows and filial duty which, however, made no impression on her mother, and the billet was sealed and left on the drawing-room table to meet the eye of the Count when he called as usual.

Assisted by their footman, the injured fair ones alighted to vent their vexation on the unfortunate shopman, whose doleful and ill-requited task it was to attend to them. Having turned over and minutely examined the contents of some twenty boxes of lace, ribbons, &c., all of which, in the dark mood of their minds, they voted insufferable, they purchased two pairs of gloves. In justice to Dora it ought to be mentioned that she did not in the slightest degree participate in the ill-humor of her mother and sister. In fact, she had, unperceived by them, been doing what Die Perkins would have called a little bit of business on her own account, and was musing on the possibility of transferring a beautiful Trichinopoly watch-guard to the dressing table of the private secretary, without his knowing exactly whence it

CHAPTER XVIII.

One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride, the Maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O need I tell that passion's name!

It was a relief to Louisa, after the embarrassing events of the morning, to find herself once more in the drawing-room in Charlotte-street. Fortunately, the injury which her ankle had sustained was less serious than the pain had, at first, led her to suppose, and Mrs. Perkins, who piqued herself on being something of a doctress, assured her that if she would remain on the sofa for the rest of the day, with the assistance of a little friction which she took it upon herself to administer, she would be quite well. To this arrangement, Louisa gladly consented, as she felt little inclination to hear the adventures of the morning discussed at the dinner-table. Her unexpected meeting with Lord Eversham had given her much uneasiness, and she exercised the severest self-denial in resisting his entreaties to be allowed to visit her in her new abode. It must be confessed, however, that her reflec-

tions were not altogether of a painful nature : she could not help feeling conscious that she was even more than ever an object of attachment and admiration to the only man who could ever, she believed, awaken an interest in her heart ; and with all the passionate energy and generosity of her character she prayed that he might meet with one who would love him with as much devotion as she herself would, had not her path in life been for ever clouded by her father's infamy.

During the summer months, Mrs. Gresham, who was a rigid economist in every thing connected with her *ménage*, never rang for candles till day-light had almost disappeared. Louisa still lay extended on the sofa, which Mrs. Perkins had insisted on wheeling near the open window, in order that the young lady might inhale the odor of certain boxes of mignonette, which the old lady facetiously termed her landed property. Louisa raised her head and looked into the gloomy street, when her eye rested on the figure of a man wrapped, notwithstanding the closeness of the weather, in a large cloak. He stood on the opposite pavement, and was gazing earnestly towards the window. A second glance confirmed Louisa's suspicion that it was Baldone. Throwing herself back on the couch, she covered her face with her hands, and when the servant entered to say that a gentleman wished to see Miss Villiars on business, she was seized with a nervous tremor which seemed for the moment to deprive her of the power of moving. Mrs. Gresham, attributing her faltering steps to the pain in her ankle, begged that she would receive her visitor in the drawing-room and offered to retire. This, however, Louisa would not permit, and leaning on the arm of the servant, she descended with a beating heart to meet Baldone.

Having reproached her in the coarsest terms for not having acquainted him with her change of residence, he proceeded to explain the cause of his visit. He informed her that the police were in close pursuit of him ; that he had no longer the means of evading them, and that he had come to her for relief. In a tone of the deepest distress, Louisa ventured to enquire what had become of the money which she had given him a few days before.

"Come ! come, girl !" vociferated the miscreant, "no whining, ask no questions, but obey."

Louisa entreated that he would be calm, saying that she would endeavor to assist him, if he would point out the way.

"Well ! that's spoken like a reasonable woman, and now I'll tell you my secret. Walking down Piccadilly last night, at a late hour, I met a foreigner who is well known to me—the Marchese Montefiore—we recognized each other : unfortunately, a pressure in the crowd would not permit me to pass ; my hat was pushed back, and one of those infernal gas-lights flared full on my face. The Marchese looked hard at me. In a moment, wishing, I suppose, to pay off some old scores, he collared me and shouted for the police. I had but one resource, and the blood of the Marchese soon flowed on the pavement. The rabble closed round us and screamed murder. Stripping off my cloak, I made a desperate effort, cleared the rails of the Green-park,

and in less than a quarter of an hour was safe in my den. And now ; child ! don't you think your father's neck is in jeopardy."

Louisa felt as if the warm blood in her veins had turned to ice ; but anxious not to cause any alarm in the house which might lead to the detection of her father, she summoned all her fortitude, and reminded him that he had not yet explained how she could serve him.

" Nothing easier," replied Baldone. " You have only to furnish the money, and I am off to America, never to return. A vessel sails to-morrow evening. I have already engaged a passage, you must give me fifty pounds, and as much more as you can spare ; and, in return, I promise to rid you of my company for ever."

Louisa, in the utmost terror, told him that she had not above five pounds in the world, and that part of that small sum she would herself require. But she added that she would gladly remit to him from time to time a part of the fruits of her industry.

Baldone stared with a mingled expression of ferocity and contempt : advancing towards the terrified girl, and seizing her roughly by the waist, he muttered, " I see you have been playing the fool, but the game is too desperate for trifling. If you have not money you have jewels, bring them, at once, if you value your life."

Louisa had just time to say that she had left her box of trinkets in Langham-place, as she considered them no longer her's, when overcome with terror at Baldone's violence she fell senseless on the floor.

The noise alarmed Dionysius and the ladies who rushed down stairs ; but fear chained the latter to the first landing place. Dolly of course was in hysterics, and the affrighted cook rushed into her dormitory and thrust her head between the bed and the mattress. Notwithstanding the desertion of the female part of the garrison, Dionysius, whose Irish-blood waxed warm, advanced boldly, shouting, " thieves ! !" Baldone saw that there was not a moment to be lost ; he snatched a candlestick from the table, and hurled it at his adversary just as he entered the room. Before Die had time to recover from a salutation so disagreeable, the miscreant had bounded from the window and escaped.

CHAPTER XIX.

THOUGH suffering severely, both in body and mind, from her interview with Baldone, Louisa exerted herself to overcome that depression of spirits which was so inimical to the transaction of the business she had in hand.

She had several times repaired, in vain, to the Countess' bookseller, in the hope of receiving some reply to her advertisement. She had yet to learn that talents and a disposition to exert them, are not sufficient to secure employment, and she could not help expressing her disappointment to the bookseller. Mr. Wright, who was a worthy and humane man took up the newspaper which lay on the counter, and putting on his spectacles read aloud the advertisement.

" I fear, young lady, your advertisement is not sufficiently attractive."

Louisa replied, that she had stated her acquirements.

" Yes, yes, so I see, but *that* is not sufficient. Your profession, like most

others, is, at present, overstocked. A plain statement of facts will not do. You must relinquish the idea of receiving any answer to this ; write something that will catch the public eye, and one of my boys shall take it to ' The Times ' office for you this evening.

Louisa expressed her reluctance to advance anything which might, on enquiry, appear to be an exaggeration. " Then, allow me," said Mr. Wright, " to transact this little bit of business for you, and I will answer for the results."

Louisa thankfully accepted the kind offer, and, in a few days, a note was put into her hands, stating that Mrs. Wolfe, No. —, Upper York-street, Portman-square, was in want of a governess for her children, and requested A. B. to call as early as convenient. Louisa lost no time in hastening to the rendezvous, and soon reached the house of Mrs. Wolfe, which was one of the smallest in the street. A female servant, with a somewhat sinister expression of countenance, opened the door. " What's your pleasure, Miss," enquired she, of the vinegar aspect.

Poor Miss Villiers felt that her visit was little connected with pleasure : she, however, mildly replied that she had called on Mrs. Wolfe by appointment, and tendered her card to the ill-favored domestic, with a request that she would carry it to her mistress.

Snubb (whether Mrs. or Miss it may be difficult to determine, seeing that in the house of Mrs. Wolfe no Christian appellation was ever affixed to her patronymic) glanced at the card, and muttering something about ' young person after the situation,' she called to her fellow-servant to bring her up one of the blue cheese-plates ; and laying the card thereon proceeded to the drawing-room. From the substitution of a cheese-plate for a silver, or at least a plated salver, Louisa concluded that economy was the order of the day, and was musing on the amount of salary which she might expect, when her reverie was interrupted by Snubbs, from the bottom of the stairs, calling—" Step this way, Miss !"

Louisa obeyed, and was ushered into the drawing-room by Snubb, who closed the door outside but did not retire.

From the appearance of the drawing-room in Upper York-street, Louisa would have been justified in thinking that by some mistake of the unpropitious Snubb she had been ushered into a death-chamber. Every thing in the apartment was white. The carpet was covered with white linen, the chairs and couches also ; fire-screens, chimney-ornaments, and even the frames of pictures and mirrors were carefully shrouded in some white-colored material—even a small chandelier suspended from the top of the room was in a white bag, and on a sofa lay extended the shrunken and automaton figure of the lady of the mansion. Her white muslin dressing-gown was strikingly contrasted with the darkness of her skin, which plainly proclaimed her eastern descent. Her eyes were large, black, and glassy ; and a mass of the dark, woolly hair so peculiar to her race, twisted round her head, gave her almost a demoniacal appearance. A pair of ear-rings of enormous length were suspended from her ears, and her bony fingers were covered with a profusion of rings. Raising herself on her elbow, and pointing to a chair near her, she indulged herself for some time in scrutinizing Louisa's person. The result of her observations did not

seem favorable to our heroine, for the little lady again resumed her reclining posture and closed her eyes. Had Louisa known Mrs. Wolfe, she would not have been the least discouraged on that account, as she made it a rule always to close her eyes when she prepared to speak on a subject of importance, as she dreaded the fatigue of using two of her organs at a time. Without changing her position, she asked Miss Villiars, in a sepulchral tone, if she had ever been *out* before, and having received an answer in the negative, she seemed inclined to put an end to the interview. A long pause ensued, and Miss Villiars, whose patience was nearly exhausted, moved as if about to retire. This roused Mrs. Wolfe from her inert position, and opening her eyes, with some animation she questioned her concerning her ability to teach. Being satisfied on this point, she agreed, if she could succeed in procuring a proper reference, to engage her as governess to her three daughters, at a salary of 40*l.* per annum. She then informed Louisa, that should the reference prove satisfactory, she should require her to enter on her duties as soon as possible, adding that although Miss Duval had only quitted a week, the young ladies were already quite unmanageable.

Miss Villiars expressed her readiness to take up her abode in Upper York-street on the shortest notice. Mrs. Wolfe then requested her to ring the bell, saying that as she thought it most likely that they would come to an arrangement, she would like, perhaps, to be introduced to her pupils. Louisa did as she was desired, and Snubb, pattering on the stairs to make her mistress suppose that she had just quitted her vocation in the kitchen, entered to know her lady's commands. "Snubb," said Mrs. Wolfe, "send up the young ladies, and, Snubb! tell them they need not take the trouble to remove their pinafores, as 'tis only the new governess."

Miss Villiars felt some curiosity to see the children on whose dispositions much of her comfort or misery would depend. She was naturally of a sanguine and happy temperament, and Mrs. Wolfe having informed her that her husband, whom she had left at Madras, was an Englishman and an officer of rank, she ventured to indulge the expectation that his daughters might inherit some qualities from him which evidently did not belong to their mother. But the moment the trio entered the room, the last ray of hope vanished from the mind of the future governess.

A sort of scuffle outside the door was a prelude to the entrance of the Misses Wolfe. At last, the door was thrown wide open, and the group, as if impelled by some unseen agency, was thrust into the middle of the room.

"Young ladies," said Mrs. Wolfe, in a tone which was meant to be authoritative, "I have sent for you to introduce you to your future governess."

Louisa rose to return the expected recognition, but the young ladies compressed their lips and looked defiance at their mother, and Louisa resumed her seat to wait the bursting of the storm which she read on the dark brows of the belligerents. Miss Wolfe was a tall, dark-complexioned girl of thirteen, with shrewd features and a repulsive expression. The second girl, Julia, was a shade darker than her sister, with a shocking head of black, woolly-hair; thin, white lips, and an eye that twinkled with a mingled expression of cunning and ferocity. Dorcas, the younger of the trio, was the beauty of the family and the special favorite of her mother. She was well

formed, had a clear complexion, and bright, blue eyes, "and was," Mrs. Wolfe said, "the softened image of Major Wolfe." On the present occasion, however, Dorcas (or, as her mother endearingly called her, Dorky), did not appear to advantage; she was weeping, bitterly; and ever and anon made use of the corner of her brown-Holland pinafore to check the progress of her tears.

The rebellion of her elder offspring seemed to excite in Mrs. Wolfe, neither surprise nor uneasiness; but Dorcas' grief, which every moment became more violent, never failed to excite her mother's sympathy. "Young ladies," said Mrs. Wolfe, raising herself on her elbow, "what can be the matter? Dorky, my love, you'll destroy your pretty face with crying; do come here and tell me what it is."

"Nothing ma!" sobbed Dorcas, looking significantly at her eldest sister, and redoubling her tears and lamentations.

"Why, you know mamma," exclaimed Miss Wolfe, "you *did* say that we should not be teased with a governess for a month from the time that Miss Benson ran away, and before a week is out Snubb says you are going to bring another on us."

"My dear children," said Mrs. Wolfe in a supplicating tone, "it is for *your* benefit that I wish to engage Miss Villiers; as far as I am concerned you know well that I hate the very thought of having a governess in the house."

The children pinched each other, and their faces brightened; "but," added Mrs. Wolfe hesitatingly, "I do not recollect making you a promise to that effect."

"Oh, yes! mamma but you did though," screamed all the young ladies at once, "and if you wont believe us ask Snubb;—didn't she Snubb?"

"Why, certainly, Miss!" answered Snubb, (who as usual was standing behind the door) "your mamma *did* say," * * * but here Mrs. Wolfe interposed, by ordering Snubb to be silent and return to the kitchen, and Snubb not only pattered again on the stairs, but actually descended to the first landing place.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate for the belligerents, than this untimely interference of their invisible ally; the dormant spirit of Mrs. Wolfe was roused, and telling her children that the exhibition which they had just made convinced her of the necessity of placing them under restraint, she turned to Miss Villiers, and requested that she would as soon as possible procure the desired reference which she would not object to receive by letter.

Our heroine having promised Mrs. Wolfe that she should hear from her in the course of the day, and having made a last attempt to propitiate her hopeful daughters, (which attempt was rewarded by an indignant scowl) took her leave, and hurried with anxious steps towards the residence of Lady Mary Bouverie, from whom she hoped, through the intercession of her friend Margaret, to obtain the reference which was a necessary preliminary to taking up her abode in Upper York-street.

Louisa pursued her walk with a heavy heart. Her wishes were, indeed, likely to be realized, but under the most unfavorable aspect. Still, though she determined to accept an engagement from Mrs. Wolfe, she dreaded to find that Lady Mary might not be in a humour to grant her request of a reference, for she knew no one else, except Mrs. Gresham, to whom she could apply, and felt assured that that lady had no inclination to forward her intentions. As the admired protégée of the Coun-

tess of Dudley she had never had occasion to *solicit* favors, and her proud and sensitive mind shrunk from the painful task of exposing her friendless situation to one, whose caprice and heartlessness had often in happier hours provoked her contempt. Panting and breathless with fatigue and agitation, she arrived at Park Crescent ; but what was her surprise on directing her eyes towards her friend's apartments, to observe that all the shutters were closed, and that a hatchment hung over the door-way. Louisa's heart beat violently, as with a sickening feeling of apprehension she paused on the steps. Sir James Bouverie had been so long a pampered and peevish invalid, that his illness was treated in the family as an ordinary matter of course. In reply to the inquiries of some old-fashioned friends, who, in the midst of her Ladyship's splendid soirées could not help recollecting that the master of the house was languishing in the solitude of his own apartment, Lady Mary used to observe that, when poor dear Sir James was not really ill, he always fancied himself so, which was all the same thing ; but, as to his *dying*, there was no chance of *that*, for he took so much care of himself, that with the assistance of the patent-respirator he *might* outlive all his friends. Louisa had thus been taught to look upon the father of Margaret as *un malade imaginaire*, and her apprehensions, in the excited state of her nerves, naturally reverted to Margaret herself. Could the young and blooming girl, whose cup of life had been so early embittered, herself have fallen a victim to some sudden illness ? Suspense was intolerable, and Louisa's fingers were in a moment on the knocker. Her tremulous request for admittance was quickly answered by a servant who, with an expression of countenance that was meant to be solemn, informed her that his master had on the previous evening been seized with spasms which had baffled the skill of his physicians, and that a few hours after the commencement of his attack death had terminated his sufferings. To Louisa's enquiries about the widowed Lady Mary, the servant returned the usual, vague answer, that she was as well as could be expected, " but," added he, " poor Miss Bouverie takes on terribly ; she neither eats nor speaks, but sits for all the world as if she were turned into stone. I hope god will comfort her," added the man, most feelingly, " for she has no one else, I fear, who will."

It needed not this simple appeal to her feelings to induce Louisa to hasten to the apartments of the orphan. When she entered the room, poor Margaret threw herself into the arms of her favorite companion and burst into tears, the first she had shed since she had been removed by force from the side of the bed on which lay the corpse of her last remaining parent.

In soothing and comforting the bereaved girl, Louisa had almost forgotten the immediate object of her visit ; but when the first burst of Margaret's grief was over, and she had become more tranquil, Louisa, thinking that it would divert her mind from the cause of her own grief, informed her friend of the new mode of life she intended to pursue.

Margaret listened with astonishment, and used many arguments to convince Louisa that she was imposing on herself a much greater sacrifice than she could possibly imagine, nurtured as she had been in the lap of luxury and living in the constant interchange of domestic endearments. Louisa told her, that nothing could alter her

resolution, and expressed her regret that her design of accepting a home in the house of Mrs. Wolfe would be frustrated, as she could not possibly think of applying to Lady Mary under her present affliction. A smile of contempt for a moment curled the pale lip of the step-daughter, as she almost unconsciously repeated the word affliction; then, turning to Louisa, she said, "and how can the season of distress be so well employed as in conquering our selfish sorrow and exerting ourselves to do good to our fellow creatures? If you are determined on this voluntary exile, which I feel sure will be at an end, the moment the Countess arrives in town, I will go at once to Lady Mary and tell her what you wish her to do."

Louisa laid her hand on the arm of her friend to detain her, and expressed great unwillingness to thrust her affairs on Lady Mary's attention at a time when such an intrusion might appear indelicate.

"My dear child," said Margaret, bitterly, as she gently withdrew her arm, "do not distress yourself about Lady Mary. When I enquired after her Ladyship's health this morning, Lisette informed me that she was in her boudoir with Major Howard, sketching plans for a cottage ornée, which she intends to build at Richmond. "Surely then," added Margaret, with a sigh, "she could not refuse my request to write to Mrs. Wolfe."

Louisa shook her head: she doubted whether the fair widow would not resent such an infringement of etiquette on the part of her step-daughter; but ere she had time to express her fears, she heard Margaret's light footstep descending the staircase, and taking up a book which lay on the table she sat down and anxiously waited the result.

In order to account for the reception which Margaret met with in the boudoir, it will be necessary to give the outlines of a conversation which passed between its fair occupant and her handsome cousin, a few minutes previous to her *mal-à-propos* entrance. Though Lisette's bulletin was correct, (for Lady Mary and the Major had really been engaged in drawing the plan of a cottage *ornée*), let not the world suppose that her ladyship was so destitute of good sense and the sense of decency as to allow her companion to think for a moment that she was amused by so doing: *au contraire*, she shaded her face most decorously with her embroidered handkerchief, and at becoming intervals exhaled a low sigh, which sigh was regularly re-echoed by the Major. Lady Mary was not a little surprised to hear the Major's echo of that sigh, for he was naturally of a gay disposition, and Sir James Bouverie was, certainly, nothing to *him*. Then would Lady Mary venture slowly to raise her eyelids and give the Major a look—such a look!—so full of tenderness, gratitude and sympathy. But alas! the Major sighed, but did not look; on the contrary, he continued drawing, ever and anon passing his fingers through his glossy hair, then covering his eyes with his hand. Lady Mary, who knew her cousin's *sans-souci* temperament, perceived at once that he was on the horns of a dilemma, and she would have given worlds to have known what was passing in his mind. But, whatever the cause of the Major's evident distraction, he seemed determined to keep it

to himself ; for he neither lifted his eyes, nor took the least notice of the fair widow. " Dear Howard," exclaimed Lady Mary, no longer able to endure her suspense, " how ill you do look ! What *can* be the matter with you ? Do let me send for Sharpe at once ;" and her ladyship moved as if to ring the bell.

" No—no ! Lady Mary, not for the world !" and the Major, seizing her hand, gallantly kissed it, and led her back to her seat, exclaiming, " the fact is, Lady Mary, I entered this room with the intention of speaking to you on a subject which has long been nearest my heart, but I have not the courage to do so ; in short, I feel that it is not the time to bespeak your favor, and my rashness might only offend when I wish to propitiate.

Lady Mary trembled exceedingly, and the votary of fashion, whose cheek had not for many a year been tinged with the blush either of shame or sensibility, had now recourse to her handkerchief to hide the conscious and unwelcome glow which suffused her face.

" Forgive me, dear Lady Mary," said the Major, again seizing her reluctant hand, " I am ready to suffer any anxiety rather than distress your feelings : come—come ! think no more of it. How do you like this portico ?" and the Major advanced gaily towards the table and seized the half-finished sketch. Had the cottage *ornée* been built, instead of existing only in her imagination, Lady Mary would rather have seen the earth open and swallow it up than that the Major should at such a crisis have cut short the thread of his discourse. The case was desperate.

" Howard," said her ladyship, tenderly, " we are not children. It is necessary to respect established rules of etiquette, for one cannot live without the world, but, between ourselves, there need be no disguise. I would rather that you had spared my feelings a little longer, but I cannot bear to see you unhappy."

" The fact is," said Howard, " I am anxious that you should believe that my feelings are, at least as far as money is concerned, disinterested. In a few days Sir James's will will be opened and my lips may be sealed, under the conviction that in point of fortune I have not a suitable equivalent to offer."

" Generous Howard !" sighed Lady Mary.

" At present," continued the Major, " my income is very limited, but the death of my uncle, who in the course of nature cannot live more than a few years, will put me in possession of a handsome fortune : in the meantime, the beauty and amiability of Margaret must attract many admirers, and the loved idol which I covet above every thing earthly may be bestowed on another."

Lady Mary turned pale as death, and her eyes sparkled with the indignation which she vainly attempted to conceal ; at last, words came to her relief. " Major Howard," said she, " is it by insulting the widow of the late Sir James Bouverie that you expect to gain the affections of his portionless daughter ? for portionless she is, Sir, and a dependant henceforth on my bounty. I respect the memory of her father too much ever to consent to her union with a man whose means of supporting her are only in perspective. Howard," added the fair widow, whose anger was fast giving way to a more powerful and long-cherished feeling, " my

house and fortune *have* been at your disposal : I did not expect this insult. May I ring and order your cabriolet ?”

“ Allow me to save your ladyship that trouble,” said her companion, advancing haughtily, and seizing the bell-rope, which he rang with violence.

“ Stop, Howard !” exclaimed her ladyship, laying her hand on his arm, “ be not so hasty. Perhaps, after all, you are not so much to blame ; the girl was always artful, and her whining and affected softness may have excited you to commit this outrage on my too susceptible feelings.”

“ Lady Mary,” said her cousin, “ the outrage, as you are pleased to call it, which I have offered to your feelings, is an avowal made chiefly in consequence of your own solicitations. I did, indeed, enter the room with the intention of asking your consent to pay my addresses, openly, to Miss Bouverie ; but the embarrassing nature of my situation struck me so forcibly that I had determined to conquer what, perhaps after all, is a feeling of false pride, and wait a more convenient time to open my mind to you. I need not mention that you made use of arguments to induce me to make the declaration which has given so much offence. Am I, then, in future, to expect an enemy in your ladyship ?”

“ Pshaw, Howard !—an enemy ! You know I can never be *your* enemy : come, dismiss this crotchet from your brain, and let us be friends. I suppose the child has made you believe that she is in love with you, and has been painting the delights of a cottage in Wales and six hundred a year. Come, confess : am I not right ?” and Lady Mary held out her hand in token of forgiveness.

The Major coldly touched the tip of his cousin's tiny finger, saying, “ before I wish your ladyship good morning, allow me to assure you that Miss Bouverie has never so far descended from the natural purity and dignity of her character, nor has any thing passed between us that could reveal to her the deep-rooted attachment which I feel for her. Had her father lived, I would have remained silent until it had been in my power to have offered her an establishment in some degree worthy her acceptance.”

Lady Mary's check flushed, but the angry reply which rose to her quivering lip was prevented by the entrance of a servant, who informed the Major that his cabriolet was at the door. In another moment, he had turned the corner of the crescent and was driving slowly down Portland-place, musing, with more vexation than surprise, on his morning's adventure.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Margaret entered the boudoir of her step-mother, she found her ladyship, reclining on a sofa, her face buried in the cushions. After all, thought Margaret, she *has* a heart, for there is no one here to see her weep. How happy these tears would have made my poor father in his lifetime! and she approached the widow with a feeling bordering on tenderness. "Well, child! what is it!" said Lady Mary in a peevish tone, in reply to Margaret's humble enquiry if she might venture to make a request to her Ladyship."

Margaret then briefly mentioned her anxiety to serve her friend, and entreated that Lady Mary would write a short note to Mrs. Wolfe.

"Miss Bouverie," exclaimed Lady Margaret, "I am astonished at Miss Villiers' presumption, and at *such* a time, too. I know nothing whatever of the young person. I certainly countenanced her, when she was under the Countess of Dudley, but now that the Countess has cast her off or, perhaps, left the country to get rid of her, the thing is quite different."

Margaret could not resist attempting to defend her friend, and still farther irritated Lady Mary by saying, that Louisa's change of circumstances was a voluntary sacrifice to her independence of mind, and that she was never more worthy of the esteem of the Countess than at that very moment.

"I request, Miss Bouverie," said her ladyship, "that you will drop this subject, and I farther desire, on pain of my severe displeasure, that you will for the future decline the visits of this adventuress; your conduct is an insult to the memory of your dear father." Lady Mary had worked herself into a passion, she, therefore rang for her maid, and prepared to go into hysterics, not omitting to tell poor Margaret, who quitted the boudoir overwhelmed with grief, that she was the cause of all the mischief.

When Margaret returned to her friend, the expression of her face told, more plainly than words, that her mission had not been successful.

"Do not talk of it," said Louisa, as the unhappy and agitated girl attempted to describe Lady Mary's harshness, "do not think of it, I did wrong, very wrong in mentioning the subject to you; at present, but you will soon know all, and then Lady Mary will not think me selfish or unfeeling. However," added she, assuming a more lively tone, "a thought has just struck me. The Duchess of Ely has always been particularly friendly to me, she is a kind hearted woman,"—"Good natured, say,"—interrupted Margaret with a painful attempt at a smile, "I think her Grace may allow you to borrow from the lustre of her name, but depend upon it she will resist your attempts on her escrutoire. When the Russian ambassadress, who is notorious for the liberality of her extravagance, called on her the other day, she entertained her excellency by telling her how many reams of paper her steward used in the course of the year, beyond what was necessary. But, seriously, I do not think her Grace would forward any plan by which the Countess was likely to be offended."

"Dear Margaret," replied Miss Villiers, "how discouraging you are, but, *n'importe* G—(COURT MAGAZINE)—AUGUST, 1842.

I am determined to try," and affectionately kissing her favorite, Louisa took her leave and pursued her way to Ely House. Our heroine was soon ushered into the presence of the Duchess, who was seated in a recess of the room, her little round fat feet reposing on a blue-velvet cushion; while, ever and anon, she fanned herself with a splendid fan, made of rare feathers, a present from an Indian Prince to her deceased lord. This was the only occupation in which, during the Summer months, her Grace ever indulged, and it was fortunate for Louisa that the Duchess had been so occupied, for she had fanned herself till her wrist ached, and, for a quarter of an hour before the entrance of her visitor, she had been endeavoring to summon exertion to ring for her *petit page* to order her carriage for a drive.

When Louisa, with the trepidation of one unaccustomed to solicit favors, mentioned the purpose of her visit, the truly kind-hearted Duchess relieved her, at once, from her fears, by proposing to accompany her to Upper York-street. It is now, therefore, almost superfluous to add, that if Mrs. Wolfe ever entertained doubts of Miss Villiars' respectability, they were immediately removed, when she appeared under the auspices of so distinguished a personage as the Duchess of Ely, whose name was but another word for charity. It was soon arranged that the young lady should enter on her new duties on the following day, for the Duchess' name had operated on Mrs. Wolfe like magic, and she was now quite as anxious to secure Louisa's services as the young lady was to procure the situation. Even Snubb appeared mollified by the splendor of her Grace's equipage and equipments, and as she stood half-blushing, half-concealed, behind the street-door, she whispered to Louisa with a patronizing air, "If you had asked Missus when she was in the humour, she would have made it guineas, and you should have bargained for tea-money, for Missus never drinks nothing but milk and water."

Louisa would gladly have declined her Grace's invitation to accompany her in her drive round the Park, but a request made by one who has just conferred a favor always wears the appearance of a command, and she feared to give offence. She was, indeed, anxious to return to Charlotte-street, to make the necessary preparations for removal, and to break the matter to Mrs. Gresham. This, to Louisa, was not the least embarrassing part of the task she had imposed on herself, for she was too susceptible to be satisfied with the consciousness that she was acting from the most honorable and praiseworthy motives. It was necessary to her happiness that others thought so too, and she had a nervous dread of provoking the bad opinion, even of persons whom she knew to be far inferior in intellect to herself.

The reader need not be tired by a repetition of the arguments and expostulations which Mrs. Gresham and her sister vainly made use of, when Louisa, on her return from her drive, informed them of her intention to take up her abode in Upper York-street on the following day. Dionysius, for one, was lost in astonishment. Could he have offended Miss Villiars by being remiss in those little attentions which she had a right to expect? He consoled himself, however, by saying, that it was impossible so monstrous pretty a girl could like to be a governess. "Let her have a taste of it," said the judicious Dionysius, "and if she does not cut and run before the end of a week, I'm not an Irishman."

Whether Die was or was not correct in his estimate of Louisa's powers of endurance, time will show. Meanwhile, leaving her to the unaided and irksome task of packing up her wardrobe, books, &c., let us devote the next chapter to the relation of some strange incidents, which had thrown a dark cloud over the destinies of the Fairfax family.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Mrs. and the Misses Fairfax returned, and not in the best possible humor, from their excursion to Ludgate-hill, Dora's first care was to give confidential orders to her maid to deposit the Trinchinopoly watch-guard on the private secretary's dressing-table, having first consigned it to a small box with the words *gage d'amitié* engraven on the lid. The maid, who had herself a slight genius for intrigue, understood her young mistress at once, and executed her delicate commission in the most prudent and private manner, without making any remarks. Unfortunately, however, Dora's kind intentions were frustrated by the stupidity of the secretary himself, who, on retiring to dress for dinner, and finding the pretty bauble, naturally concluded that it had been left there by mistake : *naturally*, it may be inferred, because the secretary was a modest man, and had no suspicion of the strength of Dora's *penchant*. Having finished his toilet with more than usual haste, he sought Mrs. Fairfax in the drawing-room, and to her, as the lady of the manor, he delivered up the watch-guard, never doubting but that it had come into his possession by accident. Mrs. Fairfax stared with surprise, but she had tact enough to conceal her feelings, and merely said that she believed the ornament had been purchased as a present for Sir George, but by one of those stupid mistakes which sometimes occur in the best regulated families it had been conveyed to the wrong apartment. Mr. Allerton thought this a very satisfactory explanation, and having dismissed the subject from his mind, proceeded to his favorite haunt—the library—to enjoy the half hour which would intervene before the announcement of dinner. The moment the secretary had left the room, Mrs. Fairfax rang the bell, and desired the servant to inform Sir George that she requested to see him immediately in the drawing-room, as she had something of importance to communicate to him. Nothing could exceed the good lady's uneasiness : she had at once recognised the trinket as one she had observed at Etherington's, and her experienced eye had little difficulty in perceiving the whole affair. While the anxious mother was pacing the room with hasty step, Sir George entered. " Well, madam ! what grand event have you to communicate ? Is the spring of your watch broken, or have you mislaid your spectacles ? "

" La, George ! you know I never wear spectacles, except sometimes of an evening, when we are alone, just to save my eyes a little. But do leave off quizzing, and listen to me this once." Having related the discovery which she had just made, and dilated with much energy on the unhappy consequences that might probably ensue, Sir George, much to her satisfaction, agreed with her in thinking that an immediate stop must be put to Miss Dora's proceedings. It was, therefore, agreed, that

Mrs. Fairfax should retire, and that Mr. Allerton should be invited to a conference with Sir George. Sir George was in a dilemma. His position in society was still too equivocal to permit him to risk the possibility of his sister's forming an alliance with Mr. Allerton; and, on the other hand, it was almost of equal importance not to quarrel with his secretary. He had, by adapting the talents of young Allerton, attained considerable notoriety as a statesman; he had, too, arrived at eminence in his profession, and could he continue for a few years longer to secure his services, he saw no reason why he should not aspire to the wool-sack. How effectually to discountenance Allerton's attentions to his sister, without offending him, was, therefore, to Sir George, a question of vital importance. There was one way by which he could put the secretary on his guard, without wounding his pride: this was by confessing Dora's intentions concerning the watch-guard, and throwing himself on his generosity for discouraging any overtures of a similar nature in future. This task, so humbling to Sir George's self-love, was, however, much less difficult than he had imagined. When he informed Mr. Allerton of Dora's kind intentions in his favor, the young gentleman received the communication with stoical indifference, and when Sir George, to render the matter still more secure, hinted at her engagement to Sir Thomas Hilliard, and the impropriety of giving him the slightest cause for jealousy, the secretary bowed, and quietly remarked, that he had never for a moment presumed to think of interfering with Sir Thomas' happiness. "By the bye, Allerton," said Sir George, who felt inexpressibly relieved by the unaffected *sang-froid* of his companion, "now I think of it, you must be rather pinched with your two hundred per annum; suppose we say three hundred for the future." Again, Mr. Allerton bowed. He had no objection to the additional hundred a year, but he devoutly hoped that the future to which his patron alluded might be of short duration.

It was a relief to both parties, when their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the entrance of Sir Thomas Hilliard. He had come to take a family dinner with them, and Mrs. Fairfax, who saw by her son's countenance that his conference with Mr. Allerton had terminated amicably, hoped that affairs were ripening to a speedy conclusion. It had been agreed between Mrs. Fairfax and Sir George that no notice should be taken to Dora that her secret had been discovered. When the young lady found, therefore, that Mr. Allerton, instead of being decorated, as she expected, with her *petit gage d'amitié*, was even more grave and indifferent than usual, she consoled herself by thinking that, after all, he was only a stupid book-worm, and not to be compared with the jolly and laughter-loving baronet, even putting his rent-roll out of the question. Having arrived at this comfortable conclusion, Dora used her utmost endeavours to make herself agreeable to Sir Thomas, and she so far succeeded, that but for a little circumstance about to be related, he would that evening have pressed her to name the day that would make her his for ever.

The gentlemen had just finished their claret, and joined the ladies in the drawing-room, when Mrs. Fairfax, who had stepped out on the balcony to inhale the evening air, suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing Mrs Hobbs' footman

dressed in a new suit of livery, and carrying a small basket in his hand, advancing towards the house. Mrs. Fairfax's exclamation of surprise was, however, occasioned by the appearance of Mrs. Hobbs' favorite pug, who followed close on the heels of the footman, ever and anon stuffing his nose into the little basket and licking his lips. There was nothing after all so extraordinary in the appearance of Mrs. Hobbs' footman, but puggy, who had been the widow's constant companion night and day, how came he to be separated from his mistress : and then arose the question, " Could Mrs. Hobbs be dead ? "

Mrs. Fairfax's doubts were, however, soon removed, by the entrance of a servant who laid a very small packet on the table and retired. Her tremor increased. Could it be possible ! With trembling fingers, she tore open the seals, and two cards, tied with white-ribbon, fell on the carpet. " Here, Dido ! here," cried the lady as she tossed a piece of plum-cake—the unwelcome contents of the packet—to her lap-dog. Dido wagged her tail and looked her gratitude. In the meantime, Dora had examined the cards, on which were engraven the names of Mr. and Mrs. Riddell. The whole party seemed to be struck dumb with surprise ; Sir George was the first to break silence. " Egregious old fool ! " he exclaimed, but what farther he meant to have added was lost to the world, for, at that moment, a scratching and pawing was heard at the door, and Sir George, suddenly opening it, discovered the unlucky pug, who was no doubt looking for the recreant widow of Alderman Hobbs. Sir George, with one touch of his foot, sent the animal howling to the first landing-place ; he then rang the bell, and gave orders that the brute should be ejected, *instantly*. This little ebullition seemed to have relieved his indignant feelings, and anxious to divert the attention of Sir Thomas from their family misfortune, he proposed that they should play a game at chess. This, however, Sir Thomas declined, saying that he must soon take his leave, as he had an engagement at ten o'clock.

Dora entreated him in her most winning manner not to think of going, as she wanted him to give her his opinion of a new riding habit, which was positively to be sent home that evening. The baronet was, however, inexorable ; he put his hands into his pockets, and nearly drove Matilda into fits by whistling *the Huntsman's chorus*. He then amused himself for a few minutes by teaching Dido to perform a *santeuse* over his pocket-handkerchief, and, finally, pulled out his watch and took his departure, leaving Mrs. Fairfax filled with presentiments which, on the following morning, were but too faithfully realized.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN the family in Russell-square assembled at a late hour in the breakfast-room on the morning after the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, the vexation which that untoward event had occasioned found vent in words ; and epithets the most vituperative were showered on the happy and unconscious pair.

Though Sir George vented his spleen in more measured terms than his mother, yet he felt the disaster even more acutely. His ambition to appear in a certain set had led him into a style of expenditure which his fortune, though ample, scarcely

warranted, and he had looked to the realization of Dora's golden expectations as the medium through which those excesses could at any time be adjusted. Now, his hopes in that quarter were completely blasted, and he feared that his misfortune had not yet reached its crisis. From his reflections on this unpleasant subject he was roused by the harsh hurried knock of the twopenny-postman. The eyes of Mrs. Fairfax sought those of her son, but in vain—Sir George had taken up the *Morning Post*, and was perusing its columns with apparent indifference. "Why does not the man bring the note at once?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax impetuously. "Pray madam be composed," said her son, with one of his withering smiles; "do not allow such a common-place occurrence as the delivery of letters to disturb your equanimity." "Pshaw, George, I declare you are quite a philosopher!" exclaimed his mother, and the lady threw herself into a chair, and pulled her untasted roll to pieces.

In due time, the servant entered with a note, and Miss Fairfax, who had been anxiously waiting, scissors in hand, cut round the seal, and handed it to her mother, to whom it was addressed. Mrs. Fairfax glanced, hastily, at the contents, and with the air of a martyr she gave the note to Sir George, who still sat with one eye fixed on the *Morning Post*, while, the other had wandered almost unconsciously to the troubled countenance of his mother.

"I thought so!" said the lady emphatically. "Sixteen dinners within the last three months;—the insensible brute!" Sir George did not stop to inquire who was the subject of this elegant apostrophe, but tearing open the paper he read aloud:—

"My dear Madam,

"As the old fox has broke cover so unexpectedly, and Miss Dora is not likely to come in at the death, as was expected according to promise, I beg to state that, as far as I am concerned, the game is up. I have too much regard for your daughter to ask her to share my fortune, as the expense of my stud reduces my income to a mere trifle. I must, therefore, resign her to some happier man, with fewer incumbrances. Shall be happy to see you all at Springfield, and with best thanks for your hospitality,

"I am, my dear Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"T. HILLIARD,"

P. S. Please tell Miss Dora that as I leave town this morning for Springfield, I will send her the black-and-white puppy by the first safe conveyance. T. H..'

Sir George's first impulse was to hasten to the baronet's hotel and inflict some summary chastisement on the writer; but Sir Thomas had fortunately rendered such a mode of proceeding impossible, Sir Thomas having set out for Springfield before the note could be delivered. The reader has been already informed that Sir George had a constitutional aversion to duelling; he therefore prudently expressed his opinion that Sir Thomas was a low fellow,—a mere jockey! and affected to congratulate Dora on her escape. Dora, though the person most deeply inte-

rested in this little domestic drama, was certainly least disappointed of all the party. Had things gone smoothly, she would have married Sir Thomas as a matter of course. She, however, entertained a decided *penchant* for young Allerton, but as she had no hopes of being ever united to him, why, any other man, with a fortune equal to her own, would do just as well as Sir Thomas. Thus reasoned Dora. Matilda, on the other hand, was inexpressibly shocked to find that a friend of Millefleur's could act so unhandsomely, and be also so destitute of romance as to suppose that Dora, with five thousand pounds, was a less desirable object than Dora with sixty thousand. She knew that Millefleurs, though a perfect gentleman, was not a man of large property, and as both her sister and the baronet were lamentably destitute of *esprit*, she intended as a pleasant arrangement for both parties, that she and the count should spend one half of the year in Paris, the other at Springfield; and she had, unfortunately, communicated her intention to that effect to Millefleurs, who warmly sanctioned the plan. Sir George and the young ladies all much surprised that their mother now bore the catastrophe with so much patience. The truth is, she was already at her old trick of castle-building, and was speculating on the probability of securing for Dora a much higher prize than the fox-hunting baronet. The Marchese Montefiore had been introduced to them immediately on his arrival in town by Mr. Allerton, but in consequence of an accident with some particulars of which the reader is already acquainted, he had been obliged to decline Sir George's overtures of intimacy, and confine himself to his hotel. The wound inflicted by Baldone had been trifling, however, and though he still wore his arm in a sling, he had accepted an invitation to dine with the Fairfaxes on the eventful day which had announced the sudden retreat of Sir Thomas Hilliard. This circumstance afforded new food for the speculative mind of Mrs. Fairfax. She had heard from Mr. Allerton that the marchese had a large fortune, and a long line of noble ancestors, and after cogitating for some time on this interesting piece of information, she assured Dora that, after all, it was perhaps fortunate that the baronet had set off, for she had always considered him an exceedingly vulgar man. Dora was perfectly satisfied with her mother's decision on this point, and also agreed with her as to the propriety of concealing the slightest appearance of vexation at the unexpected turn which affairs had taken; "for the world," said the prudent matron, "is full of malignant spirits, who will rejoice at our misfortune, and the only way to disappoint them is to take the thing with perfect indifference, and fly at higher game." What her mother meant by "higher game," Dora did not exactly understand, but she felt pretty sure that she did not allude to William Allerton.

"By the bye, child," said Mrs. Fairfax, as if the idea had just occurred to her, "I wish you would make yourself agreeable to the Marchese Montefiore; he is decidedly one of the most elegant and interesting men I have ever seen, and I have no doubt will be quite the fashion amongst the *élite*, the moment he becomes known."

"La, ma!" said Dora, with unaffected *naïveté*, "don't I always make myself agreeable?"

"Yes—yes, my dear! I don't complain of *that*: I flatter myself that none of my children are deficient in the *savoir faire*," and here Mrs. Fairfax drew herself up to her full height, but whether in exultation at the graces of her offspring, or because she had with supposed propriety and grace given utterance to two words in a foreign tongue, must remain a matter of doubt. Many may be inclined to think the latter, because it had just become the fashion to interlard conversation with foreign phrases, and Sir George had had such woeful experience of his mother's failure in the fashionable mode of *parlance*, that he insisted that she should always, at least when he was present, confine herself to her vernacular tongue. But to return to the story. "No, I don't complain of your manners in general; but I really wish, Dora, that you were a little less obtuse in matters of vital importance to the interests of your family."

"La Ma!" said Dora, as she pierced another hole in her embroidery, "what has that to do with the Marchese Montefiore coming here to dinner?"

"Every thing child, the marchese is a man of high rank and almost princely fortune. He is a *single* man and you have just lost a lover and a handsome fortune: does it not then occur to you that Providence has sent this interesting stranger very *à propos*."

"La Ma," said Dora, again, but this time she laid down her work, and opening her mouth gazed silently, but steadfastly into her mother's face.

"Let me, therefore, request," resumed Mrs. Fairfax, "that as the marchese is at present an invalid, you will endeavor to subdue your animal spirits. Wear your book-muslin over white-satin, and above all eat, sparingly, at dinner, for men of refined intellect, like the marchese, dislike to see girls with a good appetite, as it indicates rude health. I'll send you up a basin of turtle and a glass of Madeira just before dinner, and then you can pick the wing of a chicken at table." Here Dora burst into a fit of laughter. "La! Ma! you can't be in earnest! The marchese is at least fifty, and William Allerton told me only yesterday that he was half mad."

"Nonsense; child;" said Mrs. Fairfax, a little ruffled, "what should a solemn booby like young Allerton know about the age of the marchese? There are some men who have never been young, whose blood stagnates in their veins like a pool of mud, but there are others whom no weight of years can render old, and who retain to the last all the esprit and activity of youth. The marchese is no more to be compared to your brother's secretary than a vein of quicksilver is to a lump of lead."

"Well, Ma!" said Dora, anxious to soothe her mother's irritation, "I did not mean to compare them to each other, but even supposing, that the marchese was not old enough to be my Father, you would not wish me to marry a madman?"

"There, again," exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax, "Allerton is a fool. Shut up all his life with a pen in his hand and a book under his nose, how should he know whether a man is mad or not. If a man is more delicately organized than his fellow creatures, or if he has devoted his youth to some abstruse study and wanders from the beaten track, less from eccentricity than from ignorance of those little points of etiquette which bind society together, every dull wight cries that he is mad. Take my word for it, the marchese is not insane, he is only a little peculiar." "Perhaps!" ejaculated Miss Dora, significantly.

"But," resumed Mrs. Fairfax, "the account which your brother gave me of the marchese is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. In early life he suffered some great domestic calamity, and being a man of acute sensibility he sometimes sinks into a state of morbid dejection which, to vulgar observers, may appear like derangement. * Could he by being induced to interest himself in present events forget the past, I doubt not he would soon be everything we could wish."

Dora, nevertheless, could not help thinking that her mother was a little too sanguine, but, as far as the book-muslin-dress and the basin of turtle soup, she had no objection to promise implicit obedience. She was not, however, so quiescent when her mother told her that in order to keep up appearances it would be proper for her to accompany her sister and the count in their morning ride. Matilda and the count were soon to be united; they had but one soul between them and each saw with the eyes of the other. How mortifying to one's self-love to be the companion of a pair so circumstanced! But Dora was a kind-hearted girl, and seeing that her refusing to accompany the lovers annoyed her mother, she prepared for her ride, though Matilda tossed her head and the count looked unutterable things.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WITH a mind oppressed with the desolateness of her situation, Louisa threw herself into the hackney-coach which was to convey her to the house of Mrs. Wolfe. The parting words of Mrs. Gresham and her sister, who affected to disapprove of what they called "her adventurous spirit", had completely damped her efforts to appear cheerful. She could not weep, indeed, but closing her eyes and pressing her throbbing temples with her hands she remained motionless till the loud rap of the coachman warned her that she had reached the place of her destination. She was soon ushered into a small parlour by Snubb, who informed her that *that* was the apartment appropriated to the young ladies and their governess. Louisa felt rather disappointed that she had not been introduced to Mrs. Wolfe, or, at least, that her arrival had not been greeted by some of her pupils; but hearing from the room above, a sound, as of suppressed lamentation, she rightly conjectured that the Misses Wolfe were mourning the loss of their departed liberty. The appearance of the room in which she was to spend her future hours was anything but cheering. In the middle of the small apartment, stood a large dining-table, covered with spots of grease and of ink, its expanded leaves displaying innumerable hieroglyphics, scratched by the young ladies in their moments of relaxation. A few mahogany chairs, in an advanced state of decomposition, and a square piano covered with dust, toys, and litter of every description completed the inventory of the furniture. A large piece of grey-drugget, torn in tatters, covered, or, rather, partially concealed the threadbare carpet. Louisa's eyes were riveted on the drugget when Snubb entered, who guessing the tenor of her thoughts exclaimed, "Ah, Miss! that's a *rending* spectacle. As to cleaning the furniture we never attempt it." Then pointing towards the window, "look here, Miss!" said she, "how the very window-shutters are destroyed

by the young ladies scratching caricatures of the five governesses they have had since last Christmas."

This information was conveyed in a confidential, patronizing tone, which annoyed and surprised Louisa, as the manners of Mrs. Wolfe's factotum had previously been the reverse of conciliatory. The truth is, Snubb had a respect for the appearance of Louisa's luggage. Her heart yearned towards the capacious trunks, and she saw, in perspective, a rich harvest of left-off dresses, if she could only succeed in making herself agreeable to the new governess. After some farther conversation, all tending to the same point, viz :—that though Mrs. Wolfe was the mother of her own children and, nominally, the mistress of the house—No. — Upper York-street—yet that she, Snubb, was "mistress of the mistress;" or to use her own figurative language "that she could twine her missus round her finger," the *soi-disant* head of the establishment condescended to inform Louisa, that Mrs. Wolfe was then disengaged and wished to see her in the drawing-room.

When Miss Villiers entered, she found Mrs. Wolfe reclining on a couch, and the young ladies huddled together in the recess of the window. Their faces bore unequivocal traces of a recent storm. The marks of tears were still visible, and it was evident that the sullen calmness which they had assumed, had been only purchased by promises and concessions on the part of their weak and indulgent mother. Mrs. Wolfe was one of those irritable ladies who, how eager soever they may be in the pursuit of an object, think it prudent, the moment they have attained their desire, to treat the said object with indifference, if not with contempt. Instead, therefore, of welcoming the person whom she thought worthy of conducting the education of her children with the urbanity of a gentlewoman, she told Louisa, in a captious tone (having observed her pale face and melancholy air), that she did not know, after all, if she had acted wisely in engaging a person who had been accustomed to so much luxury and pampering, "for," said she, "I suppose the countess, having no children of her own, made a sort of pet of you, when she was in the humour." At the mention of the countess' name, poor Louisa's eyes were suffused with unbidden tears. "Oh! for God's sake Miss, what's your name, let's have no scenes, I hate your withering, sentimental young ladies;" then turning to her own rude darlings, she added, "my loves, show your governess her sleeping-room, and when she has had her cry out, perhaps she will favor you with her company at dinner." Louisa made no reply to this ungracious speech, but followed Miss Wolfe, thankful for the opportunity of rallying her spirits, and praying for patience to endure those petty annoyances, which, to a generous mind, are often more harassing than actual calamity. Miss Wolfe having thrown open the door of a small room, on the second floor, retired without condescending to utter a word.

The apartment allotted to the governess was about six feet square, and as the fierce glare of the summer sun shone on it all the morning, the atmosphere, at the time Louisa took possession, was that of a moderately-heated oven. The furniture consisted of a bed, which nearly filled the room, fitted up with temporary curtains of white calico, a small deal table, covered with ditto, a dressing-glass, and a chair. Even the consolation of seeing the reflection of her fair countenance was denied to

Louisa, for, casting her eyes on the said dressing-glass, she started to find her face dreadfully distorted, and her features flat and distended like those of an ogre in a pantomime. She could not help inwardly smiling when her thoughts reverted to her splendid apartments in Langham-place, but with that true philosophy which seeks only to compare its condition with others less fortunate, she bade adieu to all earthly vanities, pouring out her soul in thankfulness to God that she had not been compelled to share the home of her polluted father.

While Miss Villiars was making some slight alteration in her toilet, the door of her room was assailed by violent blows from the feet of the Misses Wolfe, who took this somewhat unusual mode of announcing that dinner was ready. Louisa obeyed the ungracious summons, and was soon deeply engaged in the novel occupation of carving a shoulder of mutton.

It was quite evident from Snubbs' angry snorts and the impatient gestures of the young ladies, that her want of dexterity caused considerable dissatisfaction. At last, however, Miss Villiars succeeded in appeasing the voracity of her pupils, and had just put a morsel on her own plate, when Miss Wolfe, seizing her hand as she was in the act of raising it to her mouth, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Villiars, pray don't! The governess never begins her dinner till she has helped *us* a second time. Does she, Snubb?"

"Certainly not, Miss," answered the prudent Snubb. This was imperative, and with a sigh Louisa again helped the Misses Wolfe, and postponed her own dinner till the following day.

The life of the governess was now a constant succession of those insults and domestic grievances which harass, and, if long continued, degrade the mind.

A young and sensitive female, placed in a family like the Wolfe's, must either assume a masculine tone of manners, and endeavour to awe her tormentors into propriety, or she must stoop to duplicity in order to conciliate its members. Louisa was incapable of either of those modes of proceeding, and her only shield against the narrow-minded tyranny of Mrs. Wolfe, was the unobtrusive piety which formed a strong feature in her character, and not only enabled her to bear present evils with resignation, but even invited her to look forward with confident hope to the future. Sincerely and ardently did she endeavour to improve the minds and manners of her pupils, but every attempt to eradicate their bad habits was rendered abortive by the foolish interference of their mother. Even Snubb began to feel that her dominion would be at an end should Louisa, by gentleness and persuasion, succeed in opening Mrs. Wolfe's eyes to the conviction, that, unless some course of wholesome discipline were quickly adopted, the dispositions of her children would be irretrievably ruined; she therefore seized every opportunity of secretly fanning the flame of rebellion. Often, when Louisa had retired for the night, cheerful with the consciousness that the labors of the day had been crowned with some appearance of success, a few words from Snubb, while attending the toilet of her mistress, would reduce her new-sprung hopes to a shadow.

"You'll excuse me, ma'm," the selfish creature would say, "I am the last person to wish to make any mischief, but I fear this Miss Villiars is a sad fidget; book-

learning is all well enough, but what is book-learning, if young ladies should come to have their spirits broken?"

"Good heavens, Snubb! have you observed anything?" and Mrs. Wolfe threw down her dressing-comb and allowed her black, lanky tresses to stream over her shoulders, as she fixed her eyes full of anxiety on the vinegar countenance of her attendant.

"Why, ma'm! as to observing, I can't say that I have seen anything *very* wrong about the young person; she is always very civil to me and Molly, but I have heard say, that that countess who brought her up was a rank Methodist, and, perhaps, when she was young, was no better than she should be."

"I think, Snubb," interrupted Mrs. Wolfe, "that you must have been misinformed with regard to the countess: she is a woman of high rank and unblemished reputation, and if she *has* taken to religion, it is no doubt in consequence of her heavy trials in the loss of her husband and an only child."

"Well," said Snubb, much irritated at the manner in which her innuendoes had been received, "some people can swallow a great deal; but for my part I think it rather odd that the countess should have reared this miss, and then cast her off just when she was old enough to tell tales; *howsomdive*, I may be prejudiced, for I don't deny that I *hates* all governesses; they are a sort of *hamfibious hanimals*, neither servants nor *missusses*," and with a toss of her head Snubb left the room.

"Snubb—Snubb!" cried Mrs. Wolfe, "come here. I think, Snubb, this brown-silk begins to look a little shabby, perhaps you had better take it; and, Snubb, mind you keep your eye on Miss Villiars, and if you see anything the least improper, do not lose a moment in telling me; I will also put Miss Wolfe on her guard. I wish to Heaven the young ladies were old enough to do without a governess, but, in the meantime, what *can* I do?"

This last exclamation fell harmless on the ear of Snubb, who was wrapt in earnest contemplation of the brown-silk gown; she, therefore, replied in a meek tone, "why, ma'm! now you observe it, I *do* think it begins to look a little shabby, but if I turn one of the side-breadths in front, it will make up elegant for me." As Snubb threw the garment exultingly over her arm, Mrs. Wolfe turned on it an eye of regret: she had had no intention of parting with it till it was threadbare, but she had once before offended Snubb, and the consequence had been a severe attack of bilious fever. She therefore thought it better to part with her gown than to be thrown into a fever, which would certainly be the case should Snubb raise a mutiny in the house.

Thus frustrated in her wish to be useful, and finding every attempt to exercise her duty, conscientiously, resented as an injury, who can wonder that Louisa soon gave up the desire to please, and looked forward with hope to some means of emancipating herself from so intolerable a situation. "At all events," said she, "any change must be for the better; it is impossible that anything can be worse than the present." How far this reasoning was correct will be seen in the following chapter. In the meantime, Mrs. Wolfe looked upon her as a sort of domestic "agitator" in female guise, who wished to enlighten the ignorance of her children at the expense of destroying their peace of mind.

CHAPTER XXV.

“ Thought sits upon her happy brow like light !
 The young pure thoughts that have no taint of sin !
 Making the mortal beauty yet more bright
 By the immortal beauty from within !
 Oh ! blessed youth ! like perfume to the flower
 Is thought to her,—a loveliness the more !
 Must she—oh *must* she meet its darker hour
 That shows the ghosts of what it showed before ! *Hervéy.* ”

ANOTHER week had passed, and brought Louisa no alleviation of the irksomeness of her condition, when, one day, just as she had sat down to dinner with her pupils, the family of Mrs. Wolfe were astonished, and not a little alarmed, at the entrance of two constables, who demanded to see Miss Villiers. Louisa, breathless with agitation, rose from her seat, and advanced to meet them, supposing that they had made some mistake, and that she could not be the object of their enquiries ; but all hope vanished, when one of the men politely informed her that he had a warrant to convey her before the Marylebone magistrates, as a burglary had been committed at the house of the Countess of Dudley, and it was supposed that she had some connection with the thief, whom they had succeeded in apprehending just as he was on the point of embarking for New Holland. The truth instantly flashed on Louisa's mind, and she would have instantly fallen, had not one of the men caught her in his arms, and with a feeling of compassion for her youth and extreme loveliness cautioned her not to give utterance to any exclamation that might tend to implicate herself. Louisa uttered a convulsive scream as Snubb threw a shawl and bonnet upon her, and seizing her rudely by the arm, led or rather dragged her to the door, where a hackney-coach waited to convey her to the police office. At first, the poor girl seemed to have lost all power of thinking, but the motion of the carriage, and the presence of her unwelcome companions soon roused her from her state of torpor. She had no doubt as to the perpetrator of the crime, and when the horrible vision presented itself of her wretched parent dying on a scaffold, amidst the shouts and execrations of his fellow-men, she felt as if her brain could not long bear such a load of misery. When the coach stopped, she was ushered into the presence of the magistrate through a crowd of persons of the lowest order, who stared at her with unrestrained eagerness.

Mr. Wieldon was not one of those ministers of justice who probes the hearts of the criminal and unhappy with poisoned arrows ! he was *feelingly* alive to the awful responsibility of his situation, and the most abject wretch who was placed before him obtained his *serious* and *patient* attention. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, if he looked with an eye of pity on so interesting a being as Louisa. Her face was deadly pale, and as she leaned heavily against the rail which separated her from the worthy magistrate, she looked more like an exquisitely chiseled statue, than an animate being. Mr. Wieldon surveyed her with a scrutinizing eye, mightily puzzled to account for the despair depicted on her countenance. A man possessing less of the milk of human kindness would at once have imputed her distress to conscious guilt—but Mr. Wieldon was a humane and pious man, and felt that the unfor-

fortunate, whose doom he might accelerate through haste or negligence, would one day stand with him side-by-side at that great tribunal where the poor man who stole bread to satisfy the cravings of nature, and the rich man who spent his life in wringing out wealth to gild the trappings of his state, will each be judged according to the number of talents confided to his care. Addressing Louisa in a polite and compassionate tone, he observed that he felt little doubt but that she would at once deny all knowledge of the prisoner about to be placed at the bar. "I almost regret," he added, "that you have been brought here, and will detain you as short a time as possible."

Louisa trembled, violently, as a slight movement in the crowd assembled at the door indicated that she was on the point of being confronted with the criminal; conscious, however, of her own innocence, she made an effort to rally her strength, and the energy of her character returned, as the peril of her situation rushed on her mind. She neither started nor betrayed any symptom of confusion when, looking towards the man in obedience to Mr. Wieldon's orders, she recognised the harsh and demoniac countenance of Baldone.

I was sure of it, thought Mr. Wieldon; innocence is written on every feature of her face, and the fellow is a thorough scamp who would have been hanged long ago had he not contrived to elude the vigilance of the police. The magistrate took off his spectacles, and said in an encouraging tone, "well, Miss Villiers, have you ever seen this man before." Great was the worthy man's surprise when, in a clear and firm voice, Louisa replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Wieldon threw himself back on his chair, and gazed alternately at the prisoner and the fair young creature before him.

"Officers," said he, "remove your prisoner." Then observing that Louisa could scarcely support herself, he gave orders that she should be accommodated with a chair, and proceeded to take her deposition. Louisa had determined that no feeling of self-abasement should induce her to attempt to conceal her acquaintance with Baldone. After having taken the usual oath, she, therefore, confessed without hesitation that she had admitted him to a private interview in the house of the Countess of Dudley, a few days previous to her ladyship's departure for the Continent, and that between that time and the commission of the robbery she had admitted him to another interview in the house of Mrs. Gresham. She also corroborated a statement, previously made by the servants in Langham-place that she knew where part of the stolen property, consisting of the box of jewels, which she had confided to the care of Roget, had been deposited. As Louisa, in a firm and distinct voice, made these admissions, the benevolent countenance of Mr. Wieldon gradually assumed a more rigid expression, and addressing her in a solemn tone, he said, "young lady! matters have taken a turn very different from what I had expected. I hoped that I should only have had to apologize to you for the violence done to your feelings in bringing you here, but the circumstances of the case appear so mysterious and, I regret to add, so suspicious, that I feel it my painful duty to commit you to Newgate during the few days that will intervene previous to the trial of Baldone. "I wish from my soul," he further added, as Louisa lifted her large, blue eyes full of

meek despair on his face, "I wish from my soul, Miss Villiers, that the case would admit of bail," and he looked round on those in attendance, as if in the hope that he might read in their faces that he was carrying the rigor of the law too far,* but every one

* There is no police court which could be better chosen as the theatre for humane judgments than that of Marylebone; and there is no public office where the unfortunate meet with kinder recommendations, and more attentive consideration: would that this were every where the case; then, some writer (in a morning journal, we believe), need not have penned '*the scenes which are daily enacted at the police-offices would make angels shed hot tears of blood*;' but, thanks to the power of the press—public indignation, and the will of the government, Hatton Garden, at least, has been some years freed from tyrannical magisterial sway.

The case which we are about to quote differs from that above alluded to, inasmuch as the position of the parties is reversed; it was a stranger, not the magistrate, who thought the sentence extremely severe, and we publish it, rather to shew (by a rather curious link of information) the effects of such severity on the mind of the condemned, hoping to induce others even by their looks sometimes to entreat relaxation of punishment—for painful beyond measure must oftentimes be the magistrate's seeming duty—but more especially to diminish the personal responsibility of conscientious magistrates by having Mr. Carden's proposed trial by a Jury of THREE PERSONS generally adopted at every police office, and in hearings before magistrates, if necessary, from such persons. Ed.

Guildford-street, Russell-square,
Sept. 16, 1835.

SIR,—I beg your excuse for trespassing upon your attention with the following outline, as I confess I am not neither, except with your aid, can I be, acquainted with the particulars, in order more accurately to lay them before you.

Having business at the Marlborough Police-office, (where I met with the most obliging attention), as I entered I heard this sentence pronounced—

14 days (Saturday, Sept. 12, 1835.)

and a young and beautiful girl was carried towards the lock-up yard, hursting into tears. Her offence I understood to be, that the night before, or rather at three P. M. that morning, in liquor, she had entered a cab, and the man would not drive her away, (perhaps not knowing where to go), neither would she leave the cab. You may imagine her to be one of bad moral character. I farther learnt that three years ago, she left her father's house at Brighton, or was there at that period, that he is a large builder, and the policemen described her to have been 'most beautiful.'

I wished to know whether she would be imprisoned alone or with others, and was informed that "*the law was no respecter of persons.*"

It is on this account that I presume, as a perfect stranger to all parties, to address you. Had the imprisonment been solitary, I might have rather rejoiced at the temporary quiet, and have hoped for good results, but from such a connection what but greater evil could result. The policeman also told me that she paid two guineas a-week for her rooms, so that I should argue that this is not a common offence with her. The occurrence took place after leaving those vilest of all houses "the supper rooms."

For such a breach of the peace, those of our sex know not such a measure of punishment, and though I am ready to admit that that class requires to be held in great restraint, still, if under circumstances such as I have stated, the punishment be so great, surely you will agree with me that the period should be diminished,

and the unfortunate not altogether abandoned to become still more reckless and profligate.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

G. F. CARDEN,
Hon. Socy. Inner Temple.

To His Majesty's Under Secretary
of State, &c. &c. &c.

P.S.—The name of the party is SELINA OSBORN.

I have been confined to the house by indisposition, (or had intended personally communicating).

WHITEHALL, 21st Sept. 1835.

SIR,—Lord John Russell having caused particular enquiries to be made into the case of Selina Osborn, referred to in your letter of the 16th inst. I am directed to acquaint you, that his Lordship sees no ground to justify him in recommending the prisoner's liberation.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
JOHN PHILLIPS.

G. F. Carden, Esq.*
73, Guildford-street, Russell-square.

Last night, about half-past eleven o'clock, a fine girl, about twenty years of age, of the name of Selina Osborn, residing in Earl Street, Seven Dials, attempted self-destruction by throwing herself from the steps of Westminster Bridge. Fortunately, a young woman passing at the time saw her, and by her screams brought to the unfortunate girl the timely assistance of Robert Smith, Esq. of the York Road, and another gentleman, who with the greatest humanity, immediately rushed to the poor girl's assistance, and at the risk of their lives, after the greatest exertions, for full a quarter of an hour, succeeded in getting the poor girl out of the water, but in a state of insensibility, and apparently lifeless. They immediately had her conveyed to Mr. M'Cann's, surgeon, of Parliament-street, who, after using the most active means for nearly an hour, succeeded in restoring animation, and she is now in a fair way of recovery.—Times, 4th Feb. 1836.

seemed to look on the proceedings as a matter of course; the clerk was quietly mending his pen, to be in readiness for the next case, and the constables were passing witticisms on the elegant deportment of their prisoner, contrasted with the situation in which she was then placed.

Louisa felt almost thankful when she heard that the walls of a prison were to hide her from the world. She had *no* home. The worldly-mindedness of Mrs. Graham had disgusted her, and she knew Mrs. Wolfe too well to suppose that she would suffer her to enter her house under such equivocal circumstances; besides, she was so oppressed with the sense of her degradation, that she felt herself quite incapable of performing the ordinary duties of life.

Mr. Wieldon having given orders for her removal to Newgate, told her that she would be allowed every facility for communicating with her *friends*, and that he would interest himself to render her as comfortable as the discipline of a prison would permit. A faint smile passed over Louisa's face at the mention of the word *comfort*: she felt dead to every thought of personal inconvenience. It would have been her greatest comfort to have known that her name would soon be blotted out from the records of the living.

Having gracefully thanked Mr. Wieldon for his humanity, she at once suffered herself to be conducted to the wretched abode now destined for her.

It may naturally be supposed, that on finding herself enclosed within the walls of a prison, our heroine's firmness entirely forsook her. But this was not the case: the reaction produced by the excitement of the two hours previous to her incarceration caused a total prostration of strength, mental and bodily, and throwing herself on the humble bed which occupied a corner of her cell she slept peacefully as an infant.

"Here, then, is a case, in which there seemed to be great severity—the examination is heard by a magistrate and the clerk to the police office, sentence is passed in the presence of only some policemen and may-be of some busy stranger, whose thoughts may probably be too much engrossed by his own affairs; the condemned is then handed over to the police, (whose contact, in this instance, the party seemed to loathe) and buried as it were a living victim within the walls of a prison—unknown, almost, her fate, unpitied her lot, with a bosom bursting with indignant grief that such has been the severe, nay, almost inquisitorial sentence. If trial by Jury, be fit for anything, I would with heart and soul endeavour to awaken Englishmen to this best exercise of their rights, liberties, and privileges, and amidst other improvements and suggestions of mine, which I gladly see the public daily (though only for the benefit of others) adopting. I do hope to see the day when every prisoner shall have the benefit of trial by Jury, (not, indeed, with the parade of 12 men, for that precaution may be only necessary when property is at stake, or the crown concerned) but the presence of three respectable householders, that the burthen of the condemnation may not rest upon the consciences of humane magistrates on the one hand, nor on the other, a magistrate's single dictum be felt as *personal* severity, where even the punishment was but just. This is the way to bring about repentance, when prisoners see the care and thought which are bestowed upon them by their fellow-men, and can, we ask, a better, or more christian duty be performed by any man than thus to cast a shield of protection over all, and, perhaps save the innocent."—*Thoughts and considerations upon the minor administration of Justice*, by G. F. Carden, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Love has its part in every other thing,
All grief increasing and all joy impairing ;
Death is the only hope, for death will bring
Rest to the heart, fevered with long despairing.
Ah, then, farewell, there is no more for me ;
Those sunny looks that turn them on to-morrow ;
I hope not, fear not, and but wish to be
Where the last shadow falls on life's last sorrow.

L. E. L.

THOUGH the streets and parks were still teeming with happy human beings, enjoying the softness of the summer twilight, the darkness of night seemed to overspread the grey walls of the prison when Louisa woke from her calm and dreamless slumber. Starting from her bed, she advanced to a small window, or rather a loop-hole, which looked into a court, and endeavored to open it to admit the cool air. Her efforts were vain ; but while thus occupied, her attention was riveted by an object which could not be mistaken. A tall and graceful figure was at one moment pacing the court with hasty steps, and at the next engaged in anxious conversation with one of the turnkeys. There is an intuitive feeling which seems almost to warn us of the presence of the one beloved, without the aid of vision, and as Louisa, carefully concealing herself from observation, looked with straining eyes into the gloom beneath, she felt, rather than saw, that Lord Eversham was hovering near her. Though deeply affected with the strength of her lover's affection, which had induced him to seek a scene so generally revolting to the feelings of the thoughtless and happy, she nevertheless dreaded the idea of his seeking an interview with her. Pure and high-minded as he knew that she herself was, what would his feelings be towards her when he heard her publicly confess herself "the daughter of a felon !" As she stood, as if chained to the spot, from which she could distinguish the figure of Lord Eversham, she saw him advance eagerly towards a female, who appeared to have just entered the precincts of the prison. The female was respectably attired, and the meeting had been expected by both parties. Louisa blushed crimson at the thought that her vanity had misled her as to the object of his lordship's visit to Newgate ; still the pair stood engaged in earnest conversation, and sick and giddy she threw herself into the only chair which her apartment contained, and covered her face with her hands, as if the strong walls which surrounded her were not sufficient to shut from her view the objects of her anxiety. "After all," said she, "I may have been mistaken from the first ; it is very improbable that Lord Eversham could so soon have known of my being here, and it is equally improbable that he would enter this receptacle for the miserable. My mind is so distracted that I am almost incapable of distinguishing one object from another," and once more she stole softly towards the casement ; but all was now silent below. There was, too, nothing visible, except here and there, as her eye wandered along the dingy walls, the fallow, crime-worn visage of some unfortunate who leant against the iron bars of his cell, as if eager to catch some sound that might tell him that the dark shadows of night had not yet closed in and left him, alone, to commune with his guilty soul. Louisa stood almost breathless with

emotion. A few moments before she had felt as if a single drop could not have been added to her cup of misery, but she had never, till that moment, felt the pang of jealousy, and the sensation was painful as it was new. Vainly did she seek to conceal her weakness from her own heart : she could have treasured the memory of Lord Eversham in silence, through a long and cheerless existence. Though the daughter of a condemned felon, she could still have feasted on the remembrance of the hours which she had spent in his society, when every word he had uttered was engraven on her young heart never to be effaced ; but now how changed her dream ! Either the female who had met him was the messenger of another, or, what was still worse, he was perhaps engaged with her in some low intrigue. This thought soon gave place to another more cheering. Perhaps he was come on some errand of mercy ; some poor sufferer had applied to him, and with the generosity so natural to his character he had hastened in person to pity and relieve. While these visions were passing in quick succession through her mind, she heard the key turn in the rusty lock, and the next moment she recognised in the female whose appearance had caused her so much uneasiness her faithful servant Roget.

Roget's story was soon told. Lord Eversham had come to the house in Langham-place almost frantic, and having ascertained the truth of the report that Louisa was detained on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, he had immediately proceeded, accompanied by Roget, to the police-office, and offered to become bail to any amount, if Mr. Wieldon would consent to her discharge. This, however, the magistrate could not do ; but he promised to unite with his lordship in using his influence to get Baldone's trial brought forward as soon as possible, and in the meantime he procured permission for Roget to join Louisa, and remain with her till the trial should take place.

Mr. Wieldon warmly acquiesced in Lord Eversham's ardently expressed opinion with regard to the young lady's unsullied innocence ; but as his lordship could throw no light on the mystery of her acquaintance with Baldone, he was obliged to confess that, as an impartial minister of justice, the magistrate could not have acted otherwise than he did. It was some relief to his mind to have succeeded in securing to Louisa a kind, though humble companion ; and having directed Roget (who wept for joy at the thought of being able to mitigate the sufferings of her ever gentle mistress, to return to Langham-place to procure some wearing-apparel, books, &c. for the object of his solicitude, he threw himself into a hackney-coach and hurried to Newgate, with the intention of endeavoring to obtain an interview with Baldone. Louisa was not a little surprised to hear that Sir George Fairfax had been chiefly instrumental in causing her apprehension, but all other feelings were lost in that of pleasure when Roget, opening a little basket, presented a letter from the Countess, which had arrived by that morning's post. It contained the welcome intelligence that she was on the point of returning to England. " The earl's health," she said, " had not improved as they expected : instead of taking an interest in the objects which presented themselves in the course of their journey, he had, after his unexpected meeting with the Marchese Montefiore, repelled all their efforts to amuse him, and had even expressed a strong disinclination to proceed. He had, however,

yielded to her entreaties, united with those of Mr. Hamilton ; but finding that his irritability daily increased, she did not think it prudent longer to thwart his longing after home. " There is one thing," continued the Countess, " that will surprise you. Since the commencement of his illness, he has always expressed the greatest aversion to living in town, and he told me, only yesterday, that on his arrival in England he should not return to Bolton Castle, but, if agreeable to me, would become my visitor in Langham-place." The rest of the letter was filled with remonstrances on the step which Louisa had taken, and concluded with expressions of unalterable esteem and affection.

Louisa felt thankful that the return of the Countess would secure to her a friend whom no adversity could alienate, and having partaken of some refreshment, she complied with Roget's advice, and retired to rest for the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

She seemed like Melancholy's self,
A living sorrow as she passed ;
Her face was pale, her step was slow,
Her modest eyes were downwards cast.
But who she was, or whence she came,
And what her lineage, or her name,
Not one of all the guests could tell :
But Gilbert sighed, and knew her well.

LOUISA was still asleep, when, at an early hour next morning, one of the turnkeys unlocked the door and informed Roget that her mistress must be in readiness to attend at the Old Bailey. Roget was not much surprised at this message, as she knew that Lord Eversham had an interview on the previous evening with the judge who was to preside at the trial, but she felt some repugnance at wakening Louisa from her refreshing slumber. This, however, was not necessary, for the gruff voice of the turnkey had already caught the ear of the sleeper, and telling Roget that she knew what she had to communicate, she started up, and prepared with alacrity for her appearance in court. Her self-possession seemed to increase as affairs drew to a crisis, and when, towards noon, a superintendent came to take charge of her to the Old Bailey, instead of a timid and weeping girl, he found a calm and beautiful woman, whose very deportment seemed to silence suspicion. Sergeant Langford had in his time conducted many fallen angels to the presence of their judge temporal, and had often been in the habit of indulging his loquacity and self-importance at their expense, but on this occasion he observed a respectful silence, replying with a civil, though somewhat patronising air to some questions which Louisa put to him concerning the regulations observed in a court of justice. In reply to some question regarding Baldone, she was informed that he was to be tried on two indictments, one for the burglary, the other for stabbing the Marchese Montefiore in the street. Strange as it may appear, this information afforded Louisa a sensation of relief, and seemed to exonerate her from the heavy responsibility of being the chief instrument in the punishment of her father, and though she had endeavored to fortify her mind to go through her painful duty with firmness, she now clung to the hope that the minor crime of theft would be overlooked, and that Baldone would stand before

his judges to answer for seeking the life of his fellow man. But those hopes vanished, when, after an interval of half-an-hour spent in all the torment of suspense the police sergeant received orders to bring the prisoner into court.

Louisa trembled violently ; but summoning all her mental energy to her aid, she declined the assistance of Roget, who held out her arm to support her, and advancing with a firm step, she took her place at the bar.

Baldone had already been examined, and having retired a few paces, he contrived as Louisa passed him, to whisper into her ear, "if you acknowledge your relationship you are lost !—swear that you have mistaken me for another !" Louisa shuddered as she turned to look at him. Could the being so hardened in crime be the author of her existence ? The thought was madness. As her eye wandered wildly round the court, it rested on a group who could not be mistaken. Drest in all the colors of the rainbow, and evidently enjoying the scene before them, as a drama got up for *their express entertainment*, sat Mrs. Fairfax and her daughters, attended by Sir George and some other gentlemen.

Sacrificing the delicacy of their sex, on hearing of Louisa's apprehension, they had, with true vulgarity of mind, given full scope to their curiosity, and procured admission into court to hear the result of the trial.

Nothing could have tended more to rouse Louisa's sinking spirit than this unexpected appearance of the Fairfaxes. As the party stared at her through their opera-glasses, the eloquent blood rushed to her face ; her eyes sparkled, and drawing up her graceful figure to its full height, she looked towards the judge as if anxious to be questioned. A buzz of admiration ran through the court—every one felt ready to vouch for her innocence. Having ordered Baldone, who stood with folded arms under the gallery, to advance, the judge, in a mild and encouraging tone, asked Louisa if she was in any way related to or connected with the prisoner at the bar.

"My lord judge," replied she, in a firm and distinct tone, "the prisoner is my father !" A profound silence followed this reply ; each gazed incredulously into the face of his neighbour, and for a few seconds not a sound was heard, except the grinding of Baldone's teeth, as he stood convulsed with idle rage between two stout constables.

The Marchese Montefiore, who was seated on the platform near the judge, was the first to break the silence.

Starting from the crimson cushions on which he had been reclining, while his whole frame trembled with emotion, he exclaimed, impetuously, "my lord judge, will you suffer me to ask this wretch, who calls himself Baldone, a few questions ?"

"Sir," replied his lordship, "I cannot permit any interruption to take place ; your case will come on presently."

The Marchese stood with his eyes riveted on the casket of jewels which had been stolen from the house in Langham-place. Snatching a small red morocco-case from the box, he handed it to the judge, saying, "my lord, this is a strange coincidence. Here are two miniatures ; one was stolen from me by Baldone when I lay at the point of death at a small auberg between Calais and Boulogne ; it was found on his person when he was taken into custody ; the other, which except the

setting is exactly similar, and which is also a likeness of what I once was, belonged—O God!——” and here the Marchese, overcome by the violence of his feelings, staggered, and would have fallen backwards, had not Mr. Allerton rushed forward to support him. The judge looked earnestly at the miniature, and then at the Marchese, as if doubting his sanity.

“Marchese,” at length said his lordship, “do not agitate yourself. This is certainly a strange feature in the case, and shall be enquired into. Are you prepared with any witness to prove that Baldone is the person who robbed you of the miniature?”——

“I am!—I am!” exclaimed the Marchese. “The fellow who kept the auberge, and who I had good reason to suspect was leagued with Baldone in robbing me of all I then possessed in the world, is now in court, bound over to appear as a witness.”

“His name,” said the judge.

“Jacques Fleuri, my lord.”

“Langford,” said the judge, “put Fleuri into the witness-box.”

The case now excited the most intense interest; all eyes were turned towards the witness-box, where, shrugging his shoulders and trying to assume an appearance of *nonchalance*, stood the self-dubbed Count de Millefleurs.

“Millefleurs!” screamed a shrill, female voice. Miss Fairfax fell into strong hysterics, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole family disappeared.

The *cidevant aubergiste* seemed little moved at this *exposé*; he blushed, indeed, a little through his rouge, and having taken the usual oath, deposed to the effect, that, twenty years before, he kept a small inn on the road so Boulogne: that the Marchese Montefiore had come to his house, and being in want of a servant, he (Fleuri) had recommended to him a young Irishman named Quin, whom the Marchese immediately dispatched to Scotland on business. That soon after Quin's return from Scotland the Marchese was seized with a dangerous fever, and while he was still delirious Quin absconded, taking with him his master's purse, watch, the miniature, &c. The Count concluded his evidence by stating that Quin and Baldone were the same person. The Count, as from courtesy we continue to call him, was then permitted to retire, and the judge, after having some conversation with the Marchese, resumed the examination. It would be tedious to give the details; suffice it to say, that Pietro Baldone, alias Patrick Quin, was found guilty of felony, and that Louisa Villiers was declared free of all knowledge, or participation therein. The judge, having politely expressed his satisfaction at the verdict of the jury, told Louisa that she was at liberty. Desolate and friendless as she felt herself to be, the words were yet music to her ear, and curtsying gratefully to the judge, she was conducted by Roget across the passage to the staircase: a gentle footstep followed her, and when she looked up she was leaning on the arm of Lord Eversham. Neither attempted to speak; they hurried across the hall—the steps of a carriage were let down—and the next moment she was seated by the Countess of Dudley, who had arrived in town only a few hours before.

When Louisa once more entered the home of her childhood, she was scarcely con-

scious of what was passing around her, and when she told the countess that as the daughter of Baldone she was henceforth unworthy to be her companion, her ladyship imagined that the fatigue and excitement to which she had been subjected had been too much for her strength, and that she was speaking under the influence of fever; she, therefore, rang the bell, and requested that Mr. Hamilton, who had taken up his abode in Langham-place with his patient, would come to her immediately. Mr. Hamilton having felt Louisa's pulse, assured the countess that she had nothing to apprehend, and having given the young lady a composing draught, he advised her to retire to her room, and refrain from conversation, as he doubted not that a few hours sleep would restore her to her usual health.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I dreamt a green and golden earth
 A still renewed, immortal birth,
 But 'mid that world so fairly beaming,
 I knew with grief that I was dreaming.
 That grief awoke me, and I found,
 A lovelier vision spread around,
 And, sweeter than my slumber's flowers
 Bedecked this common world of ours.

It was late in the evening, when Louisa woke from the deep sleep into which she had fallen, in consequence of the narcotic which had been administered to her. On opening her eyes, she saw, or fancied she saw the figure of a man bending over her, with a face full of anxiety and tenderness. To convince herself that she was not dreaming, she started up and saw the countess, who had been sitting on the couch beside her, watching her slumber, but, on looking round the room, she imagined that she saw the door softly closing, as if some one else had just retired. The circumstance surprised her, but thinking that she might still be under the influence of the opium, she took no particular notice of it, and entered into conversation with the countess.

Having sent for Mr. Hamilton, who assured her that his patient had derived the benefit which he anticipated from repose, and that she might, with perfect safety, spend the remainder of the evening in the drawing-room, her ladyship told Louisa that she must prepare for a surprise.

Louisa asked eagerly if anything further had transpired during the trial.

The countess replied by hurrying her towards the drawing-room, where the marchese Montefiore received her in his arms, and hailed her as his only and long-lost child.

The first tide of joy having subsided, the marchese proceeded to relate some of the events of his early life, having first informed his daughter, that in the Countess of Dudley she beheld her nearest female relative—the sister of her departed mother.

Here we will give the marchese's short narrative in his own words :—

“ I was an orphan at eighteen. My father was the youngest son of a noble Scotch

family, and was the college companion and bosom-friend of the Earl of Somerville. My mother was the only child of a Neapolitan nobleman, whose wealth equalled his high descent. She married secretly, without the consent of her father, who never forgave her for thwarting his ambition. Being naturally of a delicate constitution, grief, at the harsh conduct of her father, whom she loved with the warmth of affection peculiar to those of her country brought her to an early grave.

“ At the time of my father's death I was in Paris finishing my education. I returned to Scotland in the vain hope of being able to secure from the wrecks of his small property something for my future support. But my father, whose expenses had at least always equalled his income died insolvent, and I was thrown on the world with an empty purse and a long line of noble ancestors.

“ As the son of Charles Percy, I was received with open arms by the Earl of Somerville, who received me into his family and promised to procure me a commission in the army.

“ During the parliamentary recess, he carried me with him to Bolton Castle where his countess and his two daughters, one a beautiful creature of seventeen, the other a little cherub five or six years old, were then residing.

“ No one, but a stoic, could have lived under the same roof with Louisa Villiers, without worshipping her. I was an ardent admirer of female beauty, and Miss Villiers had the face of an angel. I had in Paris cultivated a taste for painting, with the intention, if I did not succeed in getting into the army, of pursuing the profession of an artist, and, in an evil hour, the earl yielded to my earnest entreaties to be allowed to paint a full length portrait of the object of my adoration.

“ This afforded us frequent opportunities of being together alone, for the earl and countess treated me with perfect confidence. How did I repay their generosity? In a moment of frenzy, for my love was far beyond the control of reason, I persuaded Louisa to clope with me, calculating for forgiveness on the ardent affection of her father. Taking with us some jewels and what money we possessed at the time, we reached the borders of Scotland, and were married by a clergyman who had been a tutor in my father's family.

“ ‘ Your mother,’ ” continued the marchese addressing Louisa, “ lost no time in writing to the earl to implore permission to throw ourselves at his feet; but she knew not her father's disposition. Pride was his ruling passion, and on that pride he had grafted revenge. He caused his daughter to be mourned for as dead, and spurned her for ever from his heart.

“ Finding the earl inexorable, we rented a cottage in a small village in the north of Scotland. There, in a damp and miserable dwelling lived the heiress of the proud Earl of Somerville; but no complaint passed her lips. She was kind and gentle, and, as long as we had the means of support, even cheerful. In the second year of our residence in our humble abode, you were born, and soon after began to feel the blighting hand of poverty. Our money was exhausted, and we had recourse to the box of jewels. The trinkets had disappeared, one after the other, for a tenth part of their value. Every thing at length was gone, except the miniature, which your mother constantly wore concealed in her bosom, and which has been the humble

instrument in the hands of the Almighty, in leading to the discovery of my child. Starvation now stared us in the face. To procure the necessaries of life, I contracted some small debts, and I was in arrears with the owner of our hovel. Our creditors became clamorous, and to save myself from dragging out a life in a debtor's prison, I fled to the Continent. It was agreed between your mother and myself that I should first proceed to Edinburgh and make a personal application to a relative who resided there. This relative was my father's brother. I had written to him several times representing my situation, but without effect; on reaching Edinburgh, I succeeded in obtaining an interview with him. He gave me a few hundred pounds, and said he would remit to me two hundred pounds per annum if I would promise to remain on the Continent, and not again return to Scotland. To this I readily consented, and having written to your mother I set off immediately for Calais. My first care on landing was to procure a person to proceed to Scotland to conduct my wife and child to Boulogne, where I proposed to reside. My evil destiny led me to a house of Jacques Henri who recommended the man, Quin, as a person worthy of trust, who had been in his service from his childhood. I dispatched him to Scotland to bring my treasures, and trusted him money to satisfy my creditors. His absence was shorter than even my impatience had calculated upon, but, alas! he returned alone. He told me that on finding that I had made my escape, my wife was driven from her home by her inhuman landlord, and had to wander with her child in her arms towards the coast, where she embarked in a small vessel bound for Edinburgh; that the vessel had been wrecked, and that both mother and child had perished.

"Frantic with grief, I cursed myself as the cause of their destruction; a raging fever seized me, and, for many weeks, I was in a state of unconsciousness, varied only by violent paroxysms of delirium. When reason returned, I found myself in an asylum for the insane. The governor of the institution informed me, that soon after the commencement of my illness, Quin had absconded, taking with him every thing that I possessed. On expressing a wish to see Fleuri, I was told that he, also, had disappeared from that part of the country, having been connected in some dishonest dealings.

"Owing to the humanity of persons who attended me in the Asylum, I was soon restored to comparative health, and was declared to be no longer a fit object for their benevolent care.

"Having informed my uncle, by letter, of the situation in which I was placed, he remitted my first year's allowance, and with a broken heart and weakened constitution I set off for Paris, with the intention of pursuing the profession of an artist, the melancholy under which I labored rendering me quite unfit for the duties of a more active life. My days were now spent in the Louvre and various schools of painting; and my sole delight was in embodying on canvas, in every variety of attitude and costume, the image of her whom I had lost.

"I soon acquired some celebrity as a painter; my portraits of women were pronounced angels, and when it was too late to afford me any satisfaction, I found myself in easy circumstances, surrounded, too, by a circle of admiring friends.

"But my good fortune did not stop here; my love for painting having led me

to travel through Italy; chance threw me, at Naples, into the society of the Marchese Montefiore, my maternal grandfather. The Marchese was an ardent admirer of the fine arts. For many years he had been stung with remorse for his harsh conduct to my mother, and his fondness for me now increased daily—we became, indeed, inseparable—and, on condition of my dropping the name of Percy and assuming his own, he received me as the heir to his title and estates.

“And now,” said the Marchese, “for I hope my beloved child will never again require me to resume this painful subject, it only remains for me to tell you that this morning, after Quin, or, as he now calls himself, Baldone had been tried on the second indictment and sentenced to banishment for life, I obtained an interview with him in his cell, and by means of bribery I extorted from him in the presence of Lord Eversham and Mr. Allerton, a full confession of the atrocities which he had committed against me and my child.

“He confessed that, instead of proceeding to Scotland, he had, with the sum of money with which I had entrusted him, set off for Paris.

“While there, he saw by accident in a Scotch newspaper an account of the shipwreck, and the advertisement inserted by Mr. Allerton. He returned, as if from Scotland, with his dreadful tale, suppressing his knowledge of your existence, in the hope that it would give him the power at a future time to extort money.

“Having robbed me, as I have already mentioned, he embarked for Scotland, and taking up his residence in the town where Mr. Allerton resided he had the satisfaction of knowing you had been adopted by the Countess of Dudley. This was even more than he had dared to hope for; but it was very long before he was able to carry his schemes into effect—his villainy for a time defeating its own purpose—for having been found guilty of a highway robbery and attempt to murder, he was transported for fourteen years. I need not tell you how soon, on his return to England, he began to work out his nefarious design.”

Here the Marchese paused, and here, also, we will pause, awhile, leaving the happiness of the trio to the reader's imagination. There are, however, a few individuals connected with the Tale, over whose future destinies many an eye of interest will yet be turned, and, to them, it is purposed to appropriate the following—the concluding—chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

“If from a human heart he win
A love devoid of guile and sin,
A love for ever kind and pure,
A love to suffer and endure,
Unalterably firm and great
Amid the angry storms of fate,
For ever young, for ever new,
For ever passionate and true—
This gained, all wo is past, all joy begun,
Heaven is our hope, Eternity is won.” *Mackay's Salamandrine.*

A FEW weeks after the dramatic incidents recorded in the last chapter, two lovely brides stood at the altar of St. George's church, Hanover-square—one was Louisa

Montefiore—the other, Margaret Bouverie. The style of their beauty was as different as their future paths in life. Louisa was graceful, beautiful and dignified; her life was to be spent in courts and palaces, and, wherever she moved, the young and lovely Countess of Eversham was the star of fashion—the admirer of all.

Margaret, pale, gentle and interesting, glided through life the beloved and happy wife of Major, afterwards General, Howard. A few weeks after the death of Sir James, Lady Mary accidentally met with a boy-officer in the Guards, with whose budding mustachoes she forthwith became enamored. Unwilling to outrage decorum in her own country, she took him to Paris in her suite, and a few months after the events which we have described they were married at the house of the British Ambassador.

The Countess kept her promise to William Allerton by presenting him with a valuable living in the gift of her father, and the young man's talents soon raised him to a bishoprick.

The Fairfaxes having lost the countenance of Lady Dudley by their narrow-minded and unfeeling conduct to Louisa, gradually tumbled from the place in society which they had acquired only through her influence, and sunk to their original level.

As Allerton's talents became known to the world by his conspicuous position, men began to wonder how they could so long have been blinded by Sir George's shallowness. Even the weakest minds resent deception, and Sir George, who daily became more bitter and sarcastic, was universally shunned and despised.

It is almost needless to say, that the Count never appeared to claim the fair hand of Miss Fairfax, who, true to his memory, remained unwedded. The uncharitable portion of her female friends said she never had another offer; but rather would we ascribe her single-blessedness to the strong attachment which, after the defection of the Count, she evinced for the brute creation. Rare indeed is the man who likes to share the affection of his mistress with dogs and canary-birds.

No young Riddell ever appeared to blight the fortunes of Dora, but as Mrs. Riddell was dutiful to her husband in life, so also was she faithful to him in death. She bequeathed to him all her property, on condition that he would marry Dorothea Hobbs Fairfax, a condition with which he complied, much to the satisfaction of all parties.

The Earl of Somerville lived to extreme old age; but his mind, which for so many years had been the seat of evil passions, never recovered its tone. The blighting influence of hatred and irascibility had withered his once noble and generous spirit, and though the beauty and sweetness of his grand-daughter would sometimes win him to transient cheerfulness, the iron of remorse had entered into his soul. He accused himself as the cause of the premature death of his first-born, and when the dark cloud was on his mind, he prayed earnestly that Heaven might grant him that pardon which he had denied to his penitent child.

THE PAUPER'S GRAVE.

BY EDWARD DANIELL, Esq.

I heard the deep funereal bell,
 Boom fitly over glade and dell;
 I saw a motley throng appear,
 In humble garb,—with humble bier,
 But there was not an eye that wept,
 For her who in that confine slept;
 Devoid of sorrow was each face
 That gazed upon her resting place.
 No plate to tell from whence she came,
 No record of her age and name;
 No tinsel deck't the coffin round,
 Whose glitter mocks the dark cold ground;
 Oh! dark and devious had she trod
 Her way through life,—no friend—save God!
 Strangers were they who smooth'd her bed
 And calm'd her throes,—and watch'd her dead.
 Yet, though the pageants of the great
 Wait not upon her lowly state,
 Yet shall she sleep—and *moulder* too
 As long and free, as great ones do,
 And the cold turf which wraps her form,
 Shall hide her from the pelting storm,
 And grass shall grow, and flowrets wave
 Around the silent.—Pauper's Grave.

ON THE DEATH OF AN IDIOT.

BY MISS E. F. HAMILTON.

When from the vanquish'd power of the tomb,
 Nations are summoned to eternal doom—
 And through the air, and from the yawning grave,
 From falling mountains, and the burning wave,
 One cry ariseth—"Save! in mercy, save!"
 What shall *thy* fate, unconscious spirit! be?
 Can'st *thou* awake to immortality?
 Resume the honors forfeit at thy birth,
 "The glorious image," that was crush'd on earth?
 Or, will *THY* MAKER back to chaos fling
 The lost, degraded, separated thing:
 From his renewed creation blot thy name,
 And bid annihilation hide the shame?
 Vain thoughts! presumptuous pride of reason, cease—
 "FATHER OF SPIRITS!" govern mine in peace—
 Brighter or less, the light vouchsafed to me,
 Oh! may it ever with God's laws agree;
 He shall protect the treasure *HE* has given,
 And guide it safely to its home in Heaven.

LAUNCELOT HOPETOWN,
THE HERMIT OF THE TEMPLE.

BY JOHN LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

LAUNCELOT HOPETOWN was an individual of good family who lived in single-blessedness, on an independence of about one hundred and forty pounds a year, in Brick-court, Temple. In all other localities known to civilized 'creation, it is essential to the respectability of those inhabiting them that they should certainly not dwell above the second floor, and that the apartments should be what an unprejudiced and rightly constructed mind would regard as *furnished*. Young gentlemen, however, such as our friend Launcelot, who reside in Inns of Court, are so *abstractedly* respectable that they may either live in the back garret or down the areas of houses, comforted by no more furniture than characterizes the well-swept yard of a country Inn, —yet be respectable—nay, even distinguished. Their chairs may have no seats, yet the antiquity of the family origin be indisputable; their tables may be rickety, yet their own good-footing in society never doubted; everything within their houses may be of the more comfortless and meagre insufficiency, yet are they always regarded as distinguished—quite gentlemen. In truth, there is an *appearance* about the situation of their domiciles. Let, indeed, a young fellow of some education, on finding himself about to start in the world with no other stock in trade than some hundred or two quotations from Virgil, a smattering of Thomas à Kempis, and half an ode or so of Anacreon or Catullus; let him but contrive to take Chambers in *The Temple* and, whether he be a student-at-law or not, it will be at once evident to all parties that he is eating his terms—tailors will instinctively contract the idea that his father or guardian is a man well-off in the world, the laundress, being herself propitiated, will propitiate the keeper of the lodge, and a sort of artificial reputation will then be made for the young gentleman, by which, unless he be too impolitic and honest, he may lay the foundation of his after prosperity and live, in the meantime, with scarcely a greater amount of ready cash than might suffice for the elegant maintenance of Romeo's apothecary.

In Brick-court, in *The Temple*, then, very poor, but, in the eyes of the laundress, the beadle and the lodge-keeper, rich enough, lived Launcelot Hopetown, aged about twenty-four, a very smally made, very high-voiced, very melancholy, very sickly and a very strange young man, "rayther"—(in the opinion of Mrs. Drabber, the laundress)—"rayther," and as she spoke that word, Mrs. D. compressed her lips, closed her eyes, nodded her head, and put the tip of her forefinger to her forehead.

In an elegant, ready-furnished first-floor in Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly, lived Thomas Tabbs, Esq., "a gay young fellow, full on mirth and full on glee," who differed with his friend Hopetown in everything. It is true that Tabbs, also, was a strange young man, but then all his eccentricities were diametrically the reverse of the other's. If Tabbs were noisy, the other was silence itself; if active, the other was lazy; if fearless, the other was timid; if healthful, the other was weakly; and if not to be found fault with on the score of the possession of two much modesty, the other was bashfulness itself.

Tabbs was poorer than Hopetown, though he had four times his income; but Tom's wants were, indeed, fifty times as many. He *lived*; Hopetown only vegetated—and as the keep of a pony is more expensive than the culture of a carrot, so Tabbs required more to live on than his friend.

Tabbs's kindred were people of distinction and wealth; all of them, in worldly stores, what some termed "offensively better off than himself;" which conviction assuaged the torture of any scruples which he might otherwise have entertained, in always having an account open with every member of his family, from the fashionable physician—his father—to the brown-wigged and amiable antique—his senior existing ancestor and great aunt—by whose fondness it was that Tom was enabled to sport his cab and even indulge, now and then, in the more influential proprietorship of a positive curricule.

When our story commences, Tom was at the very zenith of his aunt's good favor; and a rare time he was having of it.

No two young men differed more materially than Hopetown and Tabbs—yet the man on town and the recluse were always glad to see each other, and no common friendship existed between them. Now it had often struck Tom that Hopetown was going on in the right way to be compelled, eventually and very shortly, to "lay down his knife and fork," as he expressed it—that he was moping himself to death. He determined, therefore, with a zeal of friendship at once pleasing and sublime to draw him out of his melancholies and "unwholesome morality of conduct," and to see what good might be done him by a course of impropriety and change of scene.

On the day preceding the commencement of the Ascot Races of the present year Tom Tabbs bounced into his friend's chambers in Brick-court.

"Ah! Tabbs!" sighed Launcelot, feebly, and without rising from the sofa upon which he was half-reclining when his friend entered—"Is that you?"

"It is, my dear fellow," replied Tom, smacking his gloves upon the table, and placing his hat on the adjacent head of a plaster cast of Sir Humphrey Davy. "It is, my dear fellow, the amiable, the irresistible Tabbs, borne on the wings of friendship, from the paradise of Piccadilly slap-bang through the smoky black jaws of Temple-Bar into the boggy town-domain of Nick and Nox, to redeem from the filthy air thereof, Hopetown, the fallen angel. How's your mother?"

When Tom had finished the above rattling piece of information, he suddenly em-

barked on a vigorous attempt at the double-shuffle, while Hopetown felt like a man whom some unseen power had been turning round, half an hour or so, upon a music-stool. His knowledge of the geography of his apartment was gone ; he scarcely knew where he was, or who was with him, but instinctively observed in a tone of mingled reply and remonstrance, " What can I do for you ; Tom ? "

" Do for me ! Confer the deepest obligation in the world. At The Temple-gate in Fleet-street stands my curricule, the emblem, with the two blood-horses of an aunt's meritorious attachment to a deserving nephew. Jump into it with me, and I'll drive you to Ascot ; stop there with you the week—the races you know—and drive you back again to your native bricks and mortar and misery as soon afterwards as you wish. Man of morbid mood, what say you ? "

" Tom," answered Hopetown, smiling languidly and solemnly, " Tom—the journey would kill me ! "

" Journey ! kill you ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! Tut, man ! when you get a couple of miles beyond Hyde Park, you'll feel a glow all over you, for all the world as if you had been rubbed down with a blanket. Nothing can possibly do you so much good. Come ; I'll ring the bell and give orders to prepare. Nay, my dear friend, I'll take no refusal. Mark me," added Tom, if you persist in not going, I'll instantly drive down to the club and invite some dozen of the merriest blades in the world to take bread-and-cheese with you. Sir Harvey shall bring his bugle with him, and Mark O'Bang, who plays with sweet taste on the gong, shall be one of the party ! I'll let loose the blood-hounds of fun upon you in your very hermitage.

" Desperate ! Now, that's good—Powerful in the extreme ! Why you appear to regard a trip of twenty miles, in the light of a polar expedition. Then, make your will, man ; embrace old Drabber for the last time ; write a suicidal letter to your relations and face the doubts and dangers of the high-road with becoming *spartanacity*. Not a bad word that, by the bye ;—great minds require an extension of the language. But, come ! Be aware, man, that thou hast joints, blood in thy veins and marrow in thy bones ; intellect to conceive and strength to act. Make haste, or we shall not arrive at our journey's end before midnight.

" Here's a pretty longish murder, I see," added Tom, taking up the current number of *The Times*, an " express from Liverpool," an " Awful Instance of the Chemical Properties of Carroway Seed," and " a brace or two of Americanisms." Be off, then, slow and singular individual, and by the time I've skimmed it all over from " Direct to Bombay, the Betsy"—down to " John Joseph Lawson, &c.," " you'll be ready for the starting ; " and as the astonished Hopetown left the apartment, Tom administered a diminutive pinch of " 37 " unto his either nostril, and, pirouetting into a contiguous easy chair, at once applied his mind to the ephemeral literature of the day.

Hopetown's preparations for the trip to Ascot were certainly somewhat singular. One of the things of which he had been from his infancy afraid was a cold ; another, an ejectionment from a carriage or vehicle of any sort ; a third a crowd, a fourth sleep-

ing in a strange room, and the fifth, sixth and seventh, and so on up to the hundredth, were all those things connected with any other state of being than that of sitting in his own legitimate chamber, secure in the constant contiguity of the benign Drabber. He felt, however, that it was of no use for him to attempt to resist Tabbs's persuasions. Go, he must. "That Tom," thought he, "if he chose, could persuade me to ride a steeple-chase on a dromedary. I can't help it." — So Mrs. Drabber had instructions to prepare for her master's departure.

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. D——, with inward fervor. "What is the world a-going to come to?"

Having secured the service of one of those *genii loci* of The Temple—a ragged, little boy, fleshy in his affirmed starvation and impudently plethoric, who ran any where for gentlemen, and took care that their horses should run no where, Mrs. D—— began to "put the chaise in order," while Hopetown was dressing. Not a thing did Mrs. D—— forget; from the pillow to the pill-box, nothing was forgotten. Faithful was she, also, in all those little matters which so endeared her to her master. In the various pockets were "stuff" for his cough, and "stuff for his nerves, with a little laudanum and a little sticking plaster, a square yard of lint (in case of an upset, as Tom afterwards supposed), not to mention a little brandy, and a few cakes (manufactured by the tender fingers of the domestic Drabber), and nine or ten bottles containing various liquids, the which it was important that he should have at hand because he might *want* them, although there might be no earthly doubt that he would *no*'.

The curriele having been "made comfortable," as Mrs. Drabber expressed it, and Hopetown having satisfactorily equipped himself, he entered the apartment in which he had left his friends, followed by Mrs. Drabber, who felt proud to have him under her wing until she had seen him off. Now, Hopetown's appearance was exactly that of a walking feather-bed. Naturally about the size of a corpulent tobacco-pipe, science and dread of catching cold had transformed him into a paragon of abundant humanity. He looked, indeed, very like a legitimate "Jarvey" of the old school, an unwieldy lump of weighty woollen, moving slowly and laboriously, and made, as it seemed to be, literally, part and parcel of those dowager-looking coach-boxes, which characterised the ample vehicles of fifty years ago.

When Hopetown entered, Tom was evidently, what may be emphatically termed, "taken aback." For the minute, Tom hardly knew him, but when Hopetown said, "I'm ready;" his high, thin and pathetic voice at once assured his friend of his identity.

"Packed up for travelling, and no mistake," exclaimed Tom, laughing heartily. "A bale of mysterious goods to perplex the custom-house! What the people will think I'm taking to Ascot, is not for a moment to be guessed at! Some padded figure for a pantomime, or an Egyptian mummy, Frankensteined into a kind of counterfeit vitality!—Suddenly swollen individual! how many coats have you on?"

"Only four, sir," replied Mrs. Drabber, to save her master the exhaustion of a reply. He always wears *three*, and he can easy take the extra one off, after abit, if so be as he don't feel chilly, Sir," and Mrs. Drabber bobbed half a dozen courtesies, as she came to the end of her sentence, by way of apology for the suggestion.

Tabbs, who had a serious side, tho' it was infinitely smaller than his merry one, after he had reflected for an instant on his friend's appearance, instead of continuing to laugh and joke, looked rather melancholy. There was really something pathetic in his friend's timidity and excessive incompetence to anything. Very shortly, however, Tom's joviality got the better of his melancholies ; for giving Hopetown a slap on the back which would have knocked him down had it not been for the weight of his habiliments, " Well, my man," cried he, " how shall we get you into the curricule ? By all that's whimsical, Hopetown, it wouldn't be a bad plan if you could go on castors ! As it is, I suppose your body must, as it were, be *persuaded* up to The Temple-gate, with a gentle, tender, and by no means impetuous supporting of it, Mrs. Drabber on the one side, and I on the other. So, to business, Mrs. Drabber, if you please. Take care you don't lose your equilibrium, my clothes'-pole. Keep this side upwards, as they say about glass. Now, then ;" and as Tom, with a facetious affectation of solemnity took hold of his friend's arm, Hopetown very slowly elevated his mouth about half an inch above the horizon of his comforter, and boldly declared it to be his opinion that he could reach the curricule without any other assistance.

" You don't say so !" exclaimed Tom. " So much the better ' miracles will never cease. Don't be rash, however. Use all gently. A man, you know, with four great coats on, is in an artificial state."

" Have you got the umbrella, Mrs. Drabber ?" enquired Hopetown, feebly muttering through his comforter.

" Yes, Sir,—it's quite safe in the carriage, and the bottle's in the right hand pocket."

" Bottle !" exclaimed Tom, " what's in it ?"

" Only water, sir," said Mrs. D.

" For the feet," again muttered Hopetown. " I find that keeping the feet warm materially promotes the muscular action of the stomach."

" *Do you !* Odd enough," answered Tom, whose attention was attracted (as they reached the slight declivity which leads into Fleet-street) to his friend's apparently exhausted condition. " You've not been accustomed to travel in mountainous countries, I perceive. However you may admire the painters of Italy, the glaciers of Switzerland would perplex you. We shall soon reach the summit, however. But, perhaps, you'll take a rest here ?"

" Thank'ee," mumbled Hopetown feebly ; and instantly and practically coinciding in the expediency of availing himself of the suggestion, by embracing an adjacent post with all that deep cordiality of feeling which illuminates the eye of a fond father when caressing a beloved child.

" Only let me get rid of the old woman," thought Tom, " and deposit my friend in the curricule, and if I don't give him a lesson in medicine, such as he never had before, call me not the inextinguishable Tabbs : he, accordingly, waited very patiently till Hopetown " got the steam up again," and " the balloon being inflated," suggested another " instalment of progressive." Hopetown acceded through his comforter, and, in five minutes, the trio were in Fleet-street.

It was now Tom's fate to be again astonished, for the interior of his curricule, with

the exception of "a rasher of seat," as he termed it, for himself, had been fairly converted into a bed-pillow groaned on pillow; flannel was heaped on flannel; and the pockets, on either side, bulged out like the swollen cheeks of a well-fed and vocal cherubim.

"Never mind!" said Tom to himself, "only let me get him off, fairly, out of the atmosphere of his eccentricities and the Drabberian influence, and if I don't turn him excessively inside out, denominate me not the unapproachable Tabbs?"

After a time, they got Hopetown in. Mrs. Drabber's expression of countenance closely resembled that of the Spanish gentleman when he discovered the Pacific Ocean, from the Isthmus of Darien. *He* had discovered an ocean, *she* had got her master into a curricule. They were both instruments in the accomplishment of great deeds.

Tom very quickly vaulted into his seat. In an instant his tiger let go the horses' heads, the whip was in his master's uplifted hand, the booted and attendant little Sam had gained his seat behind, and Tom was just about to start, when the lively-minded Drabber arrested his attention by screaming in a shrill insanity of vigor, "S—i—r! S—i—r!" and then stepping up to the side of the restless curricule, almost breathless, she observed, as she placed in the hand of succumbent Hopetown a little, silver-paper packet, about the size of a Barcelona nut, "I'd almost forgotten it, sir."

"What's that!" asked Tom.

The wool sighed Hopetown. "Sometimes I suffer so from the ear-ache."

"Devilish unpleasant!" replied Tom, with something of a sneer, and catching the off horse on the right ear. "Devilish unpleasant!"

Off they went—Hopetown swinging suddenly back with a force that made the anxious Drabber scream again.

"Now, then, for the Western Provinces," merrily exclaimed Tom, and as he flogged the two chargers briskly, the very wind in their faces seemed crying at the rivaling speed at which the curricule skimmed down the street.

The reader will now at once perceive that Hopetown was at the mercy of "the desperate Tom;" and, 'desperate,' Tom undoubtedly was, as far as regarded the peculiar kind of remedial measures which he intended to adopt to induce his friend to alter his course of life and become "a new man." Compassion for Hopetown's imbecility had never entered Tom's heart, for he thought all his illness imaginary, such stuff as dreams are made of, and most easily to be surmounted by severe treatment, severe, *perhaps brutal*, but wholesome. Poor Hopetown! Even Tom, who could have persuaded him to ride on a dromedary, could *not* have seduced him into leaving his home and Mrs. Drabber, had he any forethought of the game that was about to be played him—how he was about to be dragged from place to place with a demoniacal swiftness—to remain up till daylight, and, finally, get into beds of a doubtful dryness, and in rooms suggestive, because dark and unfamiliar, of the

Mysteries of Udolpho. How he was to be compelled to eat all sorts of things, cooked he did not know by whom; and the public mind red-hot, too, with the romantic misfortune of Madame Laffarge! How he should have to sit "in draughts" and "too near fires;" and "with damp feet;" and "the window open and no flannel-cap on!" "How he should have to reside among people who did *not* use warming-pans in July;" who entered apartments with a cruel suddenness, and a noise so widely different from that Drabberian considerateness of tread which the old woman probably inherited from her mother, who was a pew-opener! "How, in short, he was to be made to live like other animals—*having* feelings and *causing* feelings—and not exist like a mere snail or potatoe, covered up, or with eyes that see not."—Oh! if Hopetown had had it even suggested to him, that Tom was going to turn him inside out, he would not have left Brick-court for half an hour.—As it was, he was doomed, or, as Tom himself expressed it, "done—and all the better for it—like a mutton-chop."

When our heroes arrived at Richmond—Tom had driven on purpose out of his direct road—he drew up with a sudden jerk at what George Robins would call "a very desirable residence on the brow of the hill."

"What are you going to do now, Tom," enquired Hopetown, in a voice somewhat exhilarated into audility, by the idea that he was going to have a rest.

"Nothing particular," replied Tom with a gay indifference to his friend's anxiety. "Never heard me speak of O'Rumpus? The very best fellow in the world—a personification of the concentrated virtues and excellencies of Chrichton, Shakspeare, Tom Spring, Socrates, Alderman Thompson, Bayard, Captain Morris, Bishop Berkeley, Alfred the Great, Jack Reeve and the Colossus at Rhodes—lives here! Got a lion and a wolf; a pleasing sprinkling of bull-dogs and an Hyæna! Quite domestic and such a pet! Come! jump down at once. We can't stop long. 'Tis quite a treat. They run about the room, you know, just like the offspring of human lions."

"No cages—!" gasped the half-suffocated Hopetown. "Loose!"

"Cages! Horrid restrictions," sneered Tom. "Loose as larks, and when they know you placid as pigeons. O'Rumpus didn't like it at first. The lion seemed uneasy, you know, and one of the bull-dogs was always smelling at his calf, but now, the feelings between him and them have ripened into quite a friendship. Still he's rigorous. You'll perceive that he always keeps a fire in the room—"

"What's that for?" breathed out Hopetown.

"For a red-hot poker. All children require correction at times. As my father used to say, when he flogged me, 'Tom, it hurts my feelings, but I am a parent!' *Dear* parent! He then began flogging me harder than ever, and told me it hurt his feelings more than it did mine; strange delusion!—O'Rumpus calls the poker a pill! Not a bad idea is it? When any one of them behaves badly at meal-time, he whips the poker out of its native fire and shoves it into the animal's mouth; or perhaps, merely sings its nose!"

Hopetown looked like a dead man trying to laugh. "Well, I'll tell you what it is," said he, after a long and agonised pause. "As I've not—as I've not the pleasure of Mr. O'Rumpus's acquaintance, *I'll not intrude*. Don't let me deprive you of the pleasure of going. I don't mind how long I wait, because I've got "Blow on Asthma" in my pocket, and "Screwface on Cramp" in the boot, and I shan't think it long. No: excuse me, I can't *think* even of intruding on Mr. O'Rumpus. It would not, indeed, be pleasant to my feelings."

Tom found that he had too greatly exaggerated the freedom of the members of Mr. O'Rumpus's menagerie. All about the bull-dogs was true, and there was a tame lion, but the rest were caged—and the red-hot poker was not in the fire, but only in Tom's head. No persuasion of his, however, would induce Hopetown to alight; so Tom promised to be only a minute or so, and rang at the gate bell. Very shortly, it was opened to him, and as he entered it was closed after him. Hopetown breathed more freely.

Will the reader have the goodness to suppose a vast and tremendous drum, always being struck by two giants, of some musical taste, with huge one-hundred-weight-of brass drum-sticks. It was inside this sort of drum that Tom's friend, the Hon. Rory O'Rumpus, passed his days—the most uproarious and noise-loving fellow that ever gave his grandmother a headache, or took warning from his landlady for singing hunting-songs in bed, two hours after midnight. Handsome and well put together, O'Rumpus was six feet high, with hands about the size of boxing gloves; legs like those in the Elgin Marble-room at the British Museum; and a foot singularly adapted to one of those extraordinary gilt Hessian-boots, which do fixed duty over the shop fronts of contemporary sons of Crispin. His voice was that of the north-wind; his smile the momentary lightning of the dark-night's tempest—and his manners those of one of the lamented giants at Guildhall, a little refined by the habitual atmosphere of a drawing-room and the yeast of two or three years at Oxford. His limbs were every one of them large in proportion, and his strength tremendous. In short, he was, to all intents and purposes, what may be called a folio edition of a man.

Thus pre-eminently qualified to be the very *beau-ideal* of "a man on town"—young, rich, handsome, well-descended, strong, active and good-natured; fond of punch, batchelors' parties and all those peculiar pleasures which are the reverse of short-whist—always-stop-at-home-of-an-eveningism, sago, domestic economy—and seildizt powders, Mr. O'Rumpus might have been supposed not to be over nice in his language, and rather addicted to drinking; with the moral gold, as it were, of his gentlemanly blood and fine nature, darkened to the color of tarnished brass by an habitual carelessness for respect of his equals and a love of the admiration of the least principled of his inferiors. But this was not O'Rumpus. He had about him that fine Irish freshness of nature, which is as peculiar to the sons of Erin, as is their predisposition to indulge in homicide without knowing it. He had the strength of a giant, and knew how and when to use it. He was, therefore, courageous. Those

that knew him not, however, would often call him coward; for, unlike an Irishman, he seldom took notice of even an obvious insult, if he could possibly help it; and the kind of fighting to which he gave his preference was fighting "shy." Woe betide the unlucky wight, however, of whom he did fall foul. Rory, too, neither exhibited the weakness of using oaths, nor was known to be intoxicated above once or twice a quarter—"and so as just to keep his hand in," as he called it. He was a right hearty gentleman, and one after Tabbs's own heart. How Hopetown liked him will be seen presently.

Rory was delighted to see Tom. They shook hands with a vigor of affection that might have dislocated the arm of a common man—it was like the friendly greeting of two enthusiastic pump-handles.

"And, pray what might bring you here, Tom," enquired Rory.

"The identical vehicle which I trust will take you to Ascot," replied his friend. "My curricule. The fact is I am engaged in a philosophical experiment."

"To what end! An experiment to mollify all sects and creeds into a society of tolerance, that mankind shall all live in brotherly love; or to condense Tories, Conservatives, Whigs, Whig-Radicals, Radicals and Chartists into a kind of political Lake-Leman—a vast sheet of reposing sweetness?"

"Which or both; either of which, both, or neither?"

"Neither, my dear fellow. I am about to endeavour to manufacture a man?"

"And what may be your materials and tools?"

"As for tools they are my wits—I flatter myself edged-tools: my materials are difficult to describe. To cut the metaphorical, however, who do you think I've got waiting for me in the curricule?"

"Your groom, perhaps—for I can't suppose you have a friend outside any garden walls belonging to me, "provided always and be it farther enacted," as the saying is, that it's amiable proprietor is inside."

"Nay, he wouldn't come in. 'Tis Hopetown, whom you have so often heard me mention. I'm going to renovate him, and want you to help me."

"Whom do you mean? The barrister in the bud, of whom I've so often heard you speak? The deuce! And why won't he come in."

"Why, I mentioned your Exete-rchange, you know; somewhat exaggerated it, perhaps, in that strange perplexity which I have to fun. It were as easy to harpoon a whale with a glance from Laura Mildmay's eye, as to get him in. Therefore, I do suggest, put on your hat, give your purse a luncheon, and join us in the curricule—we're going to Ascot."

"What! Mr. Hopetown going with you?"

"Just so. My experiment, man!" I'm about to alter him, as the tailors say. Take him in a little bit here, and let him out a little bit there, and turn him, and take a bit of one part of him and put it on another. In short, you understand me I intend to make him one of us. He's an excellent fellow—a Lord Chancellor in

the grub, I assure you—but mopes, mopes, mopes, all day long—so that his mind has become at last quite negative, like a basin of gruel.”

“ Ha! Ha! The idea takes me. Go! I’ll be off with you in the snatch of a bulldog’s jaw-bone, my dear Tabbs. Wait here five minutes and I’ll join you. Run over that MS. of mine. ‘Tis an “ Essay on the Right Treatment of Lions Tails.” You’ll find it quite a sponge of interest.”

Let us for a moment join Hopetown, whom we left in the curricie.

We have said that Launcelot was timid. In evading danger, however, to make use of a paradox, he was very courageous. He would encounter *any chances* of danger to avoid a certain peril; how, therefore, was it, then, that he began to reflect on the expedition upon which he had entered. Tom Tabbs’s absence left him to coil within the shell of his own nature and peculiarities, and thus, for the first ten minutes after Tom left him, Hopetown continued buried in thought.

Sam—the tiger—was all this time taken up with the horses. Directly a master leaves his groom with the carriage, the latter invariably commences a kind of affectionate communication with the animals. He next adjusts their bits, arranges their manes, inspects their hoofs, considerably, with the eye of a veterinary shoe-maker, and pats them on the shoulders, while their noses are affectionately buried in his shirt-front. The horses are, in fact, his hobby. Sam took as little notice, therefore, of Hopetown, as the latter did for some time of Sam. Hopetown shortly evinced symptoms of uneasiness, however. He was restless, so that the curricie bobbed up and down as he moved. This drew Sam’s attention.

“ How many miles is Ascot from here,” asked Hopetown, hesitatingly, and as feebly as ever.

“ Don’t know the road, sir,” replied Sam, popping his finger up to his hat, as though just to ascertain whether or not it was on his head.

“ Oh,” remarked Hopetown, coolly. “ What’s o’clock ?”

“ Har-harter—ten, sir,” said Tom, with another pop up of his fingers and jerking his watch, knowingly, from its fob.

A pause.

Hopetown, the physiognomist would have now perceived, was laboring with his thoughts—struggling to give utterance to vast and tremendous feelings. Sam inspected another brace of hoofs, and applied his mind to the science of catching flies on the backs of the horses.

The fact was, Hopetown wanted to *go home again*;—in other words, to *give Tabbs the slip*! This, without the consent of Sam he felt would be impossible. His difficulty was how to break the matter to that smallest of domestics, without sacrificing his personal dignity. It quickly suggested itself to him, “ to plead sudden illness.” Sam, thought he, will then run in for his master;—“ to plead that he had left something behind him”—that was absurd;—“ to *bribe* Sam into becoming a party to the

escape." How could he set about that? What could he say or do by way of commencing the attempt?

Here ensued a longer pause than before.

At last—"Sam!" said Hopetown, rather more audibly than he was accustomed to speak, and with some little spirit "Sam!"

"Yez-zir!" cried Sam.

"Are you a lad of any sensibility—can you sympathise with a gentleman who tells you that he is in a condition of considerable bodily ailment and mental anxiety. Do you?" Hopetown now felt that he had broken the ice, as it were; that he *had* committed himself; he was, therefore, proceeding boldly on, Sam all the time standing stock-still by the side of the vehicle, torpid with mystification, and his mouth as wide open as that of a pickle jar. "Do you hear, Samuel, what I say to you."

"Yez-zir!" said Sam, with that professional quickness which was instinctive with him and again touching his hat.

"Samuel, I'm not fit to go to Ascot," continued the almost exhausted Hopetown, "and, Sam, I'll give—I'll give you—ten pounds if you'll—"

It was too late, however. To Hopetown's horror he saw Tabbs and his friend coming down the garden-walk. It was all over. He deeply felt that it was. There was no chance for him! His fate was sealed.

Sam, hearing his master's voice, ran to the horses' heads.

"Here we are, my dear lad!" cried Tabbs, issuing from the gateway, and accompanied by Rory O'Rumpus, who was equipped for the journey and was smoking a Meerschaum pipe mightily adapted in size for the mouth-piece of an ogre. "Mr. Hopetown, 'the Honorable Mr. Rumpus;' 'the Honorable Mr. Rumpus, Mr. Hopetown!'"

"How d'ye do, sir?" faintly articulated Hopetown, as he accepted the proffered cordiality of O'Rumpus's huge hand, the gripe of which paralysed his efforts at any farther observation.

"Delighted to see you, sir!" said Rumpus, vaulting into the curricule over the door, and scientifically depositing himself beside Hopetown. "Hope we shall have a fine day of it, and a merry one; it bids fair, does it not? Neither too hot nor too cold, but the pleasing atmospheric medium. Exquisite day, to be sure, Tabbs! How do you manage? Will you have one of my horses, or is there room here?"

"Plenty. I hate riding," replied Tabbs; "its so unsociable. When it is friendship that squeezes, what's a little squeezing?" added Tabbs, getting in.

"Nothing whatever—a pleasing sacrifice at the altar of sympathy," replied O'Rumpus, making way for him. "Is it not, Mr. Hopetown?—a little further, if you please, sir."

"Very pleasing, sir," answered the invalid, as audibly as the suffocation would permit his utterance.

Tom soon had the reins and whip in hand, and in another minute they were off, Rory puffing away from the meerschaum to such an extent that it gave the vehicle, to the distant spectator, the appearance of a steam-engine. Hopetown, jammed in as tight as a cork in a bottle of soda-water—and Tabbs, elevated above the others on

his throne of office, glad in the "nice conduct" of his steed, and the success he had so far met with in the progress of his experiment.

Let us pass over the arrival at Ascot—the night our three heroes slept there—or, rather, that *two* of them did (for Hopetown's anxieties murdered *his* repose), and every thing that happened to them, until we find them all three at breakfast at Ascot the day following.

Their breakfast, Rory declared, had been a glorious one ; Tabbs echoed the sentiment : they had neither of them ever felt happier. Poor Hopetown, even, despite his sleepless night and disturbed mind, really looked better than he had for many years. Tom told him so, and Rory declared that he appeared to him the "very picture of flourishing health ; *mens sana in corpore sano*, as the Latin grammar so powerfully has it, Mr. Hopetown."

"Do you know," said Hopetown, while they were at breakfast, "this milk is much better than we get in town?"

Rory winked at Tom. "That's the first step," whispered the former, aside, "to the consummation so devoutly to be wished."

"Milk better!" echoed Tom ; "every thing's better. The *water* of this vicinity is the milk of the metropolis. Don't you find the bacon excellent? I thought so. The minds of the pigs about here are so free from care! And the eggs?—To be sure!—See how happy all the hens look! Bless you, Hopetown!—God bless you, my dear boy!—I'm delighted to see you enjoy your breakfast. Take some wine—here!"—and he presented him with the bottle.

Hopetown drank the wine with a *gout* that made Tom very sanguine, indeed, of the success of the experiment. "How kindly he takes every thing," said he aside to Rory. "I shall succeed to a certainty."

"Well, how shall we go?—Walk, horseback or curricie?—Which is it to be?" enquired Tom.

"Just which you and Mr. Hopetown please," said Rory.

"Oh, pray let me be neuter," said Hopetown.

"The neutral is a step above the effeminate, isn't it?" said Tom aside to Rory.

"Well, then, shall we walk? 'Tis not above half a mile from where we are," enquired Hopetown. "But have another glass of wine;—empty the second bottle, lads!"

Rory drank some out of a tumbler, with an amplitude of vinous tendency that would have gone to the very heart of Bacchus, had the obese god but seen him. Hopetown ventured on the enormity of a third glass, and Tom finished the bottle.

"Shall we walk, Hopetown, eh?" enquired he.

"Yes, if you like," replied the interrogator, with real vigor of tone and manner.

"Ride or walk, whichever you like."

"Walk, then!" shouted Rory ; "so let us be off. '*Tempus*,' as the Latin Grammar so exquisitely remarks, '*tempus fugit*,' which, being literally translated, means *make haste* : so hats on, gentlemen!"

Off they all set in high glee, leaving Sam behind them to follow later in the day with the curricule.

Sam was an acute lad : he had a strong desire, also, to obtain possession of such things as were good to eat and drink, and he knew very well that when a man is travelling, the best friends he can make in cases of danger and necessity are the ladies. So Sam sought the kitchen and found, that following his nose, as far as that place was concerned, was a sure way to ascertain it, for the whole tavern was redolent of savory steams, and glowed with the generous heat of its hospitable fires. Sam was in search of one of the maid-servants, imagining, and rightly enough, that the cockade and top-boots of a trim little lad of sixteen were about as sure to effect an entrance through the female heart into the general larder of the establishment, as his master's money reached it through the heart of the sagacious landlady.

" I beg your pardon," said he, opening the kitchen door and encountering the smiling faces of some eight or ten females, whose respective ages varied from the forty-eight summers of the cook-in-chief, to the seventeen moons of Mary, the upper chambermaid's principal assistant. " I beg your pardon, ladies," said Sam, bowing most enchantingly and sticking one leg out so as to ensure the obviousness of his top-boots, " but *could* any one of you be so kind as just for to tell me where the blacking-brushes is? My boots," here Sam elevated one leg much in the same way that Cerito does when preparing for a spin round ; " my boots are so shockingly in want of a little refreshment."

" Oh, certainly !" cried all the delighted women at the same time. But the cook stepped forward with the air of one privileged to manage the most important matters, and eloquently informed him that they were in " that ere little room, behind a box as is on that ere shelf where you sees the candle-box a hanging over." Sam had only time to bow his thanks and exchange a glance with Mary, before the cook closed the door on him.

" I wants you all to do me a pertickler favor," said the cook, immediately addressing the ladies of the house. " He's a nice little fellow as ever I see ; but I've got a special reason for not wanting him to come down here. You see'd the old lady what was here half an hour ago ; that's my sister Mary from Lunnun, and that ere young fellow's master and her master is come up to Ascot to the races, and she, for very pertickler reasons, don't want the young chap to see her, as she don't want her young master to know as she's not in town. Now, I say, let girls be girls, and if so be as any on you *do* like to give him a treat, why cook warn't never hard in that way, and won't be hard now." So they promised to keep little Sam out of the kitchen, and determined to make him as welcome as they could elsewhere.

Little, however, did Sam think that his stay among " the ladies" was to be so short as the fates had ordained it.

We left the three gentlemen on the Heath.

Except to the parties personally concerned in the horses, the abstract races are matters of very little interest. It is the concomitants that are the attraction—

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just as, in our opinion at least, the capers and turnips constitute the beatific pre-eminence of boiled-legs of mutton. Rory, Tom and Hopetown who had no stud to boast of, nor ever "made up a book," as the phrase is, saw much to amuse them in the motley crowd that was assembled on the Heath. The two former, as will readily be believed, were in their element. The fun and riot, the noise, the admixture of busy traders with busy revellers ; the equipages, the music, the gathering of the beauty and the chivalry of the land ; the excitement that flushed the cheek and glowed in the eyes of all ; the perpetual helter-skelter—hurrying to-and-fro of the dense mass of dogs, men, horses, women, donkeys and vehicles of every kind, from the prominent britzka to the retiring wheelbarrow ; in short, what may be called the conflagration of enjoyment that blazed around them, delighted Rory and Tom, fairly tripping up the heels of their discretion, and depositing them on the reckless stilts of daring and abundant mirth. Hopetown, too, was really electrified—his eye positively twinkled with enjoyment—he entered heart and soul into the humours of the scene around him, capering about as a spaniel does when its master takes his hat from the peg. The men with the pea-and-thimble were evidently, he thought, playing a very losing game, and the ladies at the stalls and in the booths he quite pitied, subjecting themselves, as they were necessarily compelled to do, to so much rudeness. All things, to the innocency of his heart, appeared primitively delightful, and quite unalloyed by any moral impropriety or trickery. He liked every thing he saw and heard, such was his entire good humour, and such his disposition to "taste an excellence" rather than to find a fault.

After losing a few pounds at two or three tables ; assisting a fat man to rise, who had been tripped up by a thin man, as the latter reclined on the grass ; after partaking of sundry pottles of strawberries, sundry ices, glasses of wines of various nativity, with cheese-cakes and cakes of Banbury ; and tumbled, all three of them, over a gingerbread stall ; and been to the weighing-place and to the winning-post ; and stood in the Stand ; and caught a glimpse of a nose which was popularly reported to be identical with that of Her Majesty ; and been into a cart-theatre to visit "The Enormous Woman and The Eloquent Poodle," and heard the cheer when "Mr. O'Connell's Modesty," the favorite ; came in the winner—and seen a fight between a peer and a post-boy—and been deprived, two of them, of their watches ; and deprived, one of them, of his shirt-pin, purse, pocket-book, tooth-pick, handkerchief and *coat-tail*, this was poor Hopetown ! : after all this, and much more, the three enterprising friends found that the races were over, and that the Heath was being gradually vacated. They adjourned, therefore, to where Sam had been told to wait for them with the curricle, and hot, rather tired, very good-humored and very vinous, they jumped into the vehicle and drove to the tavern to dinner.

To go to Ascot and return home without any accident has always been regarded by the ablest and most impartial judges as an impossibility. The course of race-courses never did run smooth. So it turned out with our heroes.

It has been already recorded that no one of them was in that condition of downright and unquestionable sobriety which generally characterises, or *ought* to characterise, the deportment of those Heaven-gifted beings, the aldermen of the City of

London, when seated as judges in a court of law. Rory, Hopetown and Tabbs were, indeed, very merry, in the physical as well as the social meaning of that word, and as they rode home Rory laughed loudly, Tabbs scientifically clipped the leaves off the trees with his whip-end, while Hopetown sat quietly enough, certainly, but indulging in a perpetual kind of giggle, which was interrupted only now and then by the faint exclamation of "Capital!"—"Bravo!"—"Well done!" and so forth, when Rory cracked a joke, or Tabbs caught a fly with his whip off the restless ear of one of the horses.

Short as their ride was from the Heath to the tavern, the fates had so arranged it that the gentlemen were to get into a scrape, and one which they were to find it far easier to get into than to get out of.

Tabbs, not knowing his way, or careless by what road he exactly went, was driving through a narrow lane, not in the direct route. When the curricie had proceeded about half way, the gentlemen beheld a phaeton and four coming in the opposite direction, and containing much such another party as their own. Much such another it really was, for it consisted of three gentlemen and a tiger, as our friend's did, and they had been paying their *devoirs* as amply at the shrine of the rosy god.

Here, then, was what in Anglicised French would be justly termed a *wrong-counter* with a vengeance. The lane was scarcely wide enough to admit one carriage, and it was not likely that either party would feel inclined to back their horses some fifty or sixty yards.

The two drivers pulled in, just in time to save their horses' heads from knocking against each other, and a pause instantly ensued, during which one party looked the other party full in the face, all six somewhat annoyed and perplexed, and not one of them hitting on the most expedient phrase in which to commence a parley.

"I hope, gentlemen," began Rory, at last, "I hope this unpleasantness has not been wilfully occasioned by you. You must have surely seen us coming as you entered the lane, for we have traversed considerably more than three quarters of it."

"We know nothing about that, sir," replied a military-looking man, with a brogue that set his words tumbling head and heels over each other, like peas out of a measure; "but its a mighty *iligant* conviction that we have, every one of us, that ye'll have to go out of it in the same way ye came into it, only seeing that as you must go backwards, the means will be entirely the reverse."

"Is it not possible, gentlemen," suggested Hopetown, standing up on the seat of the curricie, and surveying the hedge on either side of him, "to come to a pleasant arrangement in this matter?" He was really alarmed.

"If ye have no large objection," replied the speaker on the other side, "to step, horses, carriage and all, into one of the hedges, it's myself that'll condescend to drive by you, before you've time almost to get out of the way."

"Good, captain!" cried one of his friends, while all three of them laughed heartily at the captain's polite proposal.

"What I propose is this," said Tabbs, who was decidedly the least "merry" of

all of them, "that one of the servants should take the horses out, and the carriages can then pass each other by a little management, with very slight damage from the hedges to either of them."

"But as we don't happen mightily to want to remain here all that time, it might suit our *convenience* better if we were to insist on your backing your horses, while we condescended to do you the kindness to drive on without the least inconvenience to ourselves," said the Irishman.

"Good, captain!" cried the other two, all three laughing as heartily as before.

"What do you mean by '*insist*,' sir?" enquired the impetuous Rory, speaking through his teeth, and clenching his concealed fist.

"You'll find it in Johnson, my good fellow!" answered the captain; "but if you don't understand me, suppose I say, that it comes within the circle of my will and pleasure to compel you to back your horses up the hill, and until both carriages are out of the lane."

Rory uttered not a single word, neither did his countenance change, but he quietly opened the door of the curicle, and getting out of it, stepped up to the side of the phaeton, and very coolly knocking one of the party who stood in his way clean out of the other side of it, he laid hold of the arm of the blustering Irishman, and with a tug that might have done credit to Hercules himself, pulled him clean into the road. Tabbs was soon at his side, for he saw that the third stranger was bent on mischief.

"Now, sir," said Rory, with a desperate energy, "move one inch, and I'll let you into a secret, which may wound your face as well as your dignity. Come here, Sam: and you, sir," addressing the other servant, "help my friend's groom to take your master's horses from the phaeton."

The three strangers looked as if they should very much like to try the issue of a battle.

"Do make everything comfortable, gentlemen," remonstrated the nervous Hopetown. "Calm your feelings—pray arrange the little affair."

"If these gentlemen will be quiet, there will not be much difficulty in that," replied Rory, while the two grooms were busily engaged taking the horses away.

"Your conduct, sir, is more that of a prize-fighter than a gentleman," observed the stranger, who had not yet spoken.

"Don't insult him, sir!" entreated Hopetown. "He's a remarkably powerful individual, as you perceive, and is the son of a dead peer, and the uncle of a live one. Pray take everything easy; *do* keep cool!"

"If my conduct, sir, is like that of a prize-fighter, it's quite the kind of conduct your friend's bullying and your more cowardly encouragement of him deserve. I respect a man physically weaker than myself too much not to make use of my strength when it can punish the bullies who would ride rough-shod over him. Be quiet, gentlemen. I tell you, candidly, that I could annihilate every one of you in less time than I could overcome my regret that you had compelled me to do so. There, gentlemen, if you'll remain here, my friend, Mr. Tabbs, and myself will assist the servants to place your carriage on the other side of our own."

The strangers did possess the better part of valor, if no other, for they judiciously submitted.

"That is my card, sir," said Tabbs, jumping into his curricule after his two friends, and when everything had been arranged. "You will find us at the tavern which you see in the distance. Good afternoon." Rory bowed as coolly as need be. Hopetown, smiling, bowed most good-naturedly to the strangers, and the curricule of our heroes set off on its road to the tavern, leaving their discomfited opponents to manage as best they might.

On their arrival at the hotel, Tabbs and Rory met a host of friends from town, "choice spirits," as they are termed, fellows of regular fox-hunting constitutions, who eat rump-steaks and drink bottled-porter for breakfast. The dinner, therefore, was one of the most jovial description, and when the cloth was removed and the wines put in circulation, not a Melton-Mowbray merry-making surpassed our party in abandonment to all that was light-hearted and "glorious."

Sir Felix Flathead proposed that their friend, the Hon. Mr. Rory O'Rumpus be requested to take the chair. The inimitable Tabbs, in a speech of flattering brevity, but consummate eloquence, seconded that motion. Mr. O'Rumpus declined. His "feelings of respect for 'the house,' and his deep sense of its kindness, made him resolve not to inconvenience it by his inexperience in presidential affairs, by doing himself the distinguished honor of sitting with his back to the fire-place. He begged leave to propose that Launcelot Snee Hopetown, Esq., be requested to take the chair." Lieutenant Mark O'Bang hollowed out, "and I second that motion! Just the kind of man—so temperate!"

Mr. Hopetown was about to decline the honor, but Tabbs having drawn his attention by pinching his calf, and winking at him significantly and irresistibly, Hopetown said, "however incompetent in some respects I might be to become the speaker of this august assembly, inasmuch as that gentleman's duties chiefly consist in holding his tongue, I am cheerfully willing to undertake them," and, he thought, as able as most men to perform them.

Hopetown took the chair beneath a tempest of applause. Rory and Tabbs saw that he was a little more "merry" than they had at first thought. "He had forgotten," said the former, "that although he might have to speak little, it became his duty as chairman to obey the call upon him, which Lieutenant O'Bang instantly made, to sing a song."

"Is there no getting out of this, my dear Tabbs?" enquired Hopetown, aside. "Must I insult St. Cecilia before so many gentlemen, whose countenances tell me that they are her chosen high priests?"

"Sing, my dear fellow!" replied the other. "And, gentlemen," continued he, aloud, "if you want to hear the English ballad sung in such style that you can at once appreciate its sublime simplicity, and acknowledge its pathos and tenderness with the heart-throbs of your respective sensibilities, listen, and you will hear it now!"

" You all know what a whimsical fellow my friend is. He told me yesterday that Mr. O'Bang plays delightfully on the gong," laughed Hopetown.

" So I do !" roared out the lieutenant ; " and as the instrument happens to be in my cab, by and bye you shall judge for yourself, Mr. Hopetown ; or if you like to be accompanied, and will favor us with '*The Meeting of the Waters*,' I'll be your orchestre with pleasure."

" Thank ye, sir," said Hopetown ; " I'm afraid I should put you out. But I anticipate your solo with anxiety. If you'll allow me, I'll trouble you with '*The Mountain Maid*.'"

" Charming !—no trouble at all ! I shall be delighted with her," replied O'Bang.

Hopetown commenced. Order having been established by Rory and O'Bang, firstly he put his hand to his mouth, and hemmed snappishly and feebly ; then he looked up to the ceiling, as if he could have read there the first line of the song ; then he smiled as if he despaired of getting through it.

" Don't agitate yourself, sir," suggested O'Bang. " Order !" cried Sir Felix.

" Thank ye, sir," said Hopetown ; then he hemmed again as before, and again looked up to the ceiling : he began :—

" The moun——"

He began again :—" The mountain maid from her——"

" Don't agitate yourself, sir," again suggested O'Bang.

Hopetown began again, and this time succeeded well enough till he came to the *allegro* movement at the end of the first verse, the chief parts of the words of which movement he rather spoke than sang. This nothing daunted him, however, but he went at the second verse with redoubled vigor, just as a man at the end of a race puts on an outward and agonised imitation of freshness, to give the spectators an idea that he has accomplished the task with facility.

" Bravo !" shouted out every one of his auditors. " If the shepherd sang anything in that style," observed O'Bang, " the mountain maid discovered her taste in admiring the fellow. Beautiful, Mr. Hopetown !—'pon my life, quite a change after all that volatile, mere science, of Rubini, and the volcanic tumult of Lablache, to hear one of our own ballads poured forth with such exceeding simplicity. It was not singing, Mr. Hopetown—it went beyond it ; it was something, as it were, that one hears, and may hear again—a breathing—an expiration—a——"

" You're very good," said the distressed Hopetown. " Allow me to give you a toast :—" may the——"

Here the speaker was interrupted by hearing Mr. O'Bang observe to one of the servants that had just entered the apartment, " that is Mr. Hopetown at the head of the table."

" What is it waiter ?" said Hopetown.

" Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll's groom, sir, desired me to take this letter in to you," replied the man. " His master told him," he said, " that it was to be given to you without fail, and, immediately, as it was of great consequence. That being the case, sir, I ventured to bring it in."

" You did quite right," replied Hopetown. " Is the man waiting ?"

"No, sir. Sir Cornelius is stopping here during the races," said the waiter, and bowing, made his exit.

"What is it Hopetown?" enquired Tabbs, aloud, for he had passed to the other end of the room to speak to the lieutenant. "Has a lady found you out, or is it a challenge?"

"If our friends will permit me to run the letter over, I may be better able to tell you," replied Hopetown, opening the letter, while his companions, all on tip-toe for some piece of excitement or other, waited in no small anxiety the result of the perusal.

Hopetown read the letter over rapidly, and his face presented immediately an expression of the most solemn mystification. He turned the letter upside down, and over and over, and examined the handwriting, and the signature, and the address, and then began a second, but a careful, perusal of it.

"What the deuce is it?" enquired Tabbs.

"You may depend on't there's either a lawyer or a lady in the matter. The only fetters, the prospect of enjoying which make a man turn pale, are those of Master Cupid, Bachelor of Hearts, or Mr. Selby, of Chancery-lane, the seraph's officer and the sheriff's officer," rattled away the ever-rattling Mark O'Bang.

"What is it, Hopetown," enquired Tabbs again, and really anxious to know, for his friend's face had assumed a deadly paleness, and he looked ill.

"It's a letter," agitatedly replied Hopetown, and scarcely knowing what he said, or where he was, or *who* he was.

"Is it private?" enquired Tabbs.

"*Very* unpleasant, indeed," remarked Hopetown, mistaking his friend's enquiry. "Insulting—extremely insulting—and I may say equally unaccountable. It is also alarming,—extremely alarming, and there's no knowing where it will all end."

"May I know what it is about?" enquired Tabbs.

"Most certainly. But I intend to face the man.—I did n't come out of Brick Court to be called a rascal without shooting the fellow through the head who so stigmatized me. I may be little—but there's many a man under the middle height that's got a finger strong enough to pull a trigger—a trigger, I say, Mr. Tabbs—the trigger of a loaded pistol, and send the ball whizzing through the empty head of the offensive and unmannerly ruffian that insults him. Napoleon Buonaparte was a little man and so am I—but he had a soul, Mr. Tabbs, and so have I—gentlemen," continued Hopetown, greatly excited, "before I received this letter (here the speaker tossed off a glass of wine) I was about to have the honor of giving you a toast. Pardon the interruption that has occurred,—excuse my agitation—" May every man under five feet four know how to use his soul!"

"Bravo! bravo!" echoed from all sides of the room.

"And his toe, too!" roared out Mr. O'Bang,

"And now, gentlemen," said Hopetown, "with your kind permission, my beloved friend Mr. Tabbs will read you this letter."

Tabbs took it in hand, and proceeded at once to business:—

SIR,—You are a scoundrel and a coward, and I demand the satisfaction due to a gentleman for your infamous treatment of me. I send my groom with this note, that, in the event of your intended departure, this evening, for town, you may consider the propriety of remaining where you are. My friend Lord Capers will wait on you in an hour to arrange every formality ; I hold you answerable for the conduct of your party as I am wholly ignorant of the name of the other ruffians. I am, Sir, Your obedient servant.

Launcelot Snee Hopetown, Esq.

CORNELIUS O'DAISCOLL.

" So," said Tabbs, as he concluded the note. " A very pretty quarrel as it stands, truly : and mysterious sufficiently.

" He's a dead shot !" cried O'Bang, " that Irishman. He'd shoot the grey hairs out of a man's head, one after the other, at twelve paces. Mr. Hopetown I congratulate you, sincerely, on the favorable opportunity to distinguish yourself."

" Pray still that wag's tongue of your's, Mark," said his cousin Rory. " I see it all. The baronet is the Irishman we so discomfited in the lane this afternoon. He must have heard Mr. Hopetown's name mentioned and mistaken me for the gentleman who had the honor to hear it. Did not the waiter say that Sir Cornelius was stopping here ?" " Yes," answered the other.

" Then I'll wait on him—or rather you will, Tabbs, as my friend, and he and I will arrange *our* little quarrel first." Rory told the adventure to the company.

" But I gave him *my* card," replied Tabbs, " expecting to receive a hostile message as a matter of course."

" Then, as *you* have not received one," suggested the lieutenant, " send him one, I'll wait upon him for my cousin, and Sir Felix will accompany me on the part of Mr. Tabbs. The deuce is in it if he doesn't get a scratch or so from one or other of the three of you."

" The suggestion is admirable," remarked Lord Nutmeg, delighted at the prospect of an adventure so exciting—make the fellow fight at once. I've heard that he faces a target with more coolness than he does an enemy. Higsworth told me that he should have decidedly perforated his liver had the baronet not trembled so all over when he popped at him at the Scrubbs that he could not for the life of him fix his aim."

" But I, as the first aggrieved, ought to have the first shot at the fellow," remonstrated Hopetown, who had been pouring some half-dozen more glasses of courage down his throat.

" Well, sir," said Lord Nutmeg, " I shall feel proud to have the honor of waiting on the baronet on your behalf."

" My Lord I value your condescension, and accept your offer."

" So then," cried O'Bang, " let us be off at once, and storm the baronet while he's making his will and writing to his friends."

The three gentlemen, Lord Nutmeg, Sir Felix, and the lieutenant rose instantly, and leaving their companions to talk over the serious turn which the affairs of the day had taken, left the dining-room to wait on Sir Cornelius.

" Oh, La! oh, la!" cried Mrs. Drabber, as she sat in the kitchen of the hotel, surrounded by her sister, the cook and all the female servants of the establishment. " This is what it is to go out upon a *discursion* of pleasure !" moaned she, rocking herself to and fro on her chair, and vigorously rubbing the copious tears from her cheeks with her apron, one corner of which she every now and then stuffed into her eye to

prevent, as it were, a deluge of lachrymal outlay. "Dorothy! Dorothy! Dorothy!" what have you got in these parts, instead of police."

"Constables, Mary?" replied her sister—"Mr. Soper, here, lives just round the corner. And he's a constable in his own right, as the saying is, and as nice a spoken a man as need be."

"Lives round the corner, does he!" cried Mrs. D—, instantly rising and taking her bonnet and shawl. "Then I'll go and ask him to be so good as to put master into prison! Fight he shan't, if I can help it, poor dear crittur. *He fight!* No, Dorothy! Come along, Susan, and just point this ere Mister Soper." And Mrs. Drabber put on her shawl, much quicker then she had ever in her life put it on before, and preceded by Susan, hastened to the residence of the constable-in-his-own-right.

"It is as plain to me, sir," said Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll, addressing Sir Felix Flathead, and in the course of a conversation between them and the two gentlemen who had accompanied Sir Felix from the dining-room, below stairs, "it is as plain to me, sir, as plain can be, that there is some mistake in this affair. The only person I challenge is Mr. Launcelot Snee Hoptown, who was himself the voluntary representative of the party who behaved so infamously towards myself and two friends this afternoon. I know of no other matter."

"But we do, Sir Cornelius," remonstrated O'Bang. "We know that Mr. Hoptown did not volunteer to represent his party; we know that Mr. Thomas Tabbs did, and we know that the Hon. Rory O'Rumpus was the gentleman who personally chastised you for what he deemed your insolence in the rencontre which occurred in the lane, this afternoon. I have the honor to appear before you as his friend."

"My name is Lord Nutmeg," said his lordship. "I wait on you as the representative of Mr. Hoptown." "My name is Sir Felix Flathead," said the knight. "I wait on you as the representative of Mr. Tabbs."

"I have further to inform you, sir, that the Hon. Mr. Rory O'Rumpus will be at the place I have appointed at daylight—at half-past three a.m." said the Lieutenant. "And Mr. Hoptown will be with him," added Lord Nutmeg.

"And Mr. Tabbs also," said the knight.

"There can be no farther difficulty I apprehend in the matter?" enquired Lieutenant O'Bang. "Does Sir Cornelius name a friend with whom I can confer; there cannot be any delay in the matter. It is now approaching seven o'clock, and ——."

Here the speaker was interrupted by a tumult below-stairs, that perfectly drowned his voice. Several were speaking at once, so that scarcely anything could be heard of what they were talking about, except the names of "Mr. Hoptown!" "Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll!" "Sir Cornelius!" "Sir Cornelius!" "What is all this!" cried, the baronet. "Another attempt on the part of the peer's brother to play the prize-fighter."

"Your silence, Sir Cornelius, will be creditable to you," remarked O'Bang, "any repetition of such a remark will be a personal insult to myself."

"The baronet is in here!" "The baronet is in here!" cried voices immediately outside the room in which the four gentlemen were engaged.

"Am I to apprehend violence?" enquired Sir Cornelius evidently alarmed.

"Does Sir Cornelius apprehend any from our party?" asked Lord Nutmeg.

"What means this commotion outside, then," said Sir Cornelius.

"From the freedom with which they make use of your name, sir, you should be better informed of their errand than ourselves," answered the knight.

"The baronet!" "Silence!" "Knock at the door!" were now the cries outside.

The baronet had approached the door, and, opening it, let in two or three constables, who were followed by about half a dozen of the female and male servants belonging to the establishment.

"Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll," said Mr. Soper, holding up a brass staff that looked like the hob ornament to a dining-room fire-place. "You are my prisoner."

"On what account?" enquired the baronet. "Charged with intent to commit a breach of the peace by fighting a duel with Launcelot Snee Hopetown, Esq."

"Well, then, sir, I *am* your prisoner," returned Sir Cornelius, taking his hat, and evidently really annoyed at the arrest. "You will hear from me, Lord Nutmeg, at the first opportunity," added the baronet. "I sincerely hope to-night." The baronet went out with the head constable and his assistants, leaving the three seconds that *might* be, to return to their principals in the dining-room.

Here they found some difficulty in effecting an entrance. The room, indeed, was crowded. Every one in the hall had been attracted to it by the tumult. Mr. Soper's voice, however, the three gentlemen heard plainly enough; now assuaging, now remonstrating; now threatening; now laying down the law, and now despairing. Hopetown's, too, was sufficiently audible, while the sobs, thick yet shrill, of a female, seemed to vary as well as to increase the general discord which raged in the interior of the apartments. "Where *are* your friends?" asked Mr. Soper.

"They are in the house," said Rory, aloud. "We are here," cried Lord Nutmeg.

"Make way for Lord Nutmeg," resounded from all sides, and the three gentlemen, Nutmeg, Flathead, and the Lieutenant instantly made their way without any difficulty, into the body of the room.

The pencil of Hogarth might have failed to do justice to the *Tableau Vivant* which presented itself. On a chair, in the centre of the group, was seated Mrs. Drabber, overcome with grief and exhausted with emotion, her pocket handkerchief covering her face, sobbing and "sighing like a furnace." Bending over her, with some anxiety and affection, but with a wild look of unnatural indignation was the still unsteady Hopetown;—behind the chair stood the Hon. Rory O'Rumpus, with closed lips and severe eye; and moving here and there, agitatedly, speaking first to the constable, then to the baronet and Hopetown, and the next to any body that asked him a question, was to be seen the electrical Tabbs; while the back ground of the picture was composed of a host of female and male servants and a bevy of strangers, who appeared to think the romance of real life before them was not a whit more important than an ordinary Ascot adventure.

"Oh! there's the Lieutenant!" ejaculated the relieved Hopetown. "Oh, sir!" observed Mrs. Drabber, hysterically, "I never thought it would have come to this."

"You're a fool, Drabber," replied he, although trying to assume an indifference.

to her tenderness. "Hold your tongue, and don't tease me. Mr. O'Bang, we're in a mess; what's to be done? Give us your advice, my Lord, and you, Sir Felix, tell us how to proceed." "Who gave the charge?" enquired Lord Nutmeg.

"I, my Lord," replied Drabber. "I knew him when he was no higher than your lordship's hips, I have my lord; and I wouldn't see him mangled for the world." I knew he was going to break her Majesty's peace, and so I went to the constable-in-his-own-right, and now I've got my dear young master under his wing—thank Heaven!" And the old housekeeper looked lovingly up into the face of her half indignant, half fond patron. "Drabber!" said he, "you're a fool."

"What is your charge Mr. Constable?" enquired his lordship.

"I arrest Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll, baronet, and Launcelot Hopetown, esq., on the charge that they are intent upon committing a breach of the peace by fighting a duel." "Very well," said his lordship. "Then, of course, you take them before a magistrate at once." "Yes, my lord."

"And before his worship I am prepared to go," said Sir Cornelius.

"And I, too," ejaculated Hopetown, frowning at Drabber, who looked pathetically up in his face.

"Before you go, Mr. Soper, permit me to address an observation to Sir Cornelius," said Tabbs, with some little agitation.

Sir Cornelius drew himself up with no little dignity, and as if to prepare himself for the observation Tabbs was about to make.

"Do you remember, sir," said Mr. Tabbs, "do you remember my presenting you with my card this afternoon, when the unfortunate rencontre occurred which has been the cause of all this unpleasantness?"

"The card I had given me bore the name and address of Mr. Launcelot Hopetown," replied the baronet, "and, sir, to the best of my recollection, it was not yourself but the gentleman on your right who gave it me."

"Bore the address of Mr. Launcelot Snee Hopetown?" said the astonished Tabbs.

"Exactly, sir, I have the card in my pocket-book."

"It was, then, your receiving Mr. Hopetown's card, Sir Cornelius," said Rory, "that induced you to address the note he has just received, to him rather than to Mr. Tabbs or myself." "Precisely, sir," said the baronet.

"He was the head of the firm, as it were," suggested the incorrigible Lieutenant.

"The epithets you applied to him, Sir Cornelius," continued Rory, "were, therefore, merely formal; applied merely to the gentleman whose name appeared to be on the card?"

"Precisely so—applied, indeed, only formally: according to the strict rules of the Laws of Honor," answered the baronet.

"Then, Mr. Soper," said Rory, "be so kind as to delay your visit to the magistrate for a minute or so. Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll, I it was, as you well know, who played the chief part in the serious burletta in which you were another principal performer this afternoon. My friends and I might have acted differently had we been in the quiet metropolis rather than at Ascot Races. I regret, Sir Cornelius, my rashness, and my want of courtesy, and I know that I make this concession to an

Irishman in every sense of the word—one who knows how to shake a hand as well as to shake a fist. Sir Cornelius, I regret what has happened," concluded Rory stepping forward and proffering his hand.

"Thanks, Mr. O'Rumpus—thanks and a thousand of them. The fact is I scarcely know what has happened. I know it in the body, but of the minutiae of the day's deeds I am ignorant."

Tabbs, all the time having examined his card-case, had been laughing heartily. When he was waiting for Hopetown, while he dressed, in Brick Court, he had put his friend's card-case, which was the "twin-brother" as he termed it, of his own, into his pocket, thinking it was his. Hence the mistake of Sir Cornelius, which Tabbs proceeded instantly to explain to Hopetown.

Hopetown, however, was too "merry" not to be very solemn in the matter, despite the explanation. He addressed himself to the baronet with no little dignity:—"If, sir," said he, "the ignominious epithets were applied only to the name on the card—to Hopetown in the copper-plate, rather than to Hopetown in the flesh-and-blood, they are to be looked over by me on the ground that it was only my name, written on four square inches of Bristol board, to which you applied them. As my friend, Mr. Thomas Tabbs, tells me that such was the case, I venture to assert that my feelings are not wounded, and that I am as ready to come to an understanding as my friends. But, if, sir, on the contrary, the ignominious epithets were ——" here Hopetown looked very warlike indeed—"if the epithets were ——"

"Not in the least, Mr. Hopetown," suggested Rory.

"Then I am perfectly satisfied, Mr. O'Rumpus; I say, sir, that I am perfectly satisfied, and I am very glad indeed that things have ——"

"Oh, sir, so am I," cried Mrs. Drabber, unable to restrain her joy. "And is it not all owing to me that you ain't wallowing in a pool of gore? Oh, my dear young master, didn't I ——"

"Drabber!" cried Hopetown, in a voice much like a kind of counter-tenor thunder. "You're a ——," but his feelings choked him, and he looked what he might have uttered.

O'Bang appeared disappointed at first, but pleased in a minute afterwards. Lord Nutmeg and Sir Felix felt that they had lost an opportunity of making themselves prominent, but Tabbs, Rory, Hopetown, Sir Martin Trotter and Sir Cornelius were evidently really delighted at the issue of the adventure.

Hopetown, now that his "mama," as O'Bang called her, was assuaged, contrived to get her down stairs and to "book her for the night" under care of the landlady. Returning to the dining-room, he found the whole party engaged in ordering wines and in re-commencing the evening. He was again voted into the chair—Sir Cornelius on his right, with Rory on his left, while Tabbs, ably supported by the good-natured Lord Nutmeg, Sir Felix and the invincible O'Bang, superintended the jovialities of the lower end of the table. "Sir Corry," as Hopetown called him when they parted for the night, sang some excellent songs, and the constable so far from arresting any one was obliged to be taken up——to bed——himself.

Hopetown, thus thoroughly cured became afterwards a Gay Fellow about Town.

MOUNT EMILIA, OR THE AUSTRALIAN LASS.

LINES written in the New Country, about the centre of Van Dieman's Land, on Valentina's Day, 1842, addressed by a Parent to his little Girl (supposed to be on her return to him, with her Mother, Brother and Sister from England), on occasion of her Birth-day, and of naming after her, at the instance of a friend and fellow traveller of the author, the peak of a lofty mountain previously un-named, "*Mount Emilia*."

As on the goodliest tree, and loftiest hill,
 And farthest country—as Love's pinnacle —
 The ardent Lover ever loves to write
 Her name, who fills his bosom with delight,
 Of whom he thinks by day and dreams by night : —
 As in quotidian verse on her most dear,
 Yet chiefly on one hallowed day each year,
Her natal day—to her he dares pour forth
 His love and hope ; her beauty, virtues, worth ;
So on this day and from this place, my child,—
This day, which kindles raptures in my heart,
This place, the most magnificently wild
 Mine eyes have seen—let me my love impart ;
 That love-paternal—*pure and anxious love—*
 Which most resembles such as Saints above
 This chequered globe of sin and care, must feel,
 When they before their Heavenly Father kneel
 To supplicate that mercy may be shewn
 To sinners whom they love—themselves to them unknown.

Short seems the time when it is past ; but long—
How long ! to me have three dull years appeared ?
An age—three ages ! for they lacked the song
 Of joy and gladness which my bosom cheered,
 When thou my dearest Girl, with fond caress,
 Didst with thy Brother, Sister, Mother bless
 Each happy day, and by thy love beguile
 Thy hapless Father, of affection's smile.

Long seems the time to which we forward look :
 It only *seems* so, for 'tis on the wing ;
 Days are the leaves—years—chapters in the book
 Of Human-life ; thy present age the Spring ;
 See thou ! the Spring improvest, or, alas !
 Summer will come, and harvest-time will find
 No fruit to garner. Shame must come to pass
 To all who fail to cultivate their mind ;
 Ten years, this day, thou gavest me the name
 The best, the proudest that e'en Heaven could give,

And with it brought on me the holiest claim
 Of pleasing duty*—and oh! whilst I live,
 With God's great Mercy, it shall be fulfilled,
 A Father's love and guidance shall be thine;
 Precepts of Virtue shall be deep instilled
 Into thy mind, with glorious truths divine:
 And thou, my Emily—my first born child,
 (God grant for such thou unto me wer't given!)
 My gentle Girl, affectionate and mild,
 Shall be my joy on Earth—with me share bliss in Heaven!
 This, not for thy deserts, nor mine. Above
 Our sinful, best-deeds, is the SAVIOUR'S love,
 Which, all-prevailing at the Heavenly throne
 Of *HIS* and of *Our Father*, doth atone
 For all repented sins, us marking as God's own —
 God's own elect, redeemed and blessed heirs;
 For blessings are on the Believer's prayers.

Thus, with my pen, though feebly, have I poured
 My full heart forth, the while I have explored
 A Country wild and strange; and if not *fame*,
 A LOFTY MOUNTAIN I HAVE GIVEN THY NAME.
 May it record thy virtues! be it said
 Of thee whilst living, and of thee when dead,
 "TH' AUSTRALIAN LASS" whose name this Mount preserves,
 So grand a tribute to her fame deserves;
 For she was modest, amiable and mild,
 A faithful friend and an obedient child;
 Pious from youth, benevolent and just—
 Beloved—respected—honored: e'en her dust
 Is held in fond remembrance; for, 'tis known,
 This mass stupendous of primeval stone,
 Could not record a name that's more revered
 Or more deservedly to all endeared,
 Than *that EMILIA'S*, after whose fair name,
 Emilia's Mountain giving, takes its fame.†

February 14th, 1812.

NAT. LIPSCOMB KENTISH.

* My little girl was immortalized in your (these) pages by my friend Mr. Woolls of Parramatta N. S. Wales, about one or two years after her birth, when she was named Emilia Valentina, wherefore I call the 14th February Valentina's day.

Prospect Lodge, Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, March 20, 1842.

N. L. K.

† The author trusts that the licence due to the feelings of a parent towards a beloved child who has been away from him three years, under the circumstances which prompted this effusion—almost an *impromptu*—in ignorance whether she be (with the rest of his family) at the antipodes, on the ocean, or in Heaven, may, in addition to the "poetical licence" accorded to all poets, excuse this panegyric, which however is *not passed on his daughter*, (such would be absurd), but is only uttered as that which in fondness he could wish, that she may live to deserve. And *what wish* is too extravagant for a parent to indulge in? Certainly *not that his child may live and die deservedly esteemed*, which is substantially all that is expressed by the poet, being also a parent.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH;

OR,

THE SPANIARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARGARET FAIRBURN, (*formerly published in this Magazine.*)

SOME two hundred years ago there stood at an angle of one of the principal thoroughfares in the good City of Lyons a large and dilapidated mansion which after descending through divers occupants, whose individual importance had diminished by almost insensible gradations, as they successively came into possession, was, at length, unable to claim a tenant of any importance. This ancient structure was popularly known as the "House of death," and had acquired the unenviable reputation of being nightly visited by certain spectral travellers from another hemisphere. Whatever reason might exist for thus undermining the fair fame of a picturesque and commodious domicile, unquestionable it is, that the report was universally circulated, and was universally believed.

The "House of Death" had derived its title from the fatality to which its melancholy records bore witness. Its earliest occupant was assassinated at his own hearth, and the impression of a bloody hand, was, at the lapse of half a century, distinctly visible on the panel of the door by which the murderer had evidently effected his escape. The gossiping part of the community did not of course hesitate to assert that frequent attempts had been made to remove these sanguinary traces, though none of them had been attended with success. Again, on the eve of her bridal, the fair and pensive daughter of another tenant had been found lying on the stairs leading to her chamber, a stiffened corpse. A few years subsequently to this event, a thunderbolt struck the doomed edifice, and behind the partition which it penetrated in its transit, was discovered, crouching over some bags of ancient coins, a mouldering skeleton, with a perforation in the skull denoting that the former occupant, like his predecessors, had come to an untimely end.

Twice had the "House of Death" been associated with scenes of popular commotion. A party of Huguenots were attacked and butchered within its walls. The echo of their frantic cries had scarcely died away when an aged Leech having restored to sight a poor orphan girl who had been blind from childhood, the infuriated populace, suspecting him of sorcery, with fierce shouts and uplifted weapons surrounded his dreaded domicile, and called upon the object of their vengeance to surrender himself preparatory to his immediate destruction at the stake. The mandate not being promptly obeyed, to effect an entrance, mallets and pickaxes were brought into requisition, when the grey-bearded old man presented himself at the open window, holding in his hand the poor girl for whom he had so generously risked his life, and who, on hearing the execrations and perceiving the menacing gestures of the multitude, flung her arms around the old man's neck with a look that besought compassion, while it indicated a resolution to perish with, rather than abandon, her benefactor. The swart courtisans were awed and con-

founded by this spectacle of devotion, and throwing down their weapons, in sullen bewilderment, as if they had seen an angel casting its refulgent shield over a demon, they returned peaceably to their homes.

The last Tenant in uninterrupted succession of the "House of Death" was a discarded emissary of Cardinal Magarine, who having been detected in a treasonable conspiracy was doomed to expiate his crime upon the scaffold ; after this occurrence, the Mansion was untenanted for several years, no one seeming inclined to take up his abode in an establishment which had acquired such dreadful notoriety. The walls within and without were fast crumbling to decay—the dingy shutters which had once fortified a goodly array of windows, hung perilously on their rusted hinges, presenting no better claim to ornament than utility. The gilded vane surrounding a kind of observatory which had been erected by some scientific occupant, was shorn of its fair proportions, while, to render the aspect of desolation more complete, the broad flag-steps, flanked on either side by heavy balustrades, which conducted to an elaborately carved portico, were beginning to wear a mantle of bright green moss, as if to deter unhallowed footsteps from trespassing within the gloomy pile, where terror seemed to have spread her banquet, and the grim monarch to have erected his solitary throne.

In process of time—for even spectres are said to lose their attraction by indefinitely enlarging their circle of acquaintance—the Old House ceased to command, as it hitherto had, universal comment and speculation—and if the chief Barber of the town found himself reduced to the painful necessity of selecting some less-hackneyed topic upon which to expatiate, while exercising control over his multitudinous patrons' chins—and the watchman who used formerly to deviate from his legal track to avoid the reproach of countenancing the improper characters that nightly held their spiritual orgies within the obnoxious Mansion, at length so far forgot himself as to be discovered fast asleep beneath the shelter of its desecrated doorway.

Strangers, as they passed, would occasionally glance up at the "House of Death," and wonder how many months must elapse, ere some indignant hurricane should sally forth and lay it prostrate in the dust from which it sprung ; for that another tenant might yet be found to identify his fortunes with a residence distinguished by so many frightful associations was too wild a supposition to be seriously entertained. The result, however, shewed, that probability is not always an essential element of truth.

A Spaniard named Martinez de Santarillo came to Lyons and took possession of the fatal mansion, being furnished with authority from its reputed owner for that purpose. Beyond his name, and the suspicion (for it went no further) of his being a reduced nobleman, an impenetrable mystery enveloped this new lessee, which his appearance had but little tendency to dispel. He was about sixty years of age, of a tall but spare figure, with a countenance naturally stern, and which his iron-grey moustachos, extending beyond their ordinary limits, rendered doubly repulsive and austere. He was accompanied by a younger man, a hunchback, whose heavily-moulded features wore an expression of ferocity, which his frenzied eye told, too truly, to originate in a disordered intellect. In their manners they

were uniformly reserved, holding no communication whatever with strangers. Their only domestic was an elderly female, who seemed to emulate her superiors in a rigorous abstinence from the pleasures of society, being seldom seen abroad except at nightfall, to procure such commodities as the exigencies of the establishment imperatively required.

The eccentric character of Santarillo presented a wide field for speculation, in which his fellow-townsmen neglected not to exercise their native ingenuity. The *bourgeois* without hesitation pronounced him to be a forger of base coin ; both vintner and *restaurateur* solemnly affirming that they had never yet seen the color of his money. The *Cortisan* accused him of designs more execrable still, feeling assured that his object was to obtain information respecting the staple manufactures of the city, and effect their ruin by competition in some foreign country ; while a third class, comprising those, who ambitious of being looked up to as oracles took especial care to deport themselves accordingly, merely shrugged their shoulders with an incomprehensible grimace, and increased the prevailing excitement by seeming to know more than their just sense of self-preservation would permit them to reveal.

Three weeks had elapsed from Santarillo's arrival in Lyons, when one star-light night, as a young optician—Jules Péril—happened to be returning homewards, after a long consultation with his pretty little Lizette, he heard, or fancied he heard, a strange sound, resembling somewhat the clanking of chains proceeding from the Spaniard's mysterious abode. Jules paused—for Jules was both by nature and profession of an inquisitive turn of mind—and glancing up perceived at the topmost window, a pale woman with her dark hair flowing in long dishevelled tresses over her bosom. She remained a minute or two, gazing into the street, and then slowly opening the casement, she extended her naked arm, and let something fall, which Jules picked up, and discovered to be an embroidered glove, such as might be worn by a lady of rank at that time. While Jules stood hesitating whether he should retain this interesting waif to exhibit it to his friends, or return it to its lawful owner, and thereby gratify his urgent curiosity, his attention was arrested by a figure wrapped in a dark cloak, which suddenly emerged from the mansion and proceeded at a quick pace, followed by Jules, who, keeping on the shady side of the causeway, while a silvery flood of light illuminated the opposite path, was enabled to prosecute his aim without running any serious risk of detection.

The stranger pursued his course by various intricate turnings till he arrived at a hovel situate at the outskirts of the town, and which belonged to a blacksmith or farrier, whose honesty had more than once been impeached before the criminal tribunals of his country. After some short delay, the door was opened by a stout swarthy man in a blue woollen cap, who seemed to recognise the applicant, for he admitted him without observation on either side. Jules, whose enterprising spirit had carried him thus far, determined not to retrace his steps till he had endeavored, at all events, to obtain some knowledge of the negotiations pending between Santarillo and the ill-favored individual who enjoyed his patronage. Jules accordingly stepped softly up to the low window of the smithy, secured by shutters, whose

numerous crevices afforded him an eligible view of the interior. A female, whose coarse masculine features accorded well with her present occupation, was employed in working at the forge, while her husband proceeded to hammer a candent bar, from which ascended a vivid jet of sparks which, scattered in all directions, gave a deeper effect to the sombre tenement, where Jules momentarily expected to witness something peculiarly calculated to excite emotions of uneasiness and awe.

The Spaniard drew from beneath his cloak an iron chain, to which were attached two flat rings resembling the manacles worn by felons.

"Can I speak with you in private?" said Santarillo, glancing at the female who pursued her graceless employment—not at all discomposed by the presence of a stranger.

"There's no one within hearing," replied the man, laying down his massive hammer; "she's deaf, or were she not I've taught her before now that if she must let my secrets out she shall have an opening made for that purpose—here."

So saying, the ruffian placed the point of his forefinger to his throat, and with a sardonic smile conducted Santarillo into an inner apartment where Jules, to his infinite chagrin, had no means of presiding at the conference, from which he had promised himself so much valuable information.

Finding his curiosity thus effectually baffled, Jules was about quitting his post in despair, when he perceived a party of roystering young cavaliers approaching, who, warmed with wine, and inspired by that peculiar heroism which it too frequently engenders, were not disposed to let any object pass quietly by, that might contribute to their entertainment. As they arrived before the blacksmith's hovel, Santarillo came out, and was proceeding to make his way through the party, when one of them having formed a circle of his companions, suddenly dropped on his knee, and with an air of mock humility entreated the Spaniard to bestow upon him his benediction. The ludicrous appearance of the suppliant, and Santarillo's indignant astonishment, excited a loud laugh amongst the courtly revellers, which irritating the Spaniard he rudely thrust one of them aside who obstructed his path with such force that the young patrician staggered into the road, and had some difficulty in maintaining his equilibrium. Experimental jocularity now gave place to fierce resentment.

Whipping out his rapier, the Cavalier planted himself in an attitude of defiance, and challenged Santarillo to combat. The Spaniard, whose eyes flashed fire with intense rage, in a stern voice, thrice cautioned his assailant to beware till, finding his remonstrances disregarded and his life in peril, he suddenly drew from his breast a pistol and fired. The young Cavalier staggered back, and with one thrilling groan fell into the arms of a bystander. A moment's pause; the wreathing blue smoke gradually dispersed, and Santarillo beheld with transfixed gaze the moonbeams sleeping upon the pale, cold lineaments of a corpse.

Santarillo made no effort to escape, but surrendered himself to the watch, by whom he was conveyed to prison charged with the assassination of the Marquis de Beauvilliers.

It was towards the close of the day on which Santarillo's trial had been appointed

to take place, that a military officer, whose uniform denoted him to belong to the Prussian service, arrived at the *Hotel de Lyons*, then the most commodious hostelry in that city. He was in the prime of life, being apparently about five-and-twenty. His deportment was at once manly and elegant, combining the characteristic graces of the camp and the Salon. An oval countenance with a clear olive complexion was relieved by short curling hair, which, black as the raven's wing, shaded a forehead whose ample expanse harmonised with the intelligence that beamed in his dark, sparkling eyes. Though a chivalrous enthusiasm and a generous animation seemed to be the prevailing tone of his mind, yet, occasionally, these would yield to a pensive melancholy, as if the remembrance of some long-cherished sorrow obscured the brighter images which his imagination was naturally prone to entertain.

The guest of the *Hotel de Lyons* had just finished paying his addresses to a bottle of Burgundy, when a little, withered-old-gentleman, dressed in black, with a long queue, a blue bag and silver shoe-buckles, was ushered into her presence.

"Monsieur Marmont, I presume?" said the soldier rising, and offering his visitor a chair.

The little gentleman bowed obsequiously, and, seating himself, extracted from his blue bag a portfolio, which he placed on the table before him with much deliberation.

"My host" observed the officer, waiting till Mr. Marmont had completed his arrangement, "has mentioned your name to me, as being a Notary of the first eminence in Lyons, and one, too, in whose judgment and integrity I may repose unlimited confidence."

"Your host is a man of discernment," returned M. Marmont with an urbane smile, "I am honored by his acquaintance—do you purpose staying long in Lyons?"

"That depends upon circumstances—the business which brought me here, and upon which I require assistance, is of a peculiar nature."

"Pardon me," rejoined the Notary, opening his portfolio: "under what head shall I place it!—this is my common-place book—does it belong to the "valedictory," the "obligatory," or what is more pleasing than either—the "matrimonial category?"

"Really," answered the client, "I am ashamed to acknowledge my ignorance of your professional vocabulary, Mr. Marmont."

"If it be a will," explained the Notary, "we term it valedictory"—if a bond or other security for money—obligatory—if a settlement——"

"I should place that in the obligatory column, also," observed the soldier smiling; "my business Monsieur Marmont is, I regret to say, of quite a different and much graver complexion, and to its successful prosecution I need hardly suggest to a person of your experience that inviolable secrecy is indispensable."

Monsieur Marmont bent over the table; and placing the palms of his hands together with a look of forensic sagacity, he replied, "in the organization of a Notary, my dear sir, you will find upon minute inspection that no communication exists between the mouth and the ears—you understand me?"

"Perfectly," returned the other, "well, then, Monsieur Marmont, my business in Lyons is to bring my wife's father before the legal authorities and compel him

to deliver up his daughter, who, as I have reason to believe, is detained beneath his roof contrary to her consent."

"What evidence have you?"

"Sufficient to satisfy my own mind; but, to enable you to decide as to what influence it may have in a court of justice, it is necessary that I should enter into some explanation of the circumstances connected with our union. My father was a native of Andalusia, but removed to Madrid at an early period, where, settling as a merchant, he chartered several vessels trading to the Levant. His family consisted of two sons, Ernest and Ferdinand, of whom I was the younger. I received my education at a college of Jesuits, my father proposing that I should enter the church, which being at variance with my tastes, both natural and acquired, I soon found occasion to abandon all thoughts of that sacred profession, notwithstanding by such abandonment I exposed myself to my father's lasting displeasure. While pursuing my studies, I became acquainted with the daughter of one Don Martinez de Santarillo, who, like many others of his class, though possessing an income barely adequate to his subsistence, retained those aristocratic prejudices which had distinguished the illustrious line of Castilian grandees from whom he traced his descent, and, as I had reason to anticipate, my proposals for the hand of his daughter were rejected with contumely; not from any objection to my pecuniary prospects, but simply because he considered the alliance with one of plebeian blood, and, above all, mercantile connexions, would compromise that dignity which it was his primary study to maintain intact. Isabella, whose gentle and affectionate disposition strikingly contrasted with the austere character of her parent, resigned herself with filial devotion to her melancholy doom. She fell upon my bosom and wept, promising in broken accents that though her father's injunctions precluded our union, yet her heart should never be bestowed upon another:—we parted. Santarillo had forbidden me the house. The following night I was walking in the Piazza del Novo when a figure, closely veiled in a mantilla, suddenly addressed me. It was Isabella. She appeared to be in extreme agitation, and some moments elapsed before she could compose herself sufficiently to communicate the object that had brought her thither. At length she informed me, that since our last, and, as we feared, final interview, her father, to prevent the possibility of her forming an alliance which might be prejudicial to his rank, had resolved that she should espouse an only cousin, who was a hunchback, and for whom she naturally entertained feelings of the most insuperable aversion. It is needless to say that I embraced with joy the opportunity that now presented itself to avert the sacrifice of Isabella's happiness and to effect the consummation of my own. The moon that then shone upon us, that witnessed also our mutual vows of unalterable love, had not withdrawn her placid beams before we stood in the presence of a holy man, by whom our hands were united as our hearts had ever been."

"No protection being given to the lady's property against her husband's creditors!" exclaimed Monsieur Marmot. "When people lose their hearts, one would suppose they forfeited their heads also."

"A month had scarcely elapsed since the celebration of our nuptials, when I

received intelligence of the sudden decease of my father. Leaving Isabella under the protection of an aged female, I proceeded to Madrid, where I arrived in time to pay the last tribute of respect to my departed parent. By my father's will, his entire property, with the exception of a thousand pistoles, was bequeathed to my brother who had exercised the influence which he enjoyed over my father's mind, no less to my prejudice than to his own advantage. The funeral rites having been performed, I was preparing to return to Seville, where I had left my Isabella, when to my astonishment I was arrested by the officers of the Inquisition, charged with promulgating certain heretical doctrines, which had never even entered into my imagination. The name of my accuser I had no power to ascertain, and after being examined various times before the Familiars, I was at length set at large, my secret enemy not thinking fit to appear and substantiate his accusation. With an undefined misgiving—a sort of instinctive apprehension of ill-tidings—I hastened to rejoin my beloved wife. My feelings may be readily conceived when, on arriving at Seville, I learnt that she had disappeared about a fortnight subsequently to my departure, and no one knew by whom accompanied. The shock created by this intelligence rendered me incapable, for a time, of resolving upon any reasonable mode of procedure under such distressing circumstances. That Santarillo had been instrumental in her abduction I entertained not the slightest doubt, and it just then occurred to me that to facilitate his nefarious schemes he had caused me to be conveyed to the dungeons of the Inquisition, upon a charge as preposterous as unfounded. As soon as my mental perturbation had somewhat subsided, I engaged post-horses and directed my course to the village where Santarillo resided, but found on enquiry that he had left immediately upon the decease of his daughter, who according to his own report had met with a sudden and violent death. To prove the falsehood of this statement, which I doubted not had been fabricated by Santarillo to conceal the fancied degradation involved in his daughter's marriage, I determined to have the vault opened where the pretended interment had taken place, when my suspicions were at once confirmed.

“In what manner to proceed to discover Santarillo's retreat I knew not. A deep despondency came over me, and to divert my mind as far as possible from the melancholy subject upon which it was constantly brooding, I purchased a commission in the army, and was fortunate enough so to distinguish myself in our last campaign as to be promoted from the rank of lieutenant to the command of a company. Nearly two years have elapsed since I lost my Isabella, during which time I have let no opportunity pass to attain the object of my more anxious wishes; but disappointment confronted me at every step, till a few days since I accidentally happened to hear the name of Santarillo mentioned in conjunction with an assassination that recently took place in this city. Such, Monsieur Marmont, is my present situation, and my object in seeking your assistance is that proceedings may be instantly taken to search Santarillo's residence, and ascertain if his daughter be confined there, and if so, to bring the villain to condign punishment for the inhuman treatment to which she has been subjected.”

Monsieur Marmont listened with profound attention to the preceding narrative,

and after some reflection, communicated to Ferdinand Péril, as already described, and which he suggested Ferdinand might be able to identify. In order to establish this point, M. Marmont intimated his intention of waiting forthwith upon the finder of the glove, and promising to return as soon as his mission was accomplished, he departed for that purpose.

The cathedral clock was striking the hour of twelve, and the night was cloudy and bleak, as Ferdinand, wrapping himself in his military cloak, emerged from the hotel and directed his steps towards Santarillo's dwelling, which, unable to restrain his impatience till Monsieur Marmont's return, he determined at all hazards to explore. During the day which had closed, various groups of garrulous citizens had assembled in front of the Spaniard's dwelling, diligently speculating upon the result of his trial. As soon, however, as it was announced that he had been acquitted, the dejected *quid-nuncs* silently dispersed, and the "House of Death" was left in its usual state of solitude and gloom.

On reaching the mansion, Ferdinand surveyed it carefully, to determine by what manœuvre it were practicable to gain admission. At the rear of the building was a spacious court-yard, along which a high stone wall extended, rendered formidable by *chevaux de frise*. Over the latter, Ferdinand threw his sash, and by dint of a little exertion continued to scale the battlement with less difficulty than he had experienced in two forlorn hopes which it had been his *distinguished* fortune to conduct.

Alighting in the court-yard he perceived a door thickly studded with hinge nails, which opened upon a vaulted passage, leading, apparently, to a subterranean cellar, from which gleamed a faint light, enabling him at least to discern the obstacles which intercepted his path. After pursuing this track to its termination he found himself in a square chamber, the roof of which was supported by two dwarf pillars of granite. A small iron lamp was burning on the nearest pedestal, which Ferdinand approached, and he started with involuntary alarm as its feeble rays revealed to him the form of the Hunchback coiled up on the ground, apparently in deep repose. Ferdinand paused, and with feelings of commiseration, slightly blended with dread, regarded the poor maniac, whose huge protuberant eyes, to which the half closed lids, gave a death-like aspect, seemed to glare upon his hated rival, as if revenge had been present even in his dreams. Ferdinand stood for some minutes wrapt in contemplation of this unhappy being, but suddenly started on hearing his name slowly and distinctly uttered by a voice which seemed to proceed from below the situation he then occupied. Taking up the lamp, he advanced a step or two, and listened. It was the voice of one engaged in prayer. A cold perspiration rose on his forehead—the blood curdled at his heart, and he fancied that the earth was sinking beneath him.

A murmur from the Hunchback aroused him to a sense of his danger. Shading the lamp with his hand and guided by the sounds to which he had been listening, and which gradually became fainter and fainter, Ferdinand raised a trap-door, and descending a flight of steps discovered a chamber, similar in form to that which he had just quitted, but of smaller dimensions. Advancing a few paces, he paused at the brink of a circular-bricked-shaft, which apparently had once been the foundation

of a tower, and looking down was just able to distinguish by the reflection of the light, a female figure with an infant clasped to her bosom chained to the ground, in whom, with what emotions need not be described, he recognised his Isabella. Ferdinand tried to speak, but his utterance failed him and he bent over the pit, motionless ; his eyes riveted upon the frightful spectacle which exceeded in its terrible reality the wildest vision that fancy ever painted on the sable shadows of night. The sound of a footfall behind him suddenly broke the spell by which his faculties were enthralled. Before he could prepare himself for defence, a dagger glanced over his shoulder and smote him to the earth. Bleeding from a deep wound, he looked up and beheld to his horror the hunchback standing over him, his rugged features animated by a fiendish jibber, as he brandished the weapon, dripping with blood, which had accomplished his vindictive purpose : neither party essayed to speak ; with an expression of malignant exultation the hunchback watched the pallid visage of his victim till observing Ferdinand make an effort to rise, when he threw away the dagger and springing upon his prostrate foe whom he had seized by the throat, he endeavored to hurl him over the precipice. A struggle ensued, no less fierce in its action, than appalling as regarded its probable result, since he was faint from the loss of blood and inferior in muscular power to his antagonist who, though a pigmy in stature, had the nerve and sinews of a giant. Ferdinand was thrice swayed over the mouth of the shaft, and only saved himself from instant destruction by clinging to his murderous assailant. The unequal contest must shortly have terminated in Ferdinand's defeat, as his energies were fast declining and a dreaminess came over him which rendered him almost unconscious of his perilous situation when, as he was gradually sinking, a distant shout struck upon his ear. Suddenly, he felt inspired with new life. He gasped for strength to answer the signal which announced relief to be at hand. The shouts were repeated—they drew nearer—one effort more and he was saved. Grasping his antagonist with all the vigor he could command, Ferdinand dragged him along and, ascending the stairs, at length attained one of the uppermost apartments, when he threw open the window, and holding the hunchback at arms-length shouted wildly for help. The *Prefect* and his officers who, with M. Marinot were assembled in the street, on beholding a man with his ghastly face disfigured with streaks of blood, lost no time in breaking open the door and rushing to the assistance of Ferdinand, who, as soon as his deliverers appeared, sunk lifeless at their feet.

Having removed Ferdinand from the scene of this sanguinary conflict, the officers proceeded in quest of the hunchback who had fled immediately on perceiving resistance to be useless. In prosecuting their search they came to the chamber where Isabella was confined. Means were instantly adopted to extricate her, and a man having been lowered with a rope, both mother and child were by his aid brought up in safety. The poor girl looked around her with an air of bewilderment and subdued sorrow, and kissing her sleeping infant burst into tears.

The report of Santarillo's treatment of his daughter spread through the city with an almost incredible rapidity. One intense feeling of indignation took possession of all to whom the circumstances were made known, and denunciations loud and deep

were directed against the unnatural parent. As we have previously stated, Santarillo was acquitted of the charge of assassination, it having been proved that the Spaniard merely acted on his own defence. Apprehensive, however, of meeting with violence from the populace, by whom he was generally regarded with aversion, as well as to escape observation and distrust, Santarillo did not quit the prison in which he had been confined prior to his trial, till long after midnight. Ferdinand had just been carried out on a shutter, when Santarillo suddenly approached. In an instant, he was recognized by the excited crowd, and as he paused to glance at the bleeding figure of his son-in-law, the air was rent by execrations that must have struck terror to his inmost heart.

"Death to the monster;" cried a *prissarde*, "let him be thrown into the pit where he kept his own child buried alive."

"To the bridge with him!" exclaimed a mounted guardsman, who at that moment rode up. The proposition was received with acclamations which had scarcely died away before the Spaniard, borne on the heads of the frantic multitude, was hurled over the parapet, where spectators of every grade had congregated to witness this summary act of retribution. The Spaniard made a brief and ineffectual struggle, and as the foaming waters rushed over him the united yells of his hundred executioners ushered him into eternity.

While one section of the populace were wreaking just vengeance upon Santarillo, another were taking measures to destroy the structure which they regarded with feelings verging upon superstitious abhorrence. A lighted torch was thrown in at the window. A dozen were applied to the woodwork of the portico, and ere Santarillo had drawn his last breath, his recent habitation was in flames from its base to the roof. The timbers blazed and crackled with a report like the lashing of whips; the smoke rolled forth in dense columns, and the firmament resembled an eddying shower of gold. The *tocsin* sounded—the *canaille* waved their torches and cheered—when suddenly, at the highest casement appeared the hunchback; he looked down at the sea of crimson faces beneath him and was about to precipitate himself into the street, when a fierce yell of scorn burst forth that caused him to waver in his resolution. Another moment, and the blazing pile fell with a crash like thunder. As soon as the smoke cleared itself away, across one of the burning rafters hung the charred form of the poor maniac, whose once passionate love for his cousin had been succeeded by the most implacable enmity that nature permitted him to cherish in his savage breast.

But little remains to be added. The meeting between Isabella and Ferdinand produced so severe a shock upon the former as to deprive her of her reason. In this state she continued for several days, imagining that she had seen her husband's apparition, when her faculties were at length perfectly restored, and the young soldier once more rejoiced in the possession of his gentle Isabella. On the decease of his brother, which happened shortly afterwards, Ferdinand succeeded to estates of large value, and quitting the army, retired to enjoy the sweets of connubial life in a charming hill on the beautiful banks of the Rhine.

THE DEATH - DIP.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE MISSES GETTINGS, OF NEWPORT WHO WERE UNFORTUNATELY
DROWNED WHILE BATHING AT SOUTHERNDOWN, JULY 20TH, 1842.

(From the Brecon Gazette and Merthyr Guardian.)

[The subjoined lines record the death of the two Miss Gettings, who unfortunately were drowned while bathing at Southerndown on the 20th of July. The distracted mother, who was likewise bathing, made every effort to rescue her children. Lady Adare's efforts on the melancholy occasion are justly the theme of universal admiration: her ladyship's kind feeling will not cease with her attempts to recover life. A tablet recording the event is to be placed near the spot of the catastrophe. The poor girls were conveyed to Newport, and on Monday, July 25th, were interred in Caerleon churchyard amidst the profoundest grief of their relatives and friends. Such a circumstance as this forcibly reminds us of the truthful text that "in the midst of life we are in death." For the poor sufferers perhaps the best epitaph would be—"They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."]

The following painful reminiscence is attached to this melancholy occurrence. Their mother had urged her daughters, saying "my dears I think you have been in the water long enough." They answered, however, "one dip more, dear mother! it will be the last we shall have for a long time." They were all going to return home the following morning—but it was fatally—their last or death-dip.

"One shriek—one plunge—one gasp, and all is o'er
The darksome wave their sad and mournful shroud;
Their dirge, the bellow of the billow's roar,
Their pall, the shadow of a passing cloud."

"Wreck of the President."

Ye Nymphs, that batho on Cara's sunny shore,
To whom pale sorrow leaves a mournful care;
Weep for the fair, their home shall see no more!
Weep for the home, their hearts can never share;
Let the will wave, that drank their "last fond sigh,"
Wash with a gentler tide that fated spot;
And zephyrs breathe, a soft & murmur by,
A scene—a fate, that cannot be forgot.

Playful they sought the billow's azure side,
As sports the sea-bird in its mirthful glee;
And woo'd the current of that silvery tide,
That should enfold their endless memory.
Purest of Spirits! Oft the Evening Star
Shall light her torch around your dark-blue home;
And wandering mariners behold afar,
The lonely wreck that points your sea-girt tomb.

Thy caves, Dunraven! roll the hallowed prayer,
Of midnight mourners at their moonlit shrine,
And snowy robes are seen to flutter there,
'Round forms of earthly beauty—p'rhaps divine,
The sea-bird, too, oft points its wayward brood,
The circling foam that palls their hapless grave;
And shuns the haunted echo of the flood,
That stilled those gentle bosoms with a wave.

Southerndown, July 22d.

E. W. D.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]

THE VIRGIN OF BOKHARA.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF SCHAH SOOJA.

(Continued from page 314.)

"The day approach'd, when fortune should decide
The important enterprise, and give the bride."—*Dryden*



CHAPTER XVII.

"Fierce war and faithful love."—*Gray*.

It was evening when the Khyberree approached the dwellings of his tribe; and rude and barbarous as were the mind and habits of Mourazuk, his heart leaped to see the sun set gloriously behind his native mountains—those rugged barriers which had nurtured his childhood, and bred him up to deeds of daring. Some softer thoughts also intruded; for he had not been altogether insensible to the allurements of love; on the contrary, he had been a favorite with the women—his reckless character presenting them with a charm the sex are seldom known to resist in any clime, and his own trivial errors proving that he who could defy the sword would bow, like another Hercules, beneath the distaff and the slipper. Unfortunately, like those of the same hero of antiquity, his loves were many, and his success ended, if not in death by a poisoned shirt, at least in an uneasy slavery, for the women took care to slander universally what each one in particular wished to monopolize. Several of the men were scattered over the hills, pursuing whatever avocations their life afforded them; some were engaged in eating the repast which their women had prepared, and the scene altogether was one of listlessness and activity united. Mourazuk passed many with a slight sulam, while others were greeted with the warmth of old and approved acquaintances.

"I wonder," thought the Khyberree as he proceeded, "whether Leila forgets me, or Mira, or Alvansa, or the rest:—I believe Leila loved me best—and there she is, milking yonder goat, and it is her favorite—I will surprise her, by Mahomet."

Mourazuk stole unperceived close up to the swarthy dame who was engaged in the manner described, and uttered a sulam so loudly in her ear, that Leila started upright, and looked round. She recognized Mourazuk immediately, but received him far differently from what he had expected, although in a way to which he had been long before accustomed. Without testifying the least pleasure in again beholding her favorite sweet-heart after so long an absence, the first proof of affection which she vouchsafed was a torrent of abuse, dealt forth with all the volubility and vehemence of the most gifted of her sex.

"So!" she cried, "I hope thou hast had thy pleasure abundantly in pursuing the sports of the betrothed wherever thy spirit listed—thou art indeed a faithful lover—a valiant warrior, to leave a woman like me for such as the Huzara mountains can supply, and thy tribe to pursue their forays without thee.—I trust thou hast experienced enough of chastity, or if thou hast grown tired of lewdness, thinkest thou that Leila will take thee back to favor whenever thou may'st choose to divert thyself with her charms?—I tell thee, nay, Mourazuk, go back to them from whom thou camest, and say that Leila sent thee, and tell them too how well she could chastise thy insolence and presumption—thus."

Leila lent a tender weight to her words, by laying a stout and brawny fist several times over the shoulders of the Khyberrec. Her language and behaviour attracted

the attention of all within hearing, and Mourazuk, who was considered as one of the tribe's most redoubted warriors, was obliged to reply with complaisance to the salutations and embraces of acquaintances on the one hand, while he strove to pacify the jealous and indignant virago on the other; and worse than all, the news of his arrival was already considerably circulated, and many of the fair ones who had shared his smiles were pressing forward to claim their long arrears of right in scolding or caresses. Mourazuk tried to make the best of time and circumstances for the pacification of the Amazon before he should be overwhelmed by the rest. He had also much to say to the warriors of his tribe respecting the commission on which he came, and some visionary gleams of vain ambition had flashed on even his dull imagination of being raised to a wealth and eminence greater than fortune had promised at his birth.

"Hark ye, Leila," he said, "I have good store of amulets and other ornaments—I procured them for love of thee."

But he might as well have spoken to the howling winds. His attempt at conciliation only produced renewed and severer upbraidings, which continued until Leila saw herself in danger of losing her lover, amidst the crowd of damsels who thronged around, whose tongues were by no means slow to perform the office for which dame Nature intended them, and then Leila energetically forced them aside, and seizing Mourazuk with an ejaculation of affected pity, and a broad jest of feminine encouragement, bore him off in triumph.—Mourazuk was obliged to defer the communication of his intelligence until the coming of another sun—the last had set too amorously upon re-united hearts.

The sun of the following day was high in the Heavens, before Mourazuk issued from his dormitory among the people of his tribe. He then assembled them in considerable numbers, and told them of the munificence of Tarringmore, and proposed to them to become his soldiers. He was a popular man among his people, and his proposal, backed as it was by bribes and promises, soon gained over a number of ardent adventurers, eager for battle and plunder, and supported and cheered by the general approbation and encouragement of the whole tribe. And now there might seem to be nothing further necessary than to organize them according as his best notions of discipline would allow, but the spirit of Mourazuk could not refrain from gratifying the wishes of his men and proving their mettle, if it were but as practise previous to their joining the standard of Tarringmore: accordingly, he sought the earliest opportunity of heading them in a plundering expedition. He stationed scouts along the hills to apprise him of the approach of travellers and caravans, and promised him who should bring the speediest intelligence, the highest reward. At length the desired news arrived and, with a chosen troop which far outnumbered the force of which the band of travellers was reported to consist, Mourazuk set out upon his enterprise. A long and difficult pass intervened between them and their booty, and as it would take a considerable time to traverse this, he waited until the shades of night rendered their enemy more easily to be surprised. Night fell but tediously to the expectant hearts of the mountaineers, and then the Khyberree and his men proceeded along the pass, until the appearance of lights in the distance warned them of the approach of the travellers. They then halted, in order that the sound of their footsteps might not put their enemies upon their guard. The lights drew near, and when they were close enough to allow the bearers to be indistinctly seen, the Khyberree gave his signal, and a volley from his men swept the pass, and, in the midst of the thundering echoes which shook the cliffs, the Khyberree made the charge with which he expected to overwhelm the small force which opposed him.—What was his astonishment to find the lights which had marked the travellers' path extinguished, and the spot on which he hoped to rush at once upon his spoil and foes vacant. He chafed in maddened rage—"strike lights—kindle the torches," he said to his men; "if they are not bold enough to meet our steel, we'll burn the cravens from their holes."

Khyberree's orders were obeyed, and the group of warriors stood revealed to the observation of their concealed adversaries. It was evident that they had a foe determined not to yield himself an unresisting booty, and sagacious enough to employ

stratagem and conduct as a counterbalance for the deficiency of numbers. Before the party could scatter themselves for their intended search, a deadly and irregular fire was commenced from the cliffs around upon the exposed and crowded Khyberees, while the echoes multiplied the reports into the din and tumult of contending hosts. Man after man fell by the side of Mourazuk, who gave counter orders to put out their lights, and grope out their enemies by the flashes of their own fire-arms, but the firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the Khyberee and his thinned and dispirited followers were attacked hand to hand by the very men whom they had supposed to have shunned an encounter with superior prowess. The struggle was short. A strong arm seemed to head the assailing party, for everything gave way before it. The remnant of the Khyberees retreated in disorder. Mourazuk alone disdained to flee. More enraged by his disappointment and defeat, than alarmed at his personal danger, he continued calling on his men to slaughter, when he had no men left to support him, and dealt about his furious and unavailing blows. Suddenly his sword struck against that of an enemy. Where neither party had light enough to parry any stroke, the blades had scarcely clashed when those who wielded them were engaged in fierce grapple. In vain his utmost strength was exerted by Mourazuk. His adversary was superior both in muscular power and activity, and almost instantly the Khyberee was brought to the earth, the foot of his opponent on his breast, and the sword's point pressed against his chest. Just then one of the band so unexpectedly victors, finding himself unopposed, lighted a torch, the better to discover the track of the discomfited Khyberees; the rays fell on the two men, as they were located within the gloom of the cliff, and Mourazuk then knew that he was in the presence of Toringmore. A terrible scowl of unallayed resentment bent the brows of the latter, as his eyes recognized his prostrate foe.

"Now by heaven," he cried, "thy life shall be the forfeit of thy treachery."

Another moment had sealed the fate of Mourazuk.

"Hold!" cried the Khyberee, "I care not for death, but for the loss of thy favor—listen to thy slave—thou who art bold and strong in battle as great in wisdom—let me prove my fidelity—take me to my tribe—more than a thousand warriors have sworn to risk their lives in the cause for which thou fightest—thou wilt not gain them if I die."

"A night attack upon thy general," said Toringmore, "looks not like fidelity—what hast thou to say to this?"

"We were but on a plundering expedition," returned the Khyberee, "our spies knew thee not—we took thy party for ordinary travellers, and so waylaid thee on thy path."

"How dost thou prove it?" said the incredulous Toringmore, without permitting the other to arise.

"Do I not tell thee Agha Toringmore that a thousand warriors with sword and match-lock are ready to do him service; their battle cry is Toringmore, and Mourazuk is he that made it so—nay, let me see them follow thy standard, and I will die:—if I speak not truth—impale me with my own sword upon the mountain."

"Bind him," said Toringmore to his own men, "and bring him to his tribe—yet no, Mourazuk thou art a brave man, true or false—thou art free—it shall not be said that Toringmore will bind a man, whom he might have slain, through fear of finding him a perfidious friend—the arm which had strength to subdue will be able to revenge its master upon the treacherous—lead on, Mourazuk."

Mourazuk made no reply, but his animated countenance and elated step shewed that he was not insensible to the magnanimity of his general. He placed himself foremost as guide, according to the directions of Toringmore, and the whole party proceeded on their way, attention being first duly paid to the relief and removal of those who had been wounded in the late skirmish. The killed were left where they fell until their friends should be apprised of their fate and pay them the rites of burial. The followers of Toringmore were too few to permit them to convey the dead. Had it not been so, he would have restored them also to their surviving relatives, the distance not being great enough to render their interment on the spot necessary.

"A soldier's field of battle is always an honorable grave," he would say, "but it lends a keenness to his sabre's edge to think that mourning friends will look upon his scars, and as they lay him in the tomb rejoice in the remembrance that he was valiant.

It was Tarringmore's policy to make humanity unite its influence with talent and authority to impress the minds of men, and cause obedience to become but the handmaid of gratitude and affection.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"They informed us that this sect was called 'Ali Illah,' and had adopted many odious customs."
Travels into Bokhara.

PETER and Annette travelled without ceasing, hiring guides from each tribe through which they passed, according to the directions of the strange man who had stimulated them to undertake the journey. They had now reached the country of the Huzaras; and the guide they took from thence was one of Tarringmore's soldiers, and was eloquent on the valour and glory of his leader, and on the magnificence and greatness of his display when the Huzaras assembled to do him homage. He beguiled the toil of clambering through the dreary passes by describing the virtues of Tarringmore, his zeal in behalf of the true faith of Mahomet, against whom the profane had set up a new sect of infidels, and told with eagerness how they should have revenge on their Soonee neighbours, and be free to rove where they pleased, unburdened by tribute, unpersecuted by enemies. The way did not seem tedious to any of the party thus engaged, though night overtook them before they reached any place of shelter, and having resolved to stop where they were, they kindled a fire, and proceeded to prepare some refreshment: but their meal was not permitted to pass without disturbance. They were alarmed from time to time by voices from several quarters, but their Huzara guide quieted their apprehensions by telling them that he knew a body of Tarringmore's adherents, of whom he himself was one, to be in the neighbourhood, or at all events not very remote. They were not left long in uncertainty. Groups of men issued from several passes around, and they were begirt within a close throng of wild mountaineers.

"Ye are ours, by Ali," said a Moollah who was the leader of the crowd.

"We are lost," whispered the Huzara guide to Peter; "these are not Tarringmore's crusaders, but the followers of Ali."

Peter saw the folly of resistance, and while Annette clung to him with trembling arms, he entered into a parley with the Moollah, who, much more anxious to gain proselytes than commit violence plunged readily into an argument whose odds were on his own side.

"If we are yours, what is to be our reward?" asked Peter.

"Young man," said the Moollah, "I would fain make thee a partaker of the joys of Paradise."

"The creed which I profess is able to do so, why then should I change it?" asked Peter with simplicity.

"Who is thy prophet?"

"Mahomet."

"There is one greater than he, even Ali—him thou should'st follow."

"I am content to follow the path I have already chosen."

"Young man—beware—know'st thou there is but one prophet, one faith, one circumcision which can conduct thee safely over the narrow bridge of death?"

"And how know I that thy prophet, thy faith, thy circumcision, is the one which leads to happiness?"

"Our doctrines prove it."

"Convince me how."

"Mahomet is not liberal like Ali—God is universal, and would extend his goodness without limit, free from the weak passions which torture us his creatures, by

our own wilfulness. He would freely give us every thing which we could enjoy through our senses, and hath appointed Ali through his Moollahs to implant those principles which shall release the human race from mutual jealousy, hate, and envy which at present create so many evils:—what God hath appointed for enjoyment should be no man's monopoly—and Ali appoints that none hold exclusive possession of woman—she should be the property of every one alike—and the sublime truth be thus established, that the world should be a universal harem to the world."

"I know not," replied Peter, "whether or not it ought to be as thou sayest, other creeds deny that one man should have more than one wife, and charity forbids us to condemn them to hell for holding the doctrine. If we search, we shall not find one faith to which an objection may not be made, and then where shall we rest our wandering footsteps?"

"Against our faith—the faith to which I would persuade thee, I defy all men to produce a single argument."

"There is one which applies alike to the followers of Mahomet and to thine," said Peter.

"I heard it from a Firingee who was a shrewd arguer."

"Name it," said the Moollah boldly.

"Do'st thou not exact as well as we, that the faithful should offer up their prayers at sunrise and sunset?"

"Yes."

"And this is a rule from which none may deviate."

"It is—what then?"

"Then in the Polar circle where the sun rises and sets not for nearly six months together, how are the faithful, should they sojourn there, to know the period of prayer—must they wait for sunrise and sunset?"

The Moollah was astonished at the argument, and for some time seemed embarrassed for an answer. but soon assuming the audacious air which characterizes presumption and imposture—he said—

"The creed of the prophet is sufficient for the faithful in such a predicament."

"But the Koran contains not such a doctrine."

"Thou forget'st, youth, that the Koran of Mahomet is not always a guide for us," then he added hastily in a tone of authority, "it is decreed that thou and these shalt be of us—come with us and behold our orgies to-night—our enemies name us lamp-killers in slander, because we hide our mysteries from vulgar and profane eyes, but come with us—thou art accepted—and thou and thine shalt gain by being converts unto Ali, and lose by thy rebellion."

Peter Pulakoff and his companions listened to the shout of the multitude, as they proclaimed the sentence of the Moollah, and echoed "to the orgies, to the orgies." He saw many faces among them which he recognized, many whom he had benefited, but none would interfere to save him from witnessing abominations which his spirit loathed. These were foremost in demanding his compliance. Fanaticism could break the bonds of friendship—it could teach men to be ungrateful, but not to spare. The multitude swayed tumultuously, and Peter and his friends were already in the vortex—a moment more had hurried them like sheep to sacrifice, but then there was a rushing sound among the hills, and it flew from ravine to ravine with a terrible voice of warning. The crowd grew breathlessly silent.

"The crusaders!" was the murmur of alarm which arose from the outskirts of the throng, and it began to be manifest that religious zeal was not strong enough at that hour to prompt them to win the crown of martyrdom. The Moollah mounted an elevated place which enabled him to overlook his converts, and waving his arm with intrepidity, exclaimed:—"Children of Ali, fear not—the men of sin are mighty, but abide ye here—behold, Ali shall descend in lightning, and shall scatter them abroad as the storm scattereth the spray from the borders of the torrent."

But the rushing sound increased and drew nigh—the sound of men, sworn for their extirpation, the many against the few, and the exhortation of the Moollah was vain. They heeded not their intended proselytes—the foot of the destroyer was on their path—the Moollah himself was hurried away by the tide, and as the yells of

their pursuers broke loudly onward, Peter Pulakoff saw with delight that the dispersion predicted by the Moollah for their enemies, Ali had miraculously visited on the heads of his own followers.—They separated to their places of safety.—Peter was left alone. The next moment they were face to face with the troops of Tarringmore, their guide was recognized, and the destination of the party being made known, every assistance was given by the mountaineers which could increase their comfort and expedite their progress.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Here comes fair Mistress Anne."—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

DURING Tarringmore's stay in the Khyber country, all flocked to obtain a view of a hero with them so celebrated, and happy the warrior or dame who was so fortunate as to attract his particular notice. Among the rest Leila did not fail to shew her attention, and Tarringmore was inclined to treat her with more consideration than others after he found that she was the mistress of Mourazuk. Leila improved the circumstance, and made bold to enjoy a private interview with the Agha, as he was called. As most people in embarrassment say what they do not intend, but especially women who feel a desire to talk. Leila had scarcely stood in the presence of Tarringmore, and listened to his complimentary language, than partly through confusion, partly through a wish to evade a direct reply, and partly through a desire of shewing what information she could give, she at once broke into an observation, which had no allusion to any previous remark, and seemed to have quite a contrary effect on Tarringmore to what she might have expected, for his brow grew grave, and his manner changed instantaneously from the gracious to the inquisitorial. But alarmed at the alteration she had wrought, and with an instinctive feeling that she had committed an error, characteristic dissimulation enabled her in the string of questions which followed to do what in some measure retrieved her fault.

"A stranger has been here," she said, "who made enquiry respecting thy coming."

"My coming?—Did he utter my name?"

"Yes."

"Where does he abide?"

"He departed this morning from the village."

"Whither?"

"I know not."

"Which way did he take?"

"The path which leads to the city of Cabool."

"Did he converse with thee before his departure?"

"But little—he promised me a mantle, and said he should be here again to keep his word—I like him."

"Doubtless, with justice, since he is generous—did he say nothing else?"

"He pitied my innocence, praised my beauty, and said there was one he had known whom I much resembled—I gave him what provisions he required for his journey—Mourazuk would not have been kinder than he."

Tarringmore perceived that he could obtain no more satisfactory information from the flattered Leila, who took infinitely more pleasure in recounting the kind observations of the stranger in her favor, than in gratifying the curiosity even of Tarringmore. He contented himself with enquiring the name of the individual.

"I did not ask him," was the rather guarded reply, "but those of my tribe whom I heard converse with him, called him Amurath."

Tarringmore turned aside as if in thought.

"Tis he then," he said inaudibly; and without any further question he gestured to Leila that she might depart.

Leila, who was awed into a kind of brevity of speech by no means natural or agreeable to herself, in consequence of the unexpected sternness of Tarringmore, took care to vent her volubility with much less reserve as she retreated, although just then she was without an auditor.

"I don't half like the curiosity of the Agha Torringmore," she said; "his name?—whither did he go?—which road?—he must have some reason for all this—what boots it who he is, if he is pretty and obliging—Mourazuk never spoke half so softly—no harm must happen to him, or Leila is no woman."

"Though he escape often, I will catch him at last," muttered Torringmore as soon as he was alone.

But Leila flew on the wings of speed to prevent the ill consequences which she apprehended might result from her inadvertence. She feared that by some possibility unknown to her, Torringmore and Amurath might be mutual foes; and from the character of the Agha, she concluded that he would suffer no enemy to live. The stranger had been kind to her, and must he suffer from her betrayal? Leila had one good trait, whatever more, that although she had no objection to create rivalry of hearts, she did not wish that men should incur loss of life or limb on her account, being in this more merciful than many who are called heroines of antiquity. Her tact in the recent examination as well as correct suspicion appeared soon after her arrival at the hut, for a man issued from it clad in the costume of her tribe, and by the significant gestures with which she directed him to a path widely different from that she had told Torringmore, it might be conjectured that he was the stranger of whom she spoke with the Agha, and, from his hasty departure, that he and Amurath were foes.

CHAPTER XX.

"I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina."

Much Ado about Nothing.

LEILA had scarcely departed when Mourazuk entered to announce to Torringmore that a youth and a maiden who had arrived under the guidance of a Khyberee, had taken up their lodging in the village, and that the young man now stood without, requesting to be permitted to enter the presence of the Agha, in search of whom he had come.—Torrymore pondered for a moment as if to weigh the probability of treachery; but after a brief pause he ordered him to be introduced, and recognized the late slave of Doulut. He viewed him with unfeigned surprise, not unmixed with suspicion.

"Thou art come a messenger from thy master Doulut?" was his first question.

"No Agha, I am no more his slave, I come to thee to ask protection for my sister Annette, and to enlist, with thy permission, under thy banners."

"Indeed! thy first request is already granted; and for the second—" Torringmore paused, pondering how he might best prove the disposition of the youth, and then proceeded; "for the second—it may be granted too, but, first, what reward dost thou expect for the duties thou must fulfil?"

"My father was a soldier," replied the boy; "the brave need no other heritage."

"Ha! bravely spoken—and who was thy father?"

"I know not—he that sold me said that he was a soldier, and that he served on the borders of the desert.—I know my father was a soldier, for I feel a soldier's blood circulating in my veins."

Torrymore seemed struggling with some secret emotion, which prevented an immediate renewal of the discourse. At length he said in rather lower voice than before:—

"I, too, served on the borders of the desert, and know its peril—and yet thy young blood would freeze, perhaps, at the sight of slaughter."

"I saw a man," replied Peter, "scatter blood and desolation around the fields through which I passed—he departed, and the men called him a great man, but the women cursed him, and the children cried when they were told that he was coming as before in terror, yet I, like the men, thought there was something glorious in the way in which he did the work of murder."

"Why, boy, thou hast not seen a score of springs, and dost thou talk of murder?"

"Nature is strong, and revenge is sweet, and with my hereditary foe before me, were even Tarringmore to say, 'Peter, forbear,' Peter Pulakoff would strike and slay."

"Go to," said Tarringmore, with a grim smile of mingled satisfaction and displeasure, "methinks thou couldst scarce bear my sword, not to say oppose my will."

"I know that obedience is the duty of a soldier," rejoined Peter, submissively, "but I only spoke of those feelings which prompt us to resign life rather than forego vengeance."

"'Tis true, boy, that the feelings of nature may at times convert us into the ruthlessness of the assassin—no matter—through weal or woe thou art resolved to attend me?"

"I am, Agha."

Tarringmore paused again, ere he spoke.

"Peter, thou art young," he resumed, "should death overtake the now glorious Tarringmore, would'st thou fear to succeed?"

Peter felt his frame throb in every pulse with the flattering question of the wily Tarringmore. He thought he was nobler at that instant than he had ever been before.

"True, Agha, I am young," he said proudly, "and yet a boy hath done a greater deed ere now."

"And what was that?"

"When Bokhara was threatened by Hulakoo, the grandson of Jengis Khan, the people sent forth a boy accompanied by a camel and a goat. When these appeared before the conqueror, he demanded the reason of selecting such a stripling as an envoy. 'If thou wantest a larger being,' replied the boy, 'here is a camel; if thou seekest for a beard, here is a goat; but if thou desirest reason, hear me,' Hulakoo listened to the wisdom of the boy—the city was spared and protected—see'st thou, Agha, the power of a child, 'tis my ambition to emulate that boy."

"Enough," said Tarringmore, "and so thou would'st not mourn my death, if it could raise thee to distinction?"

"Agha, forgive me," replied the youth, in confusion, "I meant not to sacrifice my leader—but—but—it surely was presumptuous, too, as well as ungrateful, for an inexperienced boy to aspire, even in thought, to an undertaking which would need the wisest and the boldest years of manhood."

Tarringmore smiled.

"Thou art forgiven, Peter," he said, "thy aspiration was noble, and I have felt the same, and thou must learn too, not to be diffident of thy years. It is common for youth to venerate age, and respect or fear manhood—grey hairs look like experience, and older heads than his own appear to carry in them the secrets of the future as yet unexplored,—he is accustomed to hear himself condemned for follies, feebleness, and pusillanimity, and to suppose that his more matured accusers must have strength, wisdom and independence. It is not—until he has learned to compare his own powers with those of others,—that he finds the boasted man cowering beneath his glance, and the aged shrinking in intellectual impotence from his penetration, astonished and abashed to see their foibles exposed and their crimes and hypocrisy detected, that youth, with no less of diffidence in himself, but more of pride, learns to scorn the one and defy the other. To shew that I forgive thee, thou art already appointed to a higher post than that of a common soldier and if thy future actions correspond with thy words this day, thou mayest prove thyself at all events worthy to succeed Tarringmore, whatever may be the fate of both of us."

With these words he dismissed Peter, and summoned Mourazuk to his presence.

CHAPTER XXI.

"What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves."

"Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall."—*Measure for Measure.*

THE style of language in which Peter had addressed Torringmore, was partly owing to the written instructions which he had received from the stranger in Bokhara, who knew well how best to make an impression on such a spirit as that of the Agha. But though he was far from feeling the ruthlessness which he had described, ambition swelled high within him, and Torringmore had created an unbounded admiration for his future leader—a sentiment he seldom failed of producing in all with whom he came in contact. He was now to associate with men of bandit habits—men whose very virtues were absolutely confined to the qualities of ruthless ferocity and successful rapine, and he could not hope that they would respect him for gentleness or humanity, the absence of which they considered essential to greatness. They despised the ties of kindred—even the duties of children and parents when they clashed with their national or conventional institutions of war and plunder. Truth was a mockery, except where it pointed out the exact place where they were to surprise their victims; honesty a folly, unless as it served to prevent domestic quarrels in the distribution of the spoil. Although, in childhood, he himself had been the prey of such, and had subsequently resided long where they resorted and were feared, at least those who chose to profess themselves of the Soonee doctrine—his disposition, naturally averse from barbarity and crime, had imbibed nothing but hatred and disgust at their habits, and had not learned to fear or respect their friendship. The citizens of Bokhara were merciful, compared with these. And hitherto he had not been called on to take part in any act of blood at which his spirit might revolt. But now the scene was changed. He was no longer the slave employed to do his master's high behest. He must mingle with them, act with them as one of themselves. What was now his aspiration? The only one left him in his extremity, but alas! one, more specious than practicable? To preserve his integrity in the midst of crime, to be innocent among the guilty, faithful among the treacherous, pure among the abandoned,—this was now his hope—his ambition. Alas! for the bright dreams of ingenuous youth! The contact of vice corrupts the noblest, and for him, he scarce knew yet what ambition was. To him it was great to be raised above his fellow-men; but he calculated not the terrible pathway of treason and slaughter which must conduct him to the goal. The world was for him a subject for speculation—he had not experienced the reality, nor knew that for the man who hath run its dark career of vice, there is little left to speculate upon but the depths which he hath past, to warn him from the quicksands which lie before him. But Peter troubled not himself with vexations which he had not experienced. He was shy—but sanguine; diffident, yet fearless, and he went out from the presence of Torringmore, and mingled with his future companions as he best might—determined to distinguish himself by deeds of high emprise, and lay his claim to superior merit by the moderation and clemency which he should exhibit in the hour of carnage and conquest. He was soon noticed by the rude men among whom he sauntered with a listless air, as of one who had but some of his thoughts and little of his acts in common with them. He was, however, accosted.

"Thou art a favorite with the Agha Torringmore," said one, "did he tell thee when he would send thee on a foray?"

Peter replied, by a simple negative.

"I would that he had," was the rejoinder, "we are here without the spoil of a single camel or the wife of a single enemy for this time past."

Peter felt a thrill of horror at the coolness with which he spoke of violation and bloodshed. "Doubtless the Agha knows best his own reasons," he said.

"It would be well if he would give thee a little amusement, if it were but to initiate thee in the art of warfare."

"I have seen war already."

"Hast thou backed a steed, or taken a slave across the desert?"

"No," but the painful recollections which the question raised caused the sensitive Peter to shudder.

"The youth is timid," said another, "he will require some months of training before he dares encounter the Kuzzilbash—what thinkest thou Dilawur?"

"I know the use of arms, and can defy the charge of cowardice at any hour," retorted Peter, indignantly.

"The boy is surly at hearing the truth," sneeringly, said the other, who had been addressed by the name of Dilawur.

"Thou liest," shouted Peter, drawing his sabre, and placing himself in an attitude of defence, "I stand here, and defy thee to prove thy accusation, thou minion of butchery—'tis thou who art the coward."

The sword of the other flew instantaneously from the scabbard, and muttering something about the speediest way of teaching the youth the beauties of foray, he stood opposed to Peter. Several of the idle crowd, who had heard the challenge and the altercation, now crowded round to witness the conflict, when a stalwart warrior pushed through the throng, and at one blow struck down the weapons of both the combatants.

"For shame, Dilawur," he cried, "to draw thy sword upon a youth, whom yet I can tell thee, it might give thee some trouble to vanquish."

"Thou art hasty too, methinks, Mourazuk," returned Dilawur, "I would have only chastised his pettishness in calling me a coward."

"It is no matter," said Mourazuk, "he is my ward, and as such I must protect him: besides, knowest thou that the Agha hath deemed fit already to appoint him to a command?" A murmur was the only reply, while Mourazuk took Peter, to whom even he seemed like a friend, and led him away to a place of refreshment.

It was Torringmore's intention, as soon as he had left matters in a condition to be managed by his subordinate chieftains, to go into the Maharaja's territories to reconnoitre his enemy's strength previous to the future invasion, by which, agreeably to the wishes of the Wuffadar, he proposed to subjugate Lahore to the dominion of Shah Shooja, and the instructions of the Wuffadar went so far as to include the private assassination of the Maharaja, if found practicable, as an event likely to place Lahore without a struggle at the mercy of an invader. He intended to visit Cabool on his way, firstly, to meet his agent Meerza, who, he expected, would be there before him; and, secondly, with a hope that he might be able to encounter the stranger that Leila spoke of. Trusting to the fidelity of Peter and Mourazuk, he departed for Cabool.

CHAPTER XXII.

"On Wednesday next I shall set out; you know
That savage rock, the Castle of Petrella."—*Shelley.*

ERE yet the echoes of their alarm drums had ceased amid the mountains of the Tatar Huzaras, and while the warriors whom they summoned were rushing from their habitations, a message was delivered privately to Ghoolam and Meerza, explaining to them the reason of the alarm, and that the refusal of both Mussoum and his wife to admit them, was owing to the arrival of Torringmore, who was in the house of Mussoum when they halted with the litter of Marida.

In fact, Torringmore had postponed this display until Marida's coming, on purpose that she might be impressed with the greater ideas of his power and glory, and accordingly the men were directed to convey her to the tent of an old woman, named Fazey, whence she was permitted to have a full view of the gorgeous spectacle. After it was over, she enjoyed an interview with Torringmore, and with satisfied feelings and assurances of protection and speedy re-union, Marida cheerfully complied with his wish that she would immediately set out with her conductors to the castle which he had chosen as his fortress and her temporary abode.

They arrived at the fortress in safety ; a number of men were there employed by Torringmore in repairing the fortifications, and prudential reasons were assigned to Marida, why she should not for awhile be permitted to wander beyond that part of the castle appropriated for her reception. The old woman who had been the first to receive her under her roof after she had left her father's, was the person to whom were confided the attendance upon and guardianship of Marida.

Fazry did her best to instruct Marida in a knowledge of the world, of which she herself knew little beyond what she had gleaned from details of hearsay and slaughter. No doubt she practised due diligence in the discharge of her duty, she did not like some governesses in more polished regions, who conduct their pupils to places of their own resort, initiate them in intrigues and teach them to conceal their feelings with the utmost care, because Fazry did not understand such things ;—neither to scribble common place in verse, in reply to billet-doux, because she had never heard of lovers wooing after that fashion. But she told her all that she knew from experience, that women were designing, men cruel ; that women would betray, men forsake ; that few would shew her kindness except from motives of self-interest, and that all would plunder her when a favorable opportunity offered. These are general principles, characteristic of the human race all over the world, which Fazry had experienced and took great delight in acquainting her young charge, warning her against the dangers, which hints were nevertheless attended with the usual incredulity of youth. Fazry made, however, one saving clause, which caused Marida to listen to her other suggestions with the greater patience :—she ever admitted Torringmore's virtues. He had effectually led Fazry into the belief that in him was concentrated what was not to be found in all mankind, beside—and Marida was satisfied to suppose the world to be as Fazry described it, for what was the world to her, when he was virtuous ; and she was wicked enough to hope even that the whole earth should be iniquitous, because he would shine more glorious from the contrast. Her suspicions, or rather her alarms occasioned by what she had heard in the course of her journey, had worn off, so far as regarded Torringmore, and if this world were bad, she thought and hoped indeed, that he alone was the spirit which should convert it into a paradise.

Ghoolam and Meerza having left their charge in safety, departed, the one to combine the purposes of traffic with Torringmore's interests, and to extend his fame and increase the number of his followers ; the other, the cynic Persian, to try his success among his countrymen, the Kuzzilbashes, in Cabool.

CHAPTER XXIII.

" Fill high the bowl,
The rich repast prepare."—*Gray.*

As Torringmore passed through the bazaar of Cabool, he heard a dervise, in the name of the prophet, begging a cake from a baker. Quickly descrying Torringmore, the former entreated his alms, and was at once recognised as his agent Meerza, so, that while he was apparently intent on relieving him, they parted from the throng to converse together in safety. Torringmore learned that his agent's success among his countrymen, the Kuzzilbashes, had exceeded his utmost hopes, and that he had determined upon his arrival to assemble them to receive their leader in such a manner as not to create suspicion. With this intent they separated until the hour appointed.

Although circumstances demanded that he should be entertained without pomp, merely, indeed, as a casual guest, yet each knew the homage due, and paid it with silent deference. Admitted into the citadel of the Bala Hissar, amongst his partisans, the richest viands of the season were prepared for the occasion, and discourse flowed freely as the destined warriors sat at wassail in their pride.

Meerza dealt out inexhaustible raillery upon all. Nothing deterred by Torringmore's presence, nor abashed by the number of his assembled countrymen, he

trusted to his entertaining powers not to give offence, and the greater portion of those present were content with their diversion in indemnity for his satire. Most of his sallies were, it must be confessed, calculated to provoke merriment rather than ill-will. The ludicrous images employed by him to describe the absurdities to which he alluded, and his grimaces in recommending them, raised, indeed, many a laugh, whilst Meerza protected himself under a cloak of mirth, until exposing the religious delusions of sundry nations with which he was acquainted, he caused the Moollah himself to relax into a smile, so playfully exposed were even his impositions. Then he dwelt upon the advantages to be expected from their present enterprise, agreeably picturing to their fancies the honors, and awakening in each breast anxious desires for the fortunes which awaited him; their imaginations then filled to the brim with dreams of felicity and glory, he would, as if inadvertently, lash some custom or article of their creed, and they readily received the joke as evincing his excessive honesty. "How could he," they argued, who thus dared openly assail their prejudices, be insincere in his statements of their success. It is, indeed, surprising how far men will at times go in building up schemes of imaginary grandeur, and how far they will willingly forgive assaults against their prejudices, when backed by apparent disinterestedness and rendered mild and impalpable by a dazzling array of unsubstantial prospects. The glittering dew-drop in the distance arrests their attention, and they feel not the sunbeams which scathe their brow, while rushing to grasp the fancied jewel. Tasting the sweets of flattery, they lose sight of the flatterer's art. Their susceptibility is lulled, while they yield to the allurements. They hear not accurately, and pause not to inquire: speculating, they resent not, and when, at length, they reflect, the concealed satire comes home to their view and they behold the follies of superstition; then, while wondering how they felt not the attack, spite of themselves, they are unawares convinced.

Hindoo superstitions and the savage and unseemly customs of the northern tribes, were treated by him with cynic severity. Not even his own nation escaped his keen censure.

"Thou art no patriot," at length exclaimed one of the company, who remarked his apparent want of national feeling, "or thou would'st not so readily expose the foibles of thy countrymen which thou should'st conceal, if thou can'st not defend."

"Thus I prove my patriotism," retorted Meerza, "did I fail to condemn the faults of my own countrymen when I ridiculed those of others, it would be unfair, indeed: countries in the mass are but many-headed individuals, and he would exhibit an ill-natured selfishness, and would deserve to be regarded as a traducer—who was wilfully blind to his own faults; but while he equally bares the foibles of all, he exhibits an honesty truly admirable, thereby proving himself an upright cynic and a philosopher; and, glorying in the comparison between those of his own race and others, he rejoices that his own faults are fewer than his neighbours."

"Thou art right friend," said Torrington, "but wilt not be apt to get thy countrymen to think so."

"They must if they reflect," answered Meerza, eloquent with wine and enthusiasm, and exulting in his leader's approbation. "For example, while I ridicule and loathe the habit of the Uzbeks which prompts them to drink grease in their tea, must I forget to condemn the bigotry of the Persian, who, when shooting an arrow, exclaims, 'may this go straight to the heart of Omar!' thereby causing hatred and enmity, which nothing but the blood and slavery of either nation can satiate."

One of the Persian guards entered and handed Torrington a slip of paper, stating that it had been given him by one who had retreated on the instant. Torrington found it to be from the Wuffadar, who was in Cabool, who desired an immediate interview, at a place named on the paper. She had then been daring enough to enter the city of her husband's enemy, personally to learn his prospects of success.

Torrington had had no interview with the Wuffadar since he left her on his important mission. She was made acquainted with its general purport, but was a stranger to his secret policy. This meeting with her was not without anxiety. The Wuffadar was suspicious, and her sagacity was equal to her suspicion; her boldness superior to both. He, therefore, trusted for security to the violence of her passion, of which she had already given many unequivocal proofs. Her co-operation was necessary

to him, and whatever might be his ulterior views, he could not dispense with the countenance of her authority. Her husband was but a cipher: not an unusual thing where the one is a feeble-minded man, the other a decided character: her admiration had, therefore, arisen because her mind was naturally alive to what it conceived to be great and noble, but her subsequent feelings amounted to more than esteem, and when, (he reflected) did woman give way to such impulses, that they did not blind her reason? The queen's caprices were to be humored in every respect. Not that Tarringmore regarded her as a wilful mistress, who would betray if she did not tyrannize, but he felt the necessity of cordiality of sentiment, and this could only be attained by compliance. There are innumerable little points wherein women will exhibit jealousy and impatience not created by matters of greater moment, whose violation they will resent with the bitterest acrimony; and these emotions continue paramount towards their greatest favorites, those with whom they agree in opinion, with whom they are united in the same pursuit, abettors and accomplices in the same enterprise, and approvers of the same line of action. A point of etiquette neglected,—a word carelessly uttered—an omission unexplained—a feeling unappreciated—a wish ungratified—a look unreturned—often suffices to raise an angry storm, and the strongest motives of self-interest may be found too feeble to keep it in check. What nature is this, despising wealth and dominion to gratify some petty pique—the assertion of an unsubstantial privilege? Reader, forgive, while you disapprove—admire, while you censure—love, while you condemn the fine susceptibility which can prefer the sway of the heart to the sceptre of the world. Study the deeds and words of courtesy and gentleness, turning to your own advantage a source of pleasure, rather than morosely spurn that female aspiration which dazzles her like a something noble, though it is not so. 'The tide will flow, and is it not better to drink at the pure fountain, than vainly oppose the stream? The heart which is the centre of our dearest joys, of our domestic happiness, may be excused for a foible—which, after all, may have its rise in softness, though harsh in its operation; what is it but an overflowing spring which bursts its banks and seeks in tameless pride to deposit its gold upon some other plain? Tarringmore knew all this and studied its observance; but not solely for the gratification of the queen, nor for his own enjoyment. He had an object to attain, and was far too wise to allow an obstruction from so trivial a cause. The queen to him was as a beautiful plant on which to hang his ensign, and he must needs watch its growth, admire its bloom, and tend its culture.

It was dark when Tarringmore issued from the banquet into the streets of Cabool. He was soon on the banks of the river, and the shades of the mulberry, willow and poplar, flung a gloom upon his path, which the star-lit night had spared to cast—he felt that gloom within his soul: deeper and more impenetrable than the waters which rolled beside him, were the musings of his restless mind. The smile of proud affability which had lately brightened his features in the hall of mirth, held its place no longer. A scornful curl writhed his lip, and, ever and anon he frowned and motioned with his hand, as if to scare some phantom from before him. His steps faltered. Even like Catiline, he

"Torn by the demons of all passions, shewed
Their work even by the way in which he trode."

Those who saw him, then, might have doubted the identity of the man whose dignity impressed, whose calmness awed, and whose penetration discomfited. The soul which had taught the person to devote its every sense to the purposes of deception—to laugh and move, and order and obey, freed from the restraints of society, mantled every member in its dark lineaments of hate and terror, rejoicing in its native strength, while it convulsed its carnal tenement. Superstition held to view its fears, but his soul defied them. Danger, the snares of treachery, the dagger of the secret foe beset it round, and it frowned them into nothingness. Tarringmore loathed mankind, yet he would fain persuade himself that he wished to serve them—he would crush the mighty, yet would he spare the worm; he would build himself a citadel cemented with human blood, yet would look down from off its battle-

ments, and bless the humble husbandman. He was a man of crime, by which he was tortured;—of greatness, which dazzled him,—ambition, which combined both, and convulsed him, and, as he walked in loneliness, he proved their power. The broad rich gardens of Cabool exhaled their purest fragrance, but he enjoyed it not. The rustling ripple of solitary waters broke near, but he heeded it not. His eye was fierce—his brow fevered. Where was the self-possession which looked like conscious triumph? lost in the tempest of the mind, which the spirit strove to calm, but could not in its solitude, the leaves moved above him where he halted—he recognised the appointed spot, but did not hear their sound—shrill as is the note of the bulbul, it roused not him—a gentle footstep, stealthy, scarcely audible: Tarringmore turned round with the speed of thought, the smile of welcome revisited his lip, and he was calm. His spirit spake, and the passions were covered in their dungeon.

A female form approached, closely muffled in the garb of the country. There was a certain fearlessness in her soft, elastic and cautious tread, which told a heart ready to dare all peril, whilst wisely guarding against it. A mutual glance sufficed for recognition, and Tarringmore bowed in low obeisance.

"Thou art punctual, brave man," she said, "I thank thee."

"Shall a spirit from yon azure depths invite me," said Tarringmore, in the language of adulation, "and shall thy servant not answer?"

"Thou art worthy of all honor," was the reply, "May thy strength be even like thy fidelity, and mountains shall grow smooth before thee! How fareth thy enterprise?"

"Well and bravely—the Momunds, Khyberees, Ghiljees, and Huzara tribes have already promised aid—the Toorkmuns also muster for the battle—the villages of Hindoo-Koosh shall soon, throughout their range, be ready for thy service."

"How sayest thou?" she questioned, "I know that thou hast skill to march together mutual enemies, but how canst thou be sure they will not quarrel by the way?"

"Their very enmity to each other I make the gale which sets the waves in motion—they will go forth unheeding to do aught but spoil and slay."

"But when they meet—will not the hostile tides clash in wrath and turbulence?"

"Glory of women, nay—in each tribe I have my faithful partisans—men who understand my purpose and value the cause in which I am engaged—men more enlightened than their fellows, who will not be so moved by slight differences of creed or clanship—these men are chiefs in their respective habitations—they are known to each other—have led the foray together:—thus devoted to me and to themselves, their troops will follow by conventional impulse—besides, I have appointed a set time for them to assemble in my mountain fortresses—they look upon me as an emanation from the prophet, sent forth to make them brethren, and sweep the world with the strength of Islam."

"And so thou art," exclaimed the woman with admiration, "the essence of divine wisdom, which nought can overthrow."

"I am weak, except as thy deputy," continued Tarringmore, "and as such, only, they know me—if I am thy prophet, be it so—I ask no prouder name—but they are taught only to obey me as thy servant, zealous, yet but as a servant: mighty, as they regard me to be, they think thee mightier still—thee they believe to be the angel which shall bless them in their hour of triumph—far be it from me to usurp the honor."

With glowing looks of wordless rapture, she drew near; her arms clasped him, and they trembled. With well-dissembled art, Tarringmore seemed to manifest a corresponding passion. When next he spoke, his tones were faint and tremulous.

"Thou art my greatness—my power," he whispered, "thy slave am I till death—a band of Afghans organized, disciplined and devoted—composed of hostile tribes—the germ of the mighty host which shall restore the Shah to his hereditary throne, are not far distant—even here, in the city of thy enemy art thou safer than thou thinkest—five hundred blades would drench in gore the courts of the Bala Hissar, ere thou should'st suffer harm."

He paused—there was no reply, except by a closer pressure from her, who had

well nigh forgot, in the drunkenness of love her dream of pomp and glory. Torringmore resumed :—

“ And here already hast thou thy soldiers and thy worshippers. Some have departed from these their native streets to swell thy ranks, and many more shall go, and many more remain, but all are ready, when the drum shall beat, to strike the usurper down and kneel to thee for praise.”

“ Thou hast it,” responded his companion softly, concentrating the praise she was to bestow on many, to the one loved object before her : “ hark ! the bulbul talks of love—the loves of queens and warriors—methinks thou art a warrior Torringmore—and we are here—alone.” She sunk into silence.

“ A warrior whose highest guerdon is to have drawn his sword beneath so bright a constellation,” observed Torringmore, still pretending an ardor which he did not feel, but embarrassed how to give a new turn to the discourse.

“ It is a constellation which would borrow more than half its brightness from the martial halo which should surround it.”

“ Behold me at thy feet,” said Torringmore, “ a slave to wait upon thy lightest pleasure, but in the midst of power, remember prudence—there may be eyes upon us—those glancing waves might babble syllables to listening ears.”

“ True,” was the reply, as she somewhat coldly withdrew from immediate contact, “ true—*my love* was warm—I could have almost forgotten prudence—thou hast no more to say—farewell !”

Torrymore hastened to conciliate. “ Glory of the earth,” he said, “ kindle not the flame which would consume me, but which must not burn for thy dishonor—pardon me—thy dignity is my worship, as thy person, is my desire—we part,—but once again will meet, with flowers of triumph strewed around us—then—aye, now—beneath these whispering leaves—here—or I die—die before I have wrought vengeance on thy foes—tell me, when shall I do thee homage ?”

The Wuffadar sighed, but forgiveness beamed from her eyes—she waved her hand—receded a single step, as if fearful that her resolution would be overcome, and then answered—“ In that moment when thou shalt be at liberty to forget that I am queen.”

She retreated instantly, and was lost to the view of Torringmore, who rose not until she had disappeared—and then returned into the streets of Cabool.

Here he gave Meerza the orders necessary for the disposal and management of his adherents ; he, as he was wont, drafted a body of chosen men from among them, whom he dispatched to join the other bands headed by Mourazuk and Peter. Having posted these where they might be most readily called together in the hour of action, he departed for the territory of the Seik.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ?”—*Macbeth*.

THE first person to whom Torringmore addressed himself on arriving in Lahore was a Mahometan of his acquaintance. From the hatred with which the humbled Mussulman looked on the professors of the Seik creed, the latter entered readily into his views for the destruction or subjugation of the Raja, and informed him respecting the court of Runjeet Sing. They walked usually from the city, and consulted together in the fields.

“ And who is this Russian diplomatist,” with scornful bitterness, demanded the chieftain, in one of these rambles ; “ this Russian diplomatist, that promises such danger from his counsels, and lays his schemes with so much skill and caution ?”

“ A man who affects no style of living,” was the answer, “ seems to be considerably in the confidence of the Maharaja, by report, at least, which also declares him to be possessed of much secret treasure—it is whispered by many pretending to be clear-sighted in such matters that he is an envoy from the coast of St. Petersburg.”

"Envoy," echoed Torrington, "spy, is the true word—no matter—there are many like him—what if Russian cunning circumvent the Raja, and deceive British vigilance—let the Raja and the British look to it—ours is a cause to be advanced, not impeded, by the downfall of either's power,"—he paused, then added, "I would fain see the court of the Raja,—perchance, I might recognise this Russian among them."

"The Raja is to hold a hunt to-morrow—the principal officers of his court will attend, and many of his troops—he will mingle in the sports, and we will contrive some means whereby thou mayest intermix with the Raja's household."

"Agreed," said the other.

"His cunning exceeds whatever I could have given him credit for," thought the wily chief, "if he has been able to trace my footsteps and ingratiate himself with the Raja."

An Acali or Nihung fanatic here came towards them with furious gestures, brandishing his sword, and shewing every possible symptom of the destructive tendency of religious phrenzy. As he approached, Torrington went forward to accost him, but his companion would have withheld him.

"He is dangerous," he said, "approach him not—the Raja himself desires to conciliate these men, and hesitates to encounter them."

"So much the better," replied his leader; "they and the Raja may be made mutual foes—each party wishes to establish a precedence over the other, and where that is the case, the religious side, being the weaker, will not object to indirect methods to obtain their ends." As he spoke, the fanatic approached, exclaiming fiercely:—

"Who are ye who dare profane the sanctity of the blessed Grinthe—the pestilence shall overtake you—the swift destruction which waits upon all who follow not the ordinances of religion shall consume you."

"Let us return and avoid this man," suggested Torrington's trembling companion. "Why?" enquired his superior. The man looked surprised at the calm, brief question.

"It is better he should exhaust his fury in the jungle than heap his curses on our heads, or wreak his violence on our persons."

"The former are contemptible, and, for the latter, force must conquer force," said the other. "Dost thou not fear?" asked the man.

"Thou mayest talk of fear to those who have something to lose by encountering peril, or nothing to gain from success. The greatest cowards have learned to despise dangers which led to emolument,—I could rehearse thee kings and generals in proof of this. If such motives can form heroes out of cowards, talk not, then, to me of fear?" The Nihung drew near.

"Stand apart," commanded the chieftain, that I may deal with this fanatic.

His companion complied. The Nihung took his sword threateningly in the face of Torrington who threw a bag of money on the ground before him; but the fanatic stamped with ferocious indignation upon the coin, and by significant gestures intimated the self-denying nature of his profession, and how little he could be influenced by the considerations of worldly avarice.

"Holy man," said Torrington, in a tone of respectful calmness, "think not I meant to offend thee by my offering—I did intend it merely as the means whereby thy faith might win precedence. But there is yet a surer way to the power which ye strive for. The Raja Runjeet is the enemy of thy sect, at least he would willingly repress their authority—remove him, and there is nought able to resist its sovereign sway throughout the Punjab."

It was amazing to behold the sudden change wrought in the manner of the fanatic, as he listened to the daring chief coolly talking of the assassination of the Raja and pointing out the bloody road by which he should establish the dominion so dear to all of his description. Thus they held a protracted conference, and as they conversed, side by side, it was evident that sameness of purpose had produced mutual confidence—that Torrington was dictating the dark design, while the play of corresponding feelings disturbed the other's brow into a scowl of the determined zealot,

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and that the ravings of the bigot were quieted into the deep silence of the cold, subtle, calculating priest.

At length they parted. The Nihung returned to his place, and Tarringmore, having rejoined his former associate, entered into earnest discourse, while they pursued their way towards the city.

CHAPTER XXV.

" — The attempt, and not the deed
Confounds us."—*Macbeth.*

THE festivities and sports of the following day were ushered in with much pomp and magnificence. The horses of the Maharaja were led before, he himself and his chiefs being mounted on elephants. Two of those animals bore houdahs of gold, in one of which his highness sat. Six or seven others followed with his courtiers and favorites, which, with a small body of cavalry and a field-piece, formed his escort. The amusement of hunting was one to which the Raja was much devoted, and he seldom neglected anything likely to increase the magnificence of its effect. On this occasion, however, he indulged in more than ordinary splendor, as the spectacle was more immediately intended for the gratification of certain officers, who, were passing on a government mission through his territories. Runjeet appeared to be anxious to testify by every possible demonstration his high sense of the distinguished presence of his guests. A suite of tents had been fitted up for their exclusive use, while the presents with which he marked his favor, was only equalled by the affability and condescension of his behaviour.

Crowds of soldiers were visible along the road; porters and messengers, bearing fruits and the luxuries of the Punjab in their utmost variety, mingled with throngs of persons destined to swell the pomp of the festivity or enjoy the magnificence of the spectacle. Nothing, indeed, could be more superb than Runjeet Sing's encampment. A large pavilion of red cloth, surrounded by a wide stretch of wall of the same materials, marked the Raja's place of sojourn; while his troops and chiefs were stationed in various groups of tents disposed in rich and picturesque order around. To convey an idea of the general splendor of the encampment, it will be sufficient to describe a single suite. The tents forming this were of Cashmere shawls, the whole about fourteen feet square. Two of these were connected by tent-walls of the same material, while the intervening space was shaded by a lofty screen, supported on four massy poles, adorned with silver. The shawls of one tent were red, of the other, white. In each, stood a camp bed, with curtains of Cashmere shawls, the whole impressing the spectator with the idea of a fairy habitation rather than an encampment in the jungles of the Punjab.

In due time, the amusements of the day proceeded, and the hunt was prosecuted with much animation. Among the hunters was one, not recognised by the Raja to belong to his troops, but whose prowess and agility in pursuing the task of slaughter created general attention and remark.

Runjeet watched with the keenest admiration, as hog after hog fell beneath the blade of the stranger. At length he made enquiry of those about him. "Who is he that so surpasseth the troops of the Maharaja in their customary sport?"

"None knoweth," was the answer of one who stood by. "he came from Lahore, among the spectators, it is said, but did not show himself in the hunt until the soldiers were warm in the sport."

"I am sorry he is not one of my soldiers himself," remarked the Raja, "see how he springs foremost in every encounter—anticipates the every blow of the uplifted sword—ha! he comes this way!—that huge beast, fights bravely!—he approaches! Make way!" he cried, as the animal, detached as if by accident from the herd, rushed foaming up, with the admired pursuer close upon him. The boar passed beneath the very houdah of the Raja's elephant, which curled up its trunk instinctively

as if apprehensive of danger. The pursuer was upon his track, he heeded not the presence of the Raja, the intensity of the excitement affording a sufficient excuse. He went swiftly on—his eye glancing on one of the retinue who in gaudy uniforms surrounded the Raja, and whispered that none but he might hear, "I have found thee."

Though the man turned pale, no one heeded. A few paces more, and the boar rolled in the dust; while the successful hunter instantly mingled in the group of his busy associates. A clamor of applause greeted him, the Maharaja himself loudly declaring his praises."

"A hundred rupees," he cried, "for that warrior, who slays like one whose arm is mighty to oppose an army."

The man was now re-engaged in the chase, and there seemed to be no difficulty in tracing his progress through the wild and animating mêlée.

"Amurath," he said, to one of his retinue, "hast thou got such hunters in thy country to slay the boars, and face the enemies of thy land?"

"There are many," replied Amurath, with a slight embarrassment of manner, "who to my knowledge would equal him in courage; yet know I but one that could surpass him in deeds of slaughter."

"He is a brave man," remarked the Raja, "bring him before me."

Measures were immediately taken to execute Runjeet's orders, and messengers were despatched to bring the man who had thus secured the favor of their ruler. Already had the fortunate soldier made enemies in several who in imagination beheld him eclipse themselves or enjoying a power and place for which they themselves had long been striving, and already was invention at work to lessen the pretensions, or injure the reputation of the adventurer. As it turned out, however, there was no occasion for their fears, and no opportunity to display their talents of intrigue—that bane of happiness which distracts all courts—the familiar spirit of the palace,—whether it be the habitation of the petty despot, the limited ruler or mighty conqueror, death knocks alike at the cottage of the poor and the towers of kings, but the miseries of intrigue wait upon pomp alone, and howl a solitary, dismal welcome to the footsteps of royalty.

They searched throughout the retinue of the Raja, but the man who had signalled himself was not to be found. Some said that they had seen him pursue a hog which had escaped from the circle of troops, and they supposed he had been carried away to a distance by the spirit of the chase. Others reported that his sword was broken, and that he had returned to obtain another; while others asserted that he had been within a few paces of themselves—that they had heard from their companions of the command of the Raja, and that a moment after they could not see the man, but marked one in a different garb, whom they had not before observed engaged in the hunt. But he too had now disappeared, and they were about to return to the Maharaja with tidings of their disappointment, when one of the spectators informed them that the man whom they sought, wearied and heated with exertion, had gone to bathe in the Ravee—previous to the Raja making known his wishes—but that he would doubtless soon return.

In the mean time the festival proceeded, and the splendor of the Maharaja's tents was only equalled by the munificence of his entertainment. He indulged freely in the liquors of his country, and while he conversed with his usually inquisitive acuteness respecting the customs and policy of the several European nations, he failed not to make frequent enquiry about the man whose prowess had so much attracted his attention during the hunt—but he came not, and Runjeet shewed no small dissatisfaction at the circumstance. There was, however, one of the company who sat beside him, with whom he seemed to discourse with particular delight:—"Amurath," said he, "I have a strong suspicion that that man is not a native of the Punjab."

"Your highness may be right," was the answer, "but whence such suspicion?"

"I scarcely know—I have few such hunters in my dominions, and I cannot help envying the ruler to whom he owes his service: what wonders could I not accomplish had I such men for soldiers—I should feel myself invincible—thou shalt make strict enquiry in Lahore."

He had scarcely spoken, when a man arose from behind him, and a dagger gleamed in the hand which he raised to strike the deadly blow. Amurath caught his arm as it descended, ere the steel had reached the person of the Maharaja. The guards rushed round, and the Acali fanatic, the same who had met and conferred with Torringmore, was discovered to be the intended assassin. All was alarm and confusion. The banquet was hastily broken up, and the Maharaja retired to interrogate the fanatic and endeavour to investigate his motives or discover his instigators. From his acknowledgment, under promise of a pardon, the Raja found that he who had suggested the commission of the deed, was Torringmore; that it was the same too who had distinguished himself at the hunt and heard that the inducement held out was the establishment of the supremacy of his sect. On this Amurath observed that the name was that of one whom he had known long before, and that with the Maharaja's permission he would strive to find out whether it was the same, his knowledge of the individual affording a greater facility for discovery. The Maharaja assented, but, undismayed by his late peril, still expressed a wish that so skilful or so dangerous a soldier might be induced to join his own standard rather than suffer death or continue his foe. Amurath promised compliance. The Acali was unable to name Torringmore's abode, and Amurath was left to his own means for the accomplishment of his purpose, being permitted to employ the most decisive measures, in case the delinquent should prove refractory.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"If you go out in your own semblance
You die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised."—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

THE first intelligence which Torringmore received of the events of the day subsequent to his leaving the hunt, was from the mouth of his host in Lahore who came to him while awaiting the issue of the Acali's enterprise which he knew would be immediately rumored on its accomplishment.

"A reward is offered for thy apprehension," he said, "and even now the troops of the Raja are in search of thee—nay, I have heard that they know thy residence and are approaching—what sayest thou?"

"The Maharaja may be powerful and politic, but he is not strong enough to detain me against my will."

"If he should hear thy boast, thou would'st perchance think thyself wiser not to have uttered it."

"Hark-ye, friend," replied the other, with a look of contempt. "The Afghans war with the Seiks—thou art a Seik, and I here defy thee and thy master; let him take me if he can—but mark me, should I escape, the Afghan steel shall crop down the flowers of Lahore, and I will then remember that thou hast a neck to fit a bow-string—so, do thy pleasure, friend,—do thy pleasure." And folding his arms disdainfully, he sauntered, aside, as if to give the other full time to weigh his menace and form a resolution.

"I fear not thy menace," he replied, in a tone of friendship, after brief silence, "but would serve thee. I love to make the brave my friends, and I hate the Raja for his creed. I have to tell thee, then, that an Acali fanatic has made an attempt on the life of Runjeet Sing, but being detected confessed his employer's name; and even now, the troops of the Raja are in search of the strange hunter, whom they call Torringmore, and thou art he."

"'Tis true," asserted the chieftain, "I am he; wilt thou befriend me?"

"I will," replied the man, frankly.

No more was said, but they instantly repaired together into a more private room, where they put on disguises.

When the men commissioned by the Raja, with Amurath at their head, surrounded the house, they found it untenanted; but while they yet lingered on the suspected

premises, two dervises issued from the gates of Lahore and pursued their way across the Punjab. They declared themselves to be on a pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint, but the circumstance of their hiring horses and pushing rapidly for the territories of Cabool agreed not with the assertion. When enquiry was made at the gates, it was at once concluded, which may be already guessed, that the dervises were none others than Tarringmore and his host, who were now too far onwards for hasty pursuit, but Amarith having explained to the Maharaja his suspicions that his foe might endeavour to avail himself of the hostility of the Afghan nation to attempt a plundering expedition into the Seik dominions requested to be allowed a certain number of men to repair to the frontiers, and check any movement of the kind, while he strove by all possible means to get the chief into his power. The Raja, ever willing to chastise the Afghan nation, readily granted him the troops, and having received the final wishes and commands of his master, Amurath marched for the quarter beyond the Indus, where he knew that his enemy would be likely to halt. It need now then be scarcely mentioned, that this Amurath and he of whom Leila spoke to Tarringmore, was one and the same individual.

CHAPTER XXVII.

*"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."
Twelfth Night, or What You Will.*

As soon as the Cabool leader found himself beyond the dominions of the Maharaja, he hastened to the dwelling of an old acquaintance to arrange the contemplated attack. The dwelling of his friend was in the mountain fastness, but not in the immediate vicinity of his troops, and he made it only a temporary halting place after his journey. He had scarcely arrived ere a man requested to see him. Admitted to a private audience, the man declared himself an ambassador from the Raja of Lahore, who, he said, having discovered his retreat, had sent him with offers of friendship, provided he would enter the Raja's service, at the same time remonstrating with him upon the futility of any scheme against so powerful an adversary.

"It must not be," replied Tarringmore, haughtily, "the robbers of the Himalaya live by spoil, and those who would command them live by conquest."

"Conquest will not always gain thee the friendship thou dost now reject," argued the ambassador.

"I reject not friendship, but will not be circumvented by its treacherous seeming," was the reply.

"The Seik is wise and sincere, he will not profess that which he doth not feel," observed the envoy.

"The Seik," retorted the chieftain, "is a ruler of men, and won his present height by his knowledge of them—he hath not forgotten the arts by which he rose."

"He hath power," pursued the envoy.

"Of which I would deprive him," rejoined the other.

"He would give it thee," urged his opponent.

"Aye," sneered Tarringmore, "until it should be his pleasure to resume it with my life—he is wise, thou sayest—'tis wisely spoken—*your* wise men bear no rivals, I suffer none."

"To conquer, is not so easy as to comply; nor to command, so easy as to accept," remonstrated the ambassador.

"When thy master hath subdued me, he will not ask my compliance, and he will take care to command in what he chooses I should accept," replied the chief, with increased haughtiness.

"Thou art unjust, to the character of the Raja—his chief delight is mercy—he is the glory of his people."

"So be it," said Tarringmore, "his virtues will make him a more worthy prey and he will suffer with resignation—what more?"

"He is ~~wealth~~," suggested the ambassador.

"He was not so when a prisoner," was the answer.

"He offers it to thee," continued the other.

"I thank him, but would rather take it," resumed Torringmore, with a sarcastic smile.

"He loves the brave, and would make thy reward equal thy valor," urged the messenger of the Seik.

"He must know the brave cannot be won by words," returned the chief, "he won not so the Punjaub; if he thinks me brave, he must so win me."

"Next to himself in state, in honor, in affluence shalt thou be," urged the envoy, "it is his royal promise."

"I thank him, but reject it."

"And scorn it?" added the diplomatist.

"Aye, if thou wilt have it so," was the reply. "I scorn most things, and most of all the things which would bring me into scorn."

"Is this thy answer to the Raja?"

"No," answered Torringmore, with imperturbable calmness.

"How sayest thou?" enquired the envoy eagerly.

"That I have not yet told thee my answer - I have but rejected his solicitations."

"The Raja scorns to solicit; he offered to make thee great," remarked his opponent.

"And as I said before, I thank him—'tis great in him to be so moved by greatness, but greater to reject the greatness which degrades us—tell thy master this saying—he's one will understand it."

"I may not parley longer with thee—art thou resolved?" enquired the ambassador.

"I told thee so, before," was the reply; "and thank thee now that thou art about to end."

"Then thou dost defy the most high and mighty Maharaja of Lahore?" asked the envoy.

"Aye," answered the Agha, "I measure not my words."

"Then hear the sentence which he pronounces on the contumacious."

"Proceed," said the chieftain.

"The Raja hath declared that if taken within his territories he will slay thy followers without mercy, torture and maim thy body to the death, and give thy flesh to the hogs of the Punjaub, that so all men shall know when petty plunderers dare to refuse his proffered kindness, and take warning from such an example."

"Now hear my answer to the Raja thy master," returned Torringmore. Ere another spring shall have scattered its fruits upon the gardens of the Shalimar, the troops of Cabool shall revel in his harem—the plains of the Punjaub shall be laid desolate—the voices of the orphan and widow shall be loud throughout his land—and the king of Cabool, whose servant I am, shall have the Raja at his mercy, unless the courage which he hath so long shewn prompt him to prefer a speedy death to disgrace and captivity—begone, and do thy bidding."

The man lingered as if to give the chieftain time to consider the full extent of his danger; but the latter laid his hand upon his sword and said:—"delay not—I have listened long and patiently—if in an hour hence thou shalt be found within the outskirts of this my present hold, thou never shalt behold the Raja's face to bring this message."

The ambassador made a humble obeisance, uttered a respectful sulam, and departed.

From this rencontre Torringmore knew that Amurath was aware of his place of retreat, and was, perhaps, on his track, pursuing him with the Raja's troops, and the very circumstance of sending the ambassador might have been a lure to entice him to the toils. Accordingly, he forthwith left his present abode, and prepared to take measures of precaution and defence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"And yet is merely innocent flirtation
Not quite adultery, but adulteration."—*Byron.*

We must now conduct the reader whither Mourazuk and Peter had been left by their leader in charge of his mountaineer myrmidons. Here love affairs were intermingled with preparations for war, and private feuds of jealousy threatened to involve the general interest in confusion. Mourazuk's gallantries quickly roused Leila's resentment, and she, at last, plainly told the Khyberree, that she no longer loved him; and to prove the truth of her assertion, she instantly parted from his society, and sought Peter's whenever she could. After their former intimacy, Mourazuk could ill brook Leila's sudden whim, notwithstanding his own amorous aberrations; especially as Leila, by all the equivocal arts of a coquette ridiculed him for his passion whenever she happened to be thrown in his way: tantalizing him with every exciting art of apparent conciliation and returning affection, she would almost in a breath laugh him to scorn, and confer the coveted gratification on his rival.

Mourazuk was therefore fully resolved to be revenged on Peter, whom he now regarded as the destroyer of his peace. It was strange, indeed, to see that she whom he had affected to despise, should create his utmost jealousy. He could be unaffected by her abuse; her coldness, her whims her very death, without shrinking; but his vanity made rivalry far worse than all, yet felt he nought of love, until he witnessed another's preference. He walked gloomily onward, pondering on the speediest and surest means for Peter's destruction and the most terrific mode of conveying to the inconstant Leila the fatal information. Some thoughts, as if of fear, also crossed his mind. Peter was high in Tarringmore's confidence and esteem, and, further, he was charged with his guardianship. Should he, then, who was his protector, become his slayer? The violation of his plighted word—wrath of his leader—indignation of his tribe and subsequent disgrace successively occurred to him—but his fit of jealousy subdued every prudent thought, and urged him to take vengeance. The spot was unpropitious for the whisperings of mercy. He gazed around upon the desolate outline, to which the hard and leafless crag formed a narrow boundary, and his entranced soul revelled in visions of blood.

"Aye, here be it—here I slew the Momund, who dared to beard me at our mountain feast; it was the last time he feasted, methinks. Here, too, they meet—Leila and Peter—it used to be Leila and Mourazuk—curse on them! the curse of the prophet! Here he shall see his last of life—and here shall she behold him die, and drink his blood; both, both shall know that Mourazuk hath still a sword for sacrifice, although no longer possessing a heart for love or pity."

With naked sabre Mourazuk spent his impatience on the flinty barriers, whilst sparks flew from the steel, like the fiery emblems of the spirit which, chafed, was ready to burst forth in flame on collision with a hated rival. His resolution was fixed: that night they were to meet, and his vengeance would be satisfied. He now departed towards his habitation, to brood over fancied wrong, until the darksome hour summoned him to his deed of slaughter. On his way he observed Leila approaching. He would have shunned her, but some indefinable cause impelled him towards the object he would of all others have most avoided. Leila was singing. What a contrast to his thoughts—burning with remorseless jealousy—and her light hearted effusions of a rude but harmless affection. Mourazuk would rather have encountered a hungry tiger than have met her. No sooner had she perceived him, than she marked his distempered mien and sullen mood. Tripping lightly to his side, and tapping him on the shoulder with as much gentleness as her brawny arms could admit, she said:—

"What! thou lookest darkly to-day—what ailest thee, Mourazuk?"

The Khyberree drew up, eyed her for a moment with a bitter sneer, and then answered in a sarcastic voice:—"Nothing, Leila, nothing; but thou shalt know more to-night, if thou wilt come to me after thou meetest Peter Pulakoff."

He moved away, whilst Leila silently watched his receding figure, and at length gave vent to her suspicions in soliloquy.

"He hath determined evil in his heart against Peter Pulakoff. Mourazuk is jealous—I have made him thus jealous of Peter Pulakoff—well! if he kill Peter,—poor fellow!—he will do it for love of me; so far it is a triumph for me; but then I had rather be wooed with smiles than won by bloodshed. I cannot say I ever loved Mourazuk better: when he came with his stern look and dripping sabre from the foray though it made him famous and the damsel spraised him for it. Fame must be a bloody fiend. Kind words and constancy for Leila. How can love, which doth rejoice in kindling life, have birth in strokes of death. Mourazuk loves to kill; that is hateful, but then he would kill for Leila's sake. Well, it is his rough nature—I forgive him; yet must not he kill Peter Pulakoff—I like him too; if he wish to kill him it is quite enough to satisfy Leila, and then will she intercede, an angel of mercy—fit character for a woman—he must not kill Peter Pulakoff."

With these overpowering sentiments, Leila hastened away, intending to gain an interview with Peter and reflect on her way how she could best apprise him of his danger without openly accusing Mourazuk or leaving him exposed to the stigma of intentional murder. She fancied she had a plan that would answer. Such various modes of giving information are just the province of woman. They have a delightful, indirect method, as if by instinct, of declaring their wishes, their love, and even their fears. They inform others all that is necessary to be known, while they raise a screen of agreeable ambiguity, behind which, when pressed by emergency, their modesty or prudence may find a secure shelter, or, at least, they fancy so. What matter if otherwise, while they please and solace; it is only a sunset struggling more gloriously through the light fleece of unsubstantial vapor.

Though born in the habitations of barbarism, Leila possessed the noblest endowments, and derived from them the fullest gratification. And as she meditated upon her plans of vindication and rescue, she felt as much pleasure in the consciousness of her own ingenuity, as in him whose life she was bent to save.

It chanced that Peter had inclined to the sentimental, and with a sense attuned to the voice of nature had that day rambled in the direction of the ravine which Mourazuk had determined should be witness of his tragic deed. Wilds such as these, where caves echo but the torrent's roar, where forests become vocal with but the melody of birds or the bleatings from flocks, have been ever the congenial haunt of the sentimentalist. Peter had, too, arrived at that happy time of life, when imagination revels, unpalled by the satiety of autumn, unchilled by winter's blasts. To him, creation was a field of hope—of pleasure: and though there might be but barrenness upon the surface, he saw, within, the gems of a garden of flowers. His own soul budded with the seeds of love.

As he turned a corner of the rock, he met Leila. She approached him familiarly, and throwing her muscular arms round his person, raised him in her embrace, from the ground.

"I will accompany thee," she said; "thou should'st not walk these passes alone."

"Why, Leila?" asked Peter; "I love to be alone, sometimes."

"Because I should bear thee company. I will tell thee stories about these places. The men of our tribe are great warriors; there is scarce a stone or hill around that hath not been the scene of a battle, and some of them have been so bloody, that even friends have killed each other in the encounter."

"Indeed," exclaimed Peter, who wondered what could be the motive of her words.

"Oh! yes—men are not sometimes so friendly in reality, as they seem. I've found that out—they call us women jealous—but I have known men do such acts for jealousy as I should shudder at."

"I am not jealous, Leila," observed Peter with a smile.

"No—thou art too innocent to be jealous as yet—but wait—a time will come when thou wilt not like to see another kiss the mistress of thy love—come hither—I'll tell thee a story—attend me to the spot—I'll shew it thee."

"What spot!" enquired Peter with some curiosity.

Leila took him behind the rock and shewed where the torrent had worn a path beneath the precipice.

"On that path," she said, a battle took place. A Momund and a Khyberee halted

before each other ; they seemed to be friendly—yet they were jealous of each other, and the Khyberree resolved upon revenge ; but he loved, and so there was excuse for him because he did the deed, not so much through the desire of blood, as to rid himself of a rival. I trust none considers thee a rival—at least none of our tribe—they are so terribly revengeful Peter—these passes are dangerous to walk alone :—here, as I was saying, the Khyberree resolved upon revenge—he watched the Momund as he came alone, and upon that path they met—each was armed with a sword, the Khyberree would have revenge—so they fought, and the blood was scattered upon the crags—if the Momund had not come alone, the deed would not have been—thou shouldst not come alone along these passes, Peter—they fought—the Khyberree conquered—he slew the Momund—but he loved, and so we will forgive him—the body of the Momund was left rotting in the sun, and when the snows melted the torrent swelled and bore it from the sight, but the Khyberree gloried in the deed, and oft from the cliffs above us he hath stopped to gaze upon the place which marked his victory—on yonder toppling crag I have seen him.

Leila looked upwards as she spoke, shrieked and staggered back upon Peter, who looked up too where the finger of Leila yet pointed, and saw Mourazuk stooping over a ledge of rock, his match-lock in his hand, whose muzzle was pointed where they stood. Suddenly, as impelled by some invincible power, he altered its level—the flash from the discharge was seen—the report was borne to them in thundering echoes, and a lamb which had been sporting in playful innocence upon an adjoining height fell bathed in blood beside their feet. Peter took up the victim of Mourazuk's wayward impulse, and cast another reproachful glance upwards, but the Khyberree had disappeared and nothing met his view but the rock and the sulphurous vapor of the discharge, which still curled in filmy volumes round the summit.

A dark suspicion of the Khyberree's real intention crossed his mind. He was there, and with Leila the mistress—though neglected—of Mourazuk ; he was then a rival and against him perchance would have been aimed the fatal bullet, had not chance, or nature, or sudden remorse created a change of purpose. Leila gazed upon him with a cold bewildered stare, to assure herself that he was not the sufferer instead of the bleeding creature which he was holding.

"Thou wilt forgive him," she said, in raving accents, "jealous men are mad ; 'twas not thus, he—not he, but the Khyberree, slew the Momund, it was in fair combat on this path. Peter—Peter Pulakoff, walk not this path alone, it is dangerous. I will go with thee, and save thee from danger ; let us leave it now."

Leila caught Peter's arm abruptly, and dragging him forward, hurriedly left the place, and neither stopped nor spoke until she reached her own hut, whence her lover returned home full of thought.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"For him thou labor 'st by thy flight to shun,
Yet ruin'st toward him still."—*Measure for Measure.*

Leila did not in reality prefer Peter to her former lover, and moreover had no intention of proceeding further than obtaining the momentary gratification of caprice, or indulging in the vain triumph of a coquette. She had accomplished her double object of piquing Mourazuk, and shielding Peter from the immediate consequences of his rival's resentment, and she now conceived it might be prudent to soothe his wounded feelings, with the view of making him more her own than ever. But how did Leila know that she did not reckon without her host, and would not experience the fate of many a coquette. These silly panderers to vanity frequently feel the repulses they delight to give, and are tortured by the pangs they inflict. They may trifle with the sighs of a whining sycophant, and gaze, perhaps, with complacency upon the corpse of even some infatuated Werter, unlucky enough to have more heart than head, (and of such apparent callousness they are fully capable), yet they themselves are tortured by indifference. For a rejected votary to live on, and sneer upon them as he

passes ; or parading before them a rival beauty, is to implant a barb, thrice poisoned with the venom of their own malignity.

Mourazuk, who was a universal favorite, possessed the common sense, which hindered him from lamenting the loss of one mistress, while he could make another choice from among the throng of fair ones who courted his preference.

When next they met, he treated her with coldness. Leila saw the ground she had lost, and alluded playfully to recent occurrences.

"Methinks the lamb which fell beneath thy aim was emblematic of the bleeding love that nought can heal."

"Thou hast reason to congratulate thyself," replied Mourazuk, "that a lamb's life, and not a human one was sacrificed to thy inconstancy--but I felt a yearning of mercy, and I am now glad that it was so."

"Nay," said the discontented Leila, "thou hast not reason to talk thus, Mourazuk--thou art unkind--we have been long acquainted, still thou dost not know me yet, I am not the unworthy thing thou thinkest me--when thou shalt know me better--thy opinion will alter."

"My opinions are unaltered and unalterable," was the stern reply, "other bosoms will be found as fair, but not so treacherous--henceforth, Leila, all intercourse must cease between us--and it is well if we part instantly."

"Oh! do not talk of parting," remonstrated Leila gaily,—"come home with me--drink wine with Leila, and be merry."

At any other time this invitation, so frankly given, would possess too much fascination for the Khyberce to resist; but now his pride was roused. The very rudeness of his nature, which prevented the arrow of sensitiveness from lodging deeply, made it easier to extract it altogether.

"Come," persevered Leila, "come--thou shalt know more about me than heretofore."

"What I know, the future shall reveal: what I know not, the future will discover," was the evasive and mysterious answer of the Khyberce.

"What meanest thou?" asked Leila timidly.

"I mean that I know the thoughts which thou hast striven to conceal, and the future will reveal them: and I do not know thy evil destiny; that the future will discover--according to thy hypocrisy, be it unto thee!"

Leila laughed, but it was like the sound with which a child might endeavour to dissipate its fears of the howling storm.

Mourazuk laid his hand upon her arm, and looked upon her, and the whole of his fierce burning spirit was poured into that look, and then he said, "Remember, Leila, Mourazuk the Khyberce hath said it--a laugh is the last effort of an expiring fool."

He strode rapidly away. Leila did not follow him, but in a few minutes hastening to her home with the speed of frenzied disappointment, she barricaded her hut, as if she would shut out some terrible foe; or as if to chain her feelings to their dungeon for some days did not appear among the women of her tribe.

CHAPTER XXX.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish airs and arts hast strove;
Measur'st in desperate thought--a rope--thy neck--
Or where the beeching cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly moping elf,
Laugh at her follies--laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kluder--that's your grand specific."--Burns.

AMONGST Peter's female acquaintance was one named Shirinde, for whom the youth had conceived an affection, but she would not evince any return of passion until Leila's advances were suspended, then she unreservedly permitted his intimacy with

herself to ripen in the full satisfaction of sentiments and sensations mutually understood. Their growing attachment served as an immediate pacificator between Peter and Mourazuk, the latter of whom, with his naturally vindictive spirit, determined that Leila's coldness and coquetry should be punished by eternal separation; accordingly he sought out another mistress for himself as her rival. This renewed friendship between them and Peter gave Annette an occasion of shewing her admiration for the now disengaged Khyberce.

Mourazuk was not insensible to Annette's charms, and increasing intercourse established her yet more in his good opinion. After he had discarded Leila, he was the better able to appreciate the worth of a more deserving object. He found in Annette the candour which he loved. She pretended not to be innocent, yet was so; and in her brother Peter he experienced a faithful friend, instead of a dangerous rival. She was to Mourazuk what Marida was to Tarringmore, gentle, unaffected, and confiding; but the latter was led by his disposition to disdain what he exacted, while the homely Khyberce cherished these, to him, novel qualities, as the most precious treasure of his heart. Annette, on the other hand, felt proud that she could fix the wandering propensities of the mountaineer, and that, by the very absence of the art which all others strove, however unsuccessfully, to practise towards him. In his good-nature she forgot his roughness; and his lawless habits and reckless bravery gave to her imagination the same charm of romance which had so fascinated others. To her, his inconstancy had been matter of congratulation, because she had enjoyed the triumph of correcting it. Their intimacy increased, and Annette was eventually understood to be Mourazuk's destined bride; and when they were about to leave the village to follow in the fortunes of Tarringmore, she determined to accompany her lover and solace him in all his hardships.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Assume a virtue, though you have it not."—*Hamlet*.

ON one of those occasions of lonely tête-a-tête, which lovers like to make so frequent, and which, we are told, they enjoy with such exquisite delight, Peter and Shirinde had protracted their interview to an unusual length, and were more than ordinarily pleased with their converse. They sat together on the declivity of a hill. In front, all was as tranquil and solitary as their hearts could wish, but their attention to each other prevented them from hearing the footsteps of a person who approached them from behind. At the instant, when Shirinde's ripe youthful lips were warmly pressed by those of Peter, he received a gentle tap upon the back, and starting to his feet beheld Tarringmore, who had just returned after his escape from the territories of the Raja. Shirinde rose up hurriedly, and concealed her blushes by a speedy retreat, while Peter stood before his leader confused and silent.

"So, Peter," said the chieftain with a smile, "hast thou so soon exchanged the sword for the toyings of love?"

"I knew not, Agha," replied Peter, modestly, "that love would make me a worse soldier."

"'Tis true," remarked the Agha, "it makes men fight,—that is, women make men fight, but I would warn thee of what thou hast to expect or to fear from their wiles, listen:—

"I knew a woman once, who put on, although she wore them loosely, the garments of pure virtue. She practised to deceive me, and thought I would not penetrate the disguise, while with smiling ribaldry she told me men might be had for nought, but women must be bribed. I remember well how I secretly gloried in my consciousness of her real character. Youth and a desire of knowing the human heart impelled me to seem her dupe. I pretended innocence and inexperience, until she grew bold to tell me she could deceive fifty such, and laughed at me for being the fool she thought me. I affected love, flattered, stooped to adulation. At last, puffed up with vanity, like a bladder with the breath, she determined to increase her triumph,

grew cold, reserved and haughty, then cast me off. I did not yield my purpose—for I wished to prove, calculating philosopher that I was, how far a woman might be baffled at her own weapons. She that would deceive deserved but treachery—I sought her company again—told her how deeply I loved—promised to renounce all the sex for her, swore fidelity with so much ardor, that her heart, long nursed in hardness and deceit, relented for a moment, and panted softly with the impulse of natural feeling. She trembled—I trembled, too, but with me it was dissimulation—yet frailty exists not long beneath the restraints of truth. She thought me still deeper in her toils, grew cold again—and then I left her—but I would not, even then, give up my experiment. I resolved to study her well, although not fond of what I studied—the rule which all should follow who would know the world or turn its follies to account. I was curious and fearless. I penned epistle after epistle—threatened enmity—pleaded passion—ha, ha,—I scarce know now how I pleaded, but I remember I often laughed, with my pen in my hand, at the thought of being so well able to assume the tone—the manner of affection—to write the language of what I felt not—I would learn my lesson at any price—probe depravity to its core—supply myself with one great example, and shape my future conduct from my experience—so I persevered. My frail fair one long held out. At length came the expected assignation—I met her—I had succeeded in my design—I had proved, notwithstanding her artifice, falsehood, effrontery and mercenary nature, that she could be made a very chimera—a tassel—to be flung away—pulled back again by a string as the inclination of the wearer listed. We met—conversed—she did not find my discourse so docile, humble or honeyed as usual, and chid me for it. I retorted—told her all my mind—sketched out her past life—raised the screen of falsehood, and shewed the monster vice in its deformity—Heavens! how her livid lips quivered as she regarded me with a burning eye of dread and vengeance. I had peered into her soul, and she knew not how—to her I was a demon commissioned to detect her arts, and able to expose them—her fancied powers of fascination all destroyed, what did she in the recklessness of abandoned and bootless rage!—no matter, Peter—the wanton liar traitress stood confessed—and I was then a plain honest man, Peter, who employed shrewdness and penetration to defeat deception, with enough of philosophy to pursue a means of information, and enough of coldness not to be misled by passion. All women, Peter, are not so—I would that she whom you love, may not be so—but I would not now have told thee this long tale of early frolic, were it not that I loved thee better than thou dost love her, because more purely: and would make it a warning to thee, from which thou mayest apprehend danger and avoid it—thou mayest be incredulous, youth is so, until taught the bitter lesson of experience—but remember, Peter—Cæsar tore himself from the embraces of Cleopatra and became master of the world.”

“Shirinde never deceived me, Agha,” said the embarrassed Peter.

“Deceit is not the only evil whose danger thou incurrst, Peter,” rejoined Torringmore, “women are tyrants as well as deceivers—should’st thou attempt any familiarity with one, she may repel you; perhaps, abuse or insult you; yet, if after this, you pass her by unnoticed, or seem to consider your own dignity as great as her scruples, she will grow jealous at your coldness, hate you for the slight, and slander you in revenge. The favors she refuses to bestow, she will not endure you should obtain or even solicit from another. She will expect you to practise every self-denial, to worship without encouragement, love without hope—burn without gratification; and—after all—be spurned for your pains. She is an image in a cage where you may adore, but whose darkness must not be explored;—a well in a desert, whose waters must not be tasted, while you are dying of thirst—such is the tyranny woman would fain establish; at least, such was the case in the country whence I came, and such I conclude happens in every country where women are permitted to go at large, as they are here.”

“But I have heard tales of women being made the slaves and dupes of men,” remonstrated the youth with considerable energy. “Yes,” answered the other, she becomes the slave of the indifferent, the dupe of the designing, the victim of the proud—the prey of the treacherous. The simply worthy—the humbly affectionate—the purely constant—the singularly deserted, she will trample upon and despise. Upon the honest, the sincere, she casts frowns, and in very thoughtlessness is ever prone

to fling away her happiness, until listening to the flattering and haughty—from her couch of wretchedness and ruin—she exclaims against the vices of those by whom she is wronged, pining or cursing in her desolation.”

“But I am not versed in the world’s wisdom, Agha,” said Peter, submissively, “that I could learn all thou knowest so well.”

“So thou mayest, boy,” replied his chief, “and so thou shalt, from *experience*, bitter, bitter experience—and I will shew thee the way to sound the very depths of vice, by associating in its scenes, and partaking of its enormities—thus feeling its intoxicating delights, and knowing in your own person the fatal consequences—the draught and the dregs—the gratification and the penitence—the bliss and the remorse—*this is to know our being—to enjoy it and to curse it.*”

Peter made no allusion to the aptness or philosophy of his patron’s observation, and here the conversation ended. Yet, did not Peter forego his love in consequence of this warning. Like individuals of *his* age, he was determined not to take advice, or, at least, not until his own experience should convince him of its nature and truth. Toppingmore, too, seemed willing to allow him a full opportunity for acquiring wisdom; or he had imbibed other views of turning his young friend’s passion to account; for, until circumstances separated them again from each other, he either did not recur to the subject, or did so, by dropping in Peter’s ear words of encouragement and hope agreeable to his wishes. The youth now grew on, obtaining increased confidence and esteem from his leader, who was ever promoting him to situations of trust and importance. Meerza, also, continued a faithful partisan of Toppingmore’s fortunes.

Satisfied with his patron’s munificence, and the comparative affluence in his service, besides being gratified by the confidence in which he was held, he very soon ceased to give vent to any hasty complaints against the hardships which he was occasionally obliged to undergo, and wherever he could do so prudently he added his praises to those of others, with the utmost warmth and volubility, so that he became attached to the person of his leader; firmly devoted, in fact, to his interest, and thereby proving in the end that the wildest and most irritable heads are sometimes united with the most faithful hearts; and that cynic drollery may be the overpowerings of a true and valiant soul, capable of bearing a martyr’s death.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Sir Toby—“You, sir? why, what are you?”

Antonio—“One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.”

Twelfth Night, or What You Will.

TORRINGMORE, for the purpose of observation, now took up a position with a very small force among the hills, nearer to the south, whence he might be the better enabled to watch the approach of any foe, while he superintended the organizing of his troops. He was hourly apprehensive of some attempt on the part of Amurath, but as the post he had chosen lay at no great distance from the Indus, he hoped to acquaint himself with the earliest movements of his enemy.

The first night after Toppingmore had taken up this position, only Peter and a few more were present, the rest having been stationed at considerable intervals apart. It was Peter’s duty to keep guard by visiting the various sentinels. His chief had retired some while to his solitary hollow in the rock, where he chose, alone, to brood over his enterprise, his own mind the confidant of his heart, abroad. All was still, as Peter walked his rounds musing on his present lot and the doubtful chance of future happiness with Shirinde. His meditations were, however, ere long, interrupted. He was distant from every sentinel, when a light footstep caught his ear, and presently a figure emerged from beneath the shadow of the hill and approached him. Peter laid his hand upon his sword, but the gentle voice which whispered the sulam, gave no signal of war, and the weapon was no sooner grasped than relinquished, while another form more substantial, but neither so cold, nor, in one respect, with so fatal a presence, was pressed within his arms.* The heart of Shirinde beat against his own.

"How didst thou find thy way hither?" was the first question asked, when Peter had released his beloved from his embrace.

"I learnt the watchword, and told them I was commissioned to see their chief; they knew me, and thou knowest that soldiers fear not women, so I was permitted to pass without an escort."

"A pretty spy," remarked Peter, gallantly, "and yet thou art bold for a woman—what business filled thy little brain to impel thee to thrust thyself at such an hour where, at least, there lurked considerable danger?"

"Oh! business of importance, in the first place," she said, with some degree of embarrassment, through which might be discovered an effort to vanquish a heavy melancholy, "in the first place, I wished to see thee before—before thou should'st rush to brave death in battle; that, surely, was business enough to tempt Shirinde to undergo even greater peril; then, I thought thou might'st be weak, so I wished to strengthen the arm I knew would face all danger, that it might be the better able to defend the life I prized; so Peter," she whispered, softly, "I brought a little wine, and some roast lamb and cake to nourish thee."

"Shirinde, my duty ——" interposed Peter, gravely.

"Thy duty," hastily interrupted Shirinde, with the quickness of the female sex to suggest an argument in matters of the heart, "thy duty is to do that which will make thee serve thy leader with vigor; if thou dost refuse to nourish thy strength, thou dost neglect thy duty, by neglecting the means which may contribute to secure his victory."

"I never heard thee argue so shrewdly, before this night," remarked her youthful lover.

Shirinde answered, quickly, "I speak the truth; 'tis said clear visions hover over the couch of one about to die, and I know not what fate may hang upon these hours of darkness; perchance fear, the fear of death, may clear my vision; come—delay not—sit down beside me on the rock, and should this meeting be my last memorial of thee, let me at least be comforted in the thought that thou didst love poor Shirinde too well to despise her parting tribute of affection." She shed tears as she spoke, and they proved an irresistible argument in her favor. Peter accordingly sat down, nevertheless without saying a word, while Shirinde spread before him her little store of refreshment; then she broke off some morsels and gave him to eat, and carried the wine to his lips.

"This lamb is nicely seasoned with grape powder," she said, striving to heighten his relish for the viand by enumerating its good qualities; "my own hands prepared it, Peter; thou hast often approved my cookery; it is at least better than the fare which thou dost obtain when Shirinde is not present to superintend its preparation, and the wine is of the richest vintage of Cabool."

Peter answered not, and too soon concluded his repast for Shirinde's wishes, who had vainly tried to press on his acceptance more than would suffice an ordinary appetite. Then she collected the fragments, and stowed them carefully in a cavity nigh at hand, in order, as she asserted, that he should not lack refreshment, should his appetite return after she was gone. At length their conversation was interrupted by the loud challenge of a sentinel, and they almost immediately perceived persons approaching.

"Some unexpected prisoner," exclaimed Peter. "Shirinde, we must now part. I shall be obliged to go before the Agha Tarringmore with the captive." Shirinde saw the necessity of bidding adieu—tendered a hasty embrace—lingered to gaze upon her lover, then rushed frantically out of sight. Ere they meet again, how many will be the deaths which cloud the hearths of joy! The soldier now presented himself in charge of a man in the Seik uniform.

"I found," he said, "this man lurking near my post, and brought him to thee; he saith, he would see the Agha Tarringmore."

"Go back to thy post," replied Peter, "I will conduct him to the Agha." The soldier departed.

"Who art thou?" enquired Peter, peering into the face of his prisoner, who to all appearance was unarmed, "if thy purpose be treacherous, thou had'st better not have sought the toils of the fowler."

"I am a man of peace," was the reply.

"Then thou wilt be peacefully received—the Agha sheddeth not the blood of the innocent—come with me."

"I would first parley with thee," said the other.

"Thou mayest speak aught freely which doth not compromise my honor, or endanger my commander," answered the youth.

"I come from the Raja of Lahore with offers to the Agha Torringmore, but first he would honor thee by the choice of their acceptance."

"Indeed! say on," remarked Peter, laconically.

"To be brief, then—if thou wilt join those in yonder fort—head them in a secret attack upon the band of rebels here assembled, and give the Agha into the power of the Seik—there is no honor or command in the kingdom of Lahore to which thou may'st not attain."

"And if I refuse," said Peter, in a tone of strong contempt.

"Then the trees of the mountain are high enough to hang thee on; and the stream of the foaming Indus strong enough to wash thy body to the sea."

"Thou art a man of peace," uttered Peter, sarcastically, "but thou art a bold one to talk of rebels here, when I am one, and to threaten punishment beneath my very sword."

"The mountain may be high, and the torrent strong, but the oath which binds a man of honor is strong enough to make him despise either."

"Then thou wilt not?" asked the stranger, in a tone of surprise.

"Thou hast heard," answered Peter.

"Then I have nothing more to do than to seek the Agha Torringmore."

"Thou hast already half performed thy mission, in telling me; but the Agha may listen to thee to spurn thee," remarked Peter, as he led his prisoner forward.

As they silently proceeded, Peter felt no small surprise at the man's audacity, yet was fully satisfied with himself that he had given him a foretaste of what he had to expect by daring to tamper with the Afghans, teaching him that fidelity to an oath is equally binding upon one though branded as a rebel, as upon him who calls him so. The Seik, he thought, is a rebel to him who now seeks to regain his hereditary throne, and it is an epithet applied sometimes to one, sometimes to the other side. Once vanquished, the more feeble struggler is designated a rebel to the conqueror. They were now both admitted to an interview with Torringmore, who on hearing Peter's communication desired to be left alone with the stranger. Gazing at him with piercing eyes, they were both for some time silent. At length Torringmore exclaimed, "thy business friend?"

"I come to serve thee," answered his mysterious prisoner.

"Tis kind, no doubt, but I have not found men who performed gratuitous acts of benevolence. It is a virtue so marred by ostentation, self-interest or pride that it is hard to credit thee in the voluntary exercise of it. There, I give thee money before-hand."

A bag of rupees jingled at the man's feet. He picked it up and returned it to the hand of the donor, saying:—"I may have been born among the mercenary, Agha, but will not sell my present service: thou hast another claim."

"Even as thou wilt," replied Torringmore, manifesting some surprise but without divesting his eye of its piercing scrutiny. He himself had been tossed too long among the breakers of life not to know that benefits are often refused only to beget the greater confidence and to practice upon the credulity of the offerer.

"Even as thou wilt," he repeated; "thou art not selfish; but what claim—the other claim I mean—have I upon thee?"

"I am a member of one of those tribes that have sworn to follow thy standard," answered the stranger, "to abolish tyranny and usurpation, and establish liberty and right. I have heard of the greatness of thy deeds, thy wisdom and thy valor; I heard thou wast in danger, I sought out and found it true. What other motive could be necessary for my seeking thy presence?"

"Thou must have encountered personal risk in doing so," said Torringmore, with an ironical expression.

"I did," assented the other, with cool decision.

"A sounding name for certain qualities which the world may praise, is a slender reason for endangering thy life to benefit the possessor of this fame, which, after all, for aught thou could'st know, might be unmerited.

"My spirit judged differently," observed the other.

"Thou hast a noble one, my friend," said Torrington; "such spirits would I gladly muster around me. Thy tidings?"

"I said thou wast in peril: thou art not sure that all are friendly to thee where thou now abidest; thou think'st rightly, they are not. There is not here a pass by which thou can'st debouch from the mountain, which is not, at this moment, guarded by a force far superior to thine own. I gained thy presence as a spy, but they knew not I intended to befriend thee."

Torrington looked doubtfully upon his informant, who assumed an utterance at once so candid and so fearless, and asked, "through whose testimony am I to believe that thou speakest truth?"

"Amurath's!" said the man, with sudden and fearful energy; and, rushing forth at once, he disappeared behind a neighbouring cliff.

For a moment, astonishment rooted Torrington to the ground. Then he hurried forth after his foe—turned the cliff which had sheltered the other's retreat—fronting the main gorge of the mountain road—and recoiled with faltering steps, for he saw the figure of Amurath enter the ranks of a body of Seiks, that in many a serried line barred all egress. It was, indeed, then true—he was a lion ambushed in his den—a prisoner at bay with a formidable rival. He slowly retraced his way, and long after he had regained his mountain lair did he ponder upon the difficulties which environed him. Had fate then but led him thus far on with glory to cut him off in premature disgrace? Had he just hung upon the embraces of a smiling fortune, or was he abandoned to death ere he had drunk the cup of his desire? His situation was desperate. His followers were too few to force a way—and stratagem—alas! there seemed but little scope for ingenuity—but Torrington did not despair; for with him life and empire were at stake.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them!"—*Troilus and Cressida.*

THE next morning shewed the enemy against whose sudden assault the Cabool chieftain had spent a night of anxiety, engaged in repairing a mud fort in a plain between the mountains and the Indus, over which a ford, never crossed without danger, but now swollen with recent rains, presented but little chance of escape in case of defeat. Torrington ascribed this withdrawal of the foe, to an ignorance of his own forces, or that his enemy, Amurath, was not sufficiently acquainted with the neighbouring passes. However this might be, he was resolved, if possible, to destroy that man, and his eyes gleamed unnatural fierceness as he meditated upon his plan of attack.

Torrington quietly allowing his enemy to fortify himself, for he was cautious not to attack him by day light in the open plain, since it would then be apparent how small was his force, the number of his troops being concealed from observation among the neighbouring hills; but the enemy knew they were at hand, and seemed determined to act prudently. Torrington then contented himself with reconnoitering their movements during the day, and as soon as night closed in he resolved to trust to the courage of his men and their good discipline to gain a victory. The appointments of his soldiers were superior to those of the enemy, and they possessed boundless confidence in the talents of their leader,—a point at all times of the greatest importance. Torrington had hoped that the enemy might be inclined to despise his secreted and apparently timid force; but there was little likelihood in this, for as the evening advanced, he observed the walls of the fort bristle with the close array of armed sentinels, while silence and good order testified no tendency to revelry, or relaxation of vigilance. He marked them setting their chain of posts, and joyed to see that there

was even a weaker spot guarded by a much smaller number of men. Thus watching until the shades of night rendered each object indistinct, he then retired to prepare for the night assault. With cheering confidence, he saluted each of the few soldiers whom he met, which was returned to him with looks of military ardor. A few hours only would now elapse before they were to move from their strong-holds, in order, if possible, to lull the Seiks into false security, and then they were to proceed separately, and silently, to the spot on the plain, where they had been directed to assemble.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Hark! through the silence of the cold, dull night,
The hum of armies gathering rank on rank!
Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight,
Along the leaguered wall and bristling bank
Of the armed river, while with straggling light
The stars peep through the vapours dun and dank
Which curl in curious wreaths. How soon the smoke
Of Hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak!"—*Byron.*
"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."—*Shakespeare.*

THE fort appeared gloomily through the uncertain darkness, and there was neither sound nor light to testify that there was any thing more animated than its dull circle of mud wall. The sullen roll of the waters, whose white foam glanced fitfully on the sight, came unbroken from the swollen rapids of the neighbouring ford. At some distance from the fort, might be observed another mass, as dim and silent as itself; this comprised Tarringmore's troops—neither motion nor whisper arose from their ranks. Their very weapons, too, were as fixed stakes in the earth: and all this silence and stillness was in expectation of their leader's signal. National feud and religious difference pleaded loudly in the bosoms of all, to make them raise their hands and strike the death-blow upon the Seiks; sleeping infants could not have been more calm and wordless; the waving of a sword by their leader was to be the signal for attack. Hark! yes, a voice sounds low and deep from a solitary distant form in front, pacing up and down in anxious restlessness, and turning alternately, every instant, towards that body of motionless but determined warriors, and the point of attack. It was Tarringmore. A young soldier stepped from the ranks at the sound, and approached the Agha.

"The Seiks sleep upon their arms," said Tarringmore, as the youth came up, "they dream not of their fate—their hour and that of battle hath arrived—art thou ready, Peter?"

Peter Pulakoff bowed compliance, and his look of exultation shewed how much he longed for the moment which should put his courage to the proof, and secure to him the approbation of his chief. The leader smiled, as he observed:—

"Thou art a brave youth, Peter," yonder are the Seiks, and here thy unfleshed sword—thy fortune hangs upon its edge."

"My life will go with my fortune, if glorious conquest make not both more worthy of acceptance," replied Peter, with proud alacrity.

Tarringmore vouchsafed another flattering smile of encouragement and confidence.

"There is more than fortune to be won," he added, "thou hast a mistress, Peter,—and thou dost love her no more—yonder is thy goal—victory, thy fortune, and thy bride—remember."

"Enough," answered Peter, with strong emotion.

"Be it so!" said Tarringmore, after a pause, during which he seemed to be weighing the consequences and chances of the next hour's events—what a world for him would be compressed within that hour—but the secret he bore within his breast, and none knew its purport.

"Be it so," he said, "thou knowest my arrangements; those who are to attend thee will advance in silence; they already know who follows, and who stays with me: thus none will move save the men destined for the assault. I have retained the others to intercept the fugitives, if any such there should chance to be—to support thee in

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case of repulse, and present a post whereat to rally. Thou see'st I have provided for all emergencies, but my confidence in thee is so strong that I hope they will be unnecessary. Prepare. Art thou ready?"

"Ready and eager, as the wolves of my native land upon the spoil," was the answer."

"The place thou must assault," continued Torringtonmore, "lies on the other side of the fort: I reconnoitered it well—it is the weakest. Be cautious, silent, and brave. Now, take thy station at the head of thy soldiers; and, once more, remember that thou leadest them to victory."

Peter left the Agha's side and took his station as commanded. All eyes were watching Torringtonmore's movements. Facing the troops, he remarked their ardent gestures of impatience. He bared his blade, elevated his arm,—a hundred deaths might be in its next silent motion;—it waves them on,—and at the next instant, like inanimate clay first bursting into life, the sound of martial footsteps broke the stillness, and the assaulting troops rushed towards their destination. Peter smiled as he passed Torringtonmore. The latter watched the receding warriors, until their figures grew indistinct, and then gave another signal as before. A number of small parties of twos and threes filed off from the remaining troops, each little body taking a different path. They had to station themselves at intervals round the fort, but so as to communicate with each other; and at the moment of assault to raise shouts to impress the Seiks with the belief that they were beset on all sides by a mighty host. Then, in case of the fort being carried by Peter and his band, they were to close in, cut off all stragglers, and, if necessary, assist Peter in taking the place, and slay its defenders. This duty was entrusted to Mourazuk the Khyberce, a man whose bravery and devotion made him valuable to Torringtonmore, and whose ignorance, combined with an ambition of which he scarcely knew the aim or object made him incapable of discerning that he was but the dupe of the other's duplicity; while his inveterate hatred to the Seiks rendered him peculiarly serviceable on an occasion of extirpating butchery, for it was his leader's purpose that none of the men within that fort should survive to tell the disastrous tale; and when he muttered in Mourazuk's attentive ear, "suffer not a man to escape," he knew that none would be likely to pass the mountaineer's chain of posts whom sabre could cut down or bullet overtake. When these had departed Torringtonmore marched with the soldiers remaining at his disposal to the ford whither he knew that whoever might escape the Khyberce's vigilance would probably be forced to retreat, and there he posted his men, equally prepared either for chance of triumph or repulse. He ordered the soldiers to crouch upon the ground in order not to be seen by any fugitive enemy until within reach. Then advancing a few paces to the front he waited impatiently for the moment of action. Several minutes of suspense ensued. He stooped and laid his ear to the earth, and the sounds of men tramping with irregular motion were perceptible; then, rising up, he thought he could discern objects moving along the summit of the fort wall. This was succeeded by a bustle from the interior and, in an instant, the clashing of weapons was faintly audible.

"Heavens!" ejaculated the chieftain, while he strained his anxious eyes to catch a glimpse of aught that might indicate what passed upon the scene of strife, "Heavens! could I have been mistaken? and were they vigilant after all? If so, it will be a struggle for conquest, in which all must aid—ha!" he cried, as a bright flame sprung upwards from the centre of the fortification, throwing at once into broad relief Peter Pulakoff backed by a band of the bravest in the act of surmounting the mud rampart, and already engaged hand to hand with the thronging Seiks who pressed forward with the vigor and freshness of resolute and wakeful men from every quarter to the encounter. With a war-cry bursting from his lips, and his sword half leaping from its scabbard, Torringtonmore bent forward to observe the progress of the combat. The shouts of the Khyberce's men, swelling from all their different posts, now increased the tumult.

"Wa Goorooje, ka futeh! may the Gouroo be victorious!" answered the undaunted Seiks, as the blaze of light discovered the fewness of their enemies and the futility of Torringtonmore's stratagem. Bravely did Peter Pulakoff sustain his maiden

fame, while bidding fair to achieve a conquest with his own single troop. Back, back he drove the Seiks, and man after man fell lifeless from the rampart, while, with a chosen few, he gained ground against all odds. Now the defenders are driven from their ground and he stands unopposed; he is preparing to spring among them when one rushes from the flame in the centre, bearing a lighted torch and flinging it forward; a tremendous explosion shook the earth even to the spot where Torringtonmore stood. When the smoke cleared away, no human form was on the rampart. A mine had been sprung, and the assailants were dashed down from their places, slain or disabled. The shouts of the triumphant Seiks from within and the reports of pistol and matchlock told how eagerly they discharged those messengers of death against the followers of the Khyberree. But this seemed like the rattling of distant thunder after an earthquake, so feeble were those sounds of strife, compared with the recent explosion.

"To be baffled thus and by this shallow foe," thought Torringtonmore, as he muttered forth his feelings of disappointment between his teeth; then, he exclaimed, "come on!" loud enough to be heard by the men in reserve at the ford. Forward they went, and their leader hastily marshalling them for the attack, turned again to survey the scene of strife. He had not miscalculated the bravery of the Khyberree. The mountaineer had already collected his men for the support of such of Peter's storming party as had survived; and, as if by miracle, the youth himself once more appeared at their head and waved them to the assault. Onwards they rushed. Again they joined battle. The struggle was fiercer and lasted longer than before. Step by step the rampart was once more carried. Peter and Mourazuk fought side by side, but their comrades were being fast thinned by the fire of musketry, and the missiles of the more numerous Seiks. At length a shot laid the Khyberree prostrate at Peter's feet, and the latter was confronted by a Seik chieftain, wearing a turban of the shawl of Cashmere. The youth shrunk as though faced by a fiend. Torringtonmore remarked this, and observed his dispirited troops losing ground. The turbaned warrior of the Seiks still pressed on: the Afghans were scattered, baffled, defeated. Still Peter, though he retreated, kept his face towards his foe, but in vain. From the instant that he beheld those features before him, he struck no more for victory; his senses swam, and Torringtonmore saw that not a moment was to be lost. Putting himself at the head of his men, who panted for battle, he shouted: "forward!" and onwards his troops rushed. The leader of the Seiks observed them advancing, and called also to his own troops: "pursue not the fugitives, a fresh band is coming. Follow me!"

"Tis his voice," muttered Torringtonmore: "I should know it among those of ten thousand. My arm must fail of its strength for I bring this proud turban low."

Midway in the onset he came up with Peter and his retreating troops.

"Strike, boy!" he shouted, "Torringtonmore is at thy side. Cowards!" he said to the others, "advance to slaughter and revenge."

His voice acted like magic on the soldiers already more than about to flee. Their leader's party was the rallying post. On they went. The Seik chief assembled his bravest upon the ramparts, convinced that now or never was the season for exertion.

"Thou art brave, boy," remarked the Agha to Peter, as they advanced, "but thou hast much to redeem this night."

Peter heard the words, and they sank like flame upon his soul. They reached the rampart—Torringtonmore had gained their summit, and Peter is at his side. Mad-dened by the reproach of his chief and the surrounding carnage, the youth pressed forward, determined to do or die. He fought by Torringtonmore's side, and he would be witness of his cowardice or valor. He struck furiously upon the foes that pressed upon him, without daring to glance upon the faces of any lest he should recognize the features of the turbaned Seik. He pushed forward, for the Seiks yielded to the prowess and skill of his chief. Now inch by inch they disputed the field, and many a corpse lay bloody beneath their feet. Their foes fought with the fury of despair, but their every effort was ineffectual to break the array of the Agha's fresh troops led on by such a commander. At length, they were driven headlong into the fort. A few steeds stood around the fire which still blazed in its centre. Thither as a last resource fled the Seik leader. Twice had Torringtonmore crossed swords with him, and

twice had he been obliged to forego his prey for ignobler adversaries. The turbaned warrior sprung upon his steed; others followed his example, and with a desperate charge they broke through their foes and took their way towards the ford.

"Pursue," shouted Torringmore, "a thousand rupees for him who takes the warrior with the scarlet turban."

On dashed the soldiers in pursuit of the enemy, the ford foamed in front—and the mounted Seiks although considerably in advance had no time to reflect upon the danger of plunging into the swollen waters.

"Destruction awaits those who attempt the rapids to-night," hastily remonstrated one of them to his leader as they stood upon the bank of the river—Torrington's voice sounded close in the rear.

"The son of a Seik knows no fear," was the leader's reply, as he cast some silver into the stream according to custom, and then spurred his charger into the current. His men followed. The waters foamed and boiled around them. Torrington and his men were now on the bank; and the former looked and watched the progress of his enemy, for he knew the dread and danger of the passage. The horses snorted and plunged against the stream; but it baffled their strength—steed after steed disappeared—and the moaning of the horses, the cries of drowning men, mingled with the roar of waters. One horse and rider alone remained, and on him the Agha's attention was fixed as by the fascination of the rattlesnake. For some time the animal bore up nobly against the current, but his strength at length failed him, and he was seen without his rider, hurried away amid the dancing foam. The warrior who had bestrode him was struggling in the waves; then, as if in despair or insensibility, he turned towards the shore bristling with his enemies. It was the warrior with the scarlet turban—the leader of the Seiks. He approached, driven by the waters. His voice rose above their roar. He called on Torrington, pronouncing the following prophetic words:—

"*We shall meet again.*" A proud look of scorn and hatred darkened the countenance of the Agha, who answered not. The voice of the drowning man gurgled in the depths. He disappeared for an instant. At that moment Peter Pulakoff stood by the side of Torrington.

"The leader of the Seiks is dead," said the latter to the youth in a tone of high exultation, at which Peter felt his blood curdle with horror, though he knew not why. "Behold!" continued Torrington, as a dark bulk rolled along close by the margin where they stood. Peter looked intensely on it as it passed. It was the warrior of the scarlet turban. It sunk even beneath his gaze. A mist gathered upon his sight—the fervor of the fight was over and reflection had begun to re-assert its sway—he sank fainting in the arms of Torrington.

"Boy," said his leader, astonished and alarmed at this sudden display of weakness or feeling, "I saw thee in the fight—thou wert by my side at the last deadliest push—thou art, indeed, valiant—thou shalt have thy reward."

Peter Pulakoff was an acquisition which his chief could then but ill afford to lose.

"No matter," murmured Peter, listlessly, "'twas but a dream, I will fight until I die—but, but—that warrior was"—he fell cold and insensible beside the ford which had swallowed up the remnant of the Seik soldiers.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I called on Vengeance: at the word
She came—

And that fair victim paid her debt."—*Crabbe.*

ON Peter's recovery he had the prudence to ascribe his sudden illness to exhaustion and the fear that he had not fully merited his leader's favor. Torrington shewed no suspicion, and the warriors so lately engaged in bloodshed reposed upon their field of slaughter as soundly as infants on the breast whence they draw their nourishment.

After this encounter, Tarringmore concentrated such of his soldiers as were distributed near at hand in the Khyber country. Meerza and Ghoolum were among them. Thence in a short time he directed a certain number to set out for the fortress where he had confined Marida. This draft of men, of course included those most in his confidence, Peter, Mourazuk and Meerza. Ghoolum was allowed to make the best of his trade, until further called.

On the morning that the detachment wound its way along the passes of its native mountains, Leila stationed herself upon a height which commanded a considerable prospect; she beheld Annette and Mourazuk pass beneath, and felt her heart bound with a sudden impulse to throw herself from the giddy pinnacle and sprinkle her blood upon their path, but something appeared to chain her where she stood. The detachment passed on—she saw him dwindle in the distance—disappear—she strained her eyes—the rocks had shut him from her sight—him whom she had struggled to monopolize to herself and make a martyr, and now he was torn from her to fill the arms of a rival. The world of lovers was nothing to her. The cold, deceitful, but after all susceptible heart of the coquette was broken.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

“ And should thy future lot be cast,
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,

My Mary.” *Crowper.*

As Leila returned in sadness from that height whence she had taken her last look of her departing lover, she met a party of her countrymen returning from a foray. On their way homewards they had encountered a band of travellers, or, rather, the remains of what had once been a band of travellers.

The Simoom had breathed upon their path, and none survived but one woman, who in a state of insensibility was conveyed to Leila's hut, in the hope of recovering her. The wild, sympathising mountaineers thronged the humble abode, and many an anxious face was bent over her, awaiting the result. A fire having been kindled, water was forcibly poured into her mouth, and as she gave symptoms of returning consciousness they administered sugar and dried plums. The patient was now slowly recovering, and opening her calm dark eyes with bewildered gaze she surveyed the group. At that moment a stranger entered and requested to see the suffering individual. The crowd made way. He approached. His eyes and those of the woman simultaneously met each other. An exclamation of surprise succeeded—a shriek,—a spring forwards blended with looks of terror and tenderness on the part of the stranger, and responded to with violent and painful efforts on the part of the woman who ardently clasped him to her bosom. When hearts long severed meet again, there is joy in their mutual beatings; and when toil or trouble, or persecution has been the chief ordeal of the past, a thrill of sweeter, higher pleasure warms each bosom. When earth has interposed between them its material barriers of mountain, sea and forest, re-united souls swell with the joyful reminiscences of the difficulties that have been surmounted. When earth's inhabitants have interposed between them apathy, deceit or malice, these souls still further exult in their defeat. Then all is joy, and in proportion to the measure of their past sufferings, so is the increase of their happiness. Then is there an overflowing of bliss,—and enjoy it, ye whose heavenly destiny it is. But when, in after years of agony, after struggling through penury and despair and crime, hearts will meet, yet meet to throb and part for ever,—the hope they have toiled for, presented only to be wrested from them; the love which they have bled to sustain, to find it withering and blighted, yet lingering, but only to offer to the loved one's lips its latest fragrance, who shall describe the sensations of that brief moment?—heart-strings strained and passions baffled—torture refined to transport, and transport recoiling into torture,—such moments resemble ages of hope, fear, desire, misery, enjoyment condensed into a twilight beam, to be absorbed by the dread gloom of eternity.

The stranger seated himself upon the ground beside the woman and sedulously employed every possible means of restoration. The rest stood by in silence, or whispered their remarks to each other, yet interfering not as if they knew that he who now supported her possessed some prior claim, except that they tendered every aid which they thought might help him. At last he was successful, his beloved again revived. She was the first to speak.

"At length, then, I have found thee," murmured she, in the low tones of impassioned ecstasy—"the stony waste and men of cruelty could not withhold me from thee."

"Yes," was the reply, "we have found each other, but thou art feeble—speak not now."

"I have much to say," she answered, "and perhaps have no long time to utter it. I traced thee to Bokhara."

"And there?" continued he, betrayed into questioning by an impulse of curiosity.

"Became a slave."

"A slave!"

"But I escaped—a youth took an interest in my fate—he, too, a slave, compassed my release, although he could not effect his own."

"His name?" enquired the other, eagerly.

"I know not. I left Bokhara, hastily. I saw a letter of thine with a friend in the mountains. I knew thy hand-writing—by this I learned thy present disguise—and traced thee to this village. I had crossed the plain—the simoom came—hush—do not interrupt me—my breath is thickening—I am oppressed, my love—I traced thee hither, thank God—I have found thee—my terrors are over, love—I die."

"Nay—live, live," said the man, in a voice of heart-broken entreaty—"our children live—knowest thou that?"

"I am glad, very glad," she answered, "they will comfort thee."

"Not without thee—not without thee—the young doves do not charm without their mates whose wings have covered them."

"Alas!" she said, in somewhat a stronger tone, which increased the ray of hope now sparkling in his bosom, "alas! I fear I have received my death-wound, though by some invisible agent; yet will I strive—for thy sake—to baffle death—it would be sweet to live and give utterance to my woes and feel that they were past," and her eyes brightened into an expression of ardor as she clung with deceitful strength around him who returned the caress in silent rapture. *He* was—*they* were then, happy again; and nothing would arise to mar their future happiness. Embracing him for some minutes, her arms at length relaxed and she rested on him for support, he gazed upon her and beheld her with anxious alarm flushed and fevered. One tear spared by the dry Simoom—a tear of affection—fell upon her cheek; her lips quivered, her hands moved faintly over his figure which they clasped—a smile—a low sigh—and the wife of Amurath had done with earthly hopes and earthly sorrows.

Amurath beckoned for assistance. The previous process for her restoration was repeated, but in vain—and the black, desolate conviction at last settled on his mind—that all was, indeed, over. Her lover uttered no lament, but laid her gently down. Then he severed from her head one lock of hair—which the destroying blast rendered easy of separation, and hid it inside his vest—stooped and kissed her—then rose and looked in speechless grief upon her inanimate form.

"Bury her," was all he said to those about him, who by their silent gestures of assent shewed that they could respect affliction, albeit the children of idolatry and barbarism as they might be designated. Amurath slowly reached the threshold and turned as slowly towards the corpse. He was evidently laboring under intense emotion, and, as he left the hut his feelings were syllabled in but one brief maddened word, and that was "death!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for."—*Macbeth.*

WHEN Torrymore and his band of troops arrived at the fortress, which previously was a ruin, he found that many chiefs, each attended by a few followers, were already assembled. They received him with the enthusiasm of men devoted to a leader of superior tact and courage, panting as they were for battle. As one of their first acts of allegiance, they brought before Torrymore a black slave whom they had captured near the fortress and placed in confinement abiding his pleasure.

Torrymore eyed him with a penetrating look. "Thou wast taken under rather suspicious circumstances," he said, "theft or worse may have been thy design—account for thy presence."

The slave then informed him that he had been travelling with some Miringees towards the south, and that when they halted for repose, having crept into a cave he had fallen asleep. Torrymore started, but the slave proceeded without noticing the sudden gesture. He further said that he supposed his companions, had been unable to find him, for that when he came forth it appeared that he had slept a long while, and he could discern no traces of his companions but had not gone far when he was seized by his people, and concluded by offering his services as a slave, pleading his destitute condition, and promising to devote himself faithfully to him who should protect him.

An ordinary observer would have discovered nothing in the appearance of this slave at variance with what might have been expected, from one of his birth and station. Torrymore saw, therefore, no reason to doubt his statement; he, accordingly, agreed to take him into his service, threatening him with heavy punishment in case of treachery or misconduct, and resolved in his own mind secretly to watch his every motion.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"The hour is come—the destined star has risen,
Which shall descend upon a vacant prison—
The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set
The sentinels——." *Shelley.*

"And dost thou ask, what secret woe—
I bear corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang ev'n thou must fail to soothe." *Childe Harold.*

"How now? moody?
What is it thou canst demand?" *Tempest.*

To return to Marida. She now enjoyed all the luxuries and conveniences which might be consistent with her imprisonment. She could walk on her balcony and inhale the fresh breezes from the mountains; she was, too, supplied with such books as her limited education enabled her to appreciate; she also possessed the Scriptures, wherein to read the stories of Rachael and Leah, and thereby learnt patience from those daughters of simplicity to check her natural appetites and cause her to wait submissively for the expiration of the destined period for nuptial bliss, even though ever so distant. Plants which could not flourish in the cold external atmosphere bloomed in the shelter of her apartment, prospering under the culture of her hand and shedding forth in return, grateful fragrance. Birds hopped upon the branches, and her own nightly solitude was solaced by the nightingale's notes, and her morning weariness relieved by the melody of the thrush. Squirrels and cats, and monkeys and such creatures which solace aged virgins in their state of single blessedness in their untutored natures might have been there, had Marida desired it. It was some time since she had seen

Torrymore, and she comforted herself in her state of desolation with the thought that she was suffering to promote his glory.

The stars had already thickly studded the Heavens, when Marida dismissed her attendant to her repose, and sat beside the casement as was her custom, to watch their twinkling lights unveil themselves successively in the firmament and meditate on her own destiny. As she sate, the notes of a vina reached her ear, at first, distantly, but gradually approaching until she could distinguish a voice, to her too dear, which sang to the accompaniment of the instrument : she bent to listen and catch the words.

The world has been unkind to me—
It values not the pang it gives;
Its words are false, its smiles betray;
Its very piety deceives.

An alien's reproach was mine,
But this I could forgive, or scorn;
Scoffs could endure, and not repine,
'Twas only what my God had borne.

Cold is the mist on Iceland's shore,
And drear the Pole's perpetual frost,
But colder still my bosom's core
To those it once had cherish'd most.

My heart was as an untaught child,
That turn'd in love to all it met:
And they caress'd, while fortune smil'd
And I, poor fool! I lov'd them yet.

They flatter'd, and so servile grown,
Paid me the homage of their breath;—
I dream'd it was a laurel crown,
But waking found a cypress wreath.

The strains sunk in silence. Marida knew the voice, and her heart throbbed wildly as she heard it.

“I dreamed it was a laurel crown,
But waking found a cypress wreath.”

she repeated, in mournful listlessness.

“Aye, a cypress wreath,” echoed the person who just entered her chamber.

Marida turned, uttered a cry of joy, and fell into Torrymore's arms. He had only that morning arrived, and Fazry knew not of his coming, being occupied near the person of her mistress, until in this manner he discovered himself. Leading Marida towards a couch, and impressing a kiss upon her brow, he retreated one or two paces, while Fazry's bright eyes, glistening with tears of mingled delight and disappointment,—

“Looked into his for love, where none replied.”

“Torrymore,” she said, in a melancholy tone, “thou art come, and I am glad; yet I think I would almost rather not have seen thee, than have seen thee come in sorrow.”

“Few are the happy,” said Torrymore; “they who inherit the most of wealth or glory frequently partake of the least enjoyment.”

“I prize neither gain nor glory,” answered Marida, “except as they may increase the happiness of him I love; but I see thee not happier for all thy greatness. Once I beheld a man clad in poverty's garb, and he bore in his arms a little child that laughed in delight to hear the strains of a vina near at hand; and the father caressed the child and kissed it often, and I thought they must be happy.”

Torrymore turned aside to conceal a burst of emotion, but with a firm voice remarked,—“appearances are deceitful, Marida, none more so than the smiles which hide a heart of sorrow.”

“True,” replied Marida, “for I sent to enquire of the man, and was informed that the child he carried had no mother, yet he shed tears when he told his story, but

I wept to think the child was deprived of its mother, and wished—wished that I was poor, so that I might have such a laughing cherub, and call it mine. Wealth, Torringmore, cannot confer happiness; and poverty, thou sayest, doth prevent it; yet that poor man would not sell his child for the gold which I offered,—he must have been happier in its caresses than in wealth; without them, he said, it was the only pledge of its departed mother."

Torrymore's frame shook convulsively as Marida proceeded in her simple tale, until at length his over-wrought feelings found vent in incoherent words:—"the mother—was not worth the saving: fond—true—and faithful, perhaps; he knew it was his child, or—he would not so have loved it; the time might have been—when I would do the same,—but—thy words are foolish, Marida, foolish," he added, partly recalled to self-possession by Marida's alarm, as she clung round him, imploring forgiveness in utterance as broken as his own. Then, too late conscious of the error into which he had been betrayed, "thou did'st move me much," he said, and he gently disengaged her arms from his waist, "I thought of days gone by; it pains me to speak about them now; another time thou shalt know the reason of such things as thou mayest now consider strange."

He led her to the couch, released himself from her grasp, hastily dashed his hand across his face, then folded his arms slowly over his breast, and again Torringmore stood as firm as the forest tree after a whirlwind.

Marida ventured no enquiry into the cause of this paroxysm, but sate with pallid aspect watching his features in their deep composure, endeavoring to read the workings of so turbulent a spirit become at once so mysteriously tranquil, and she felt too the ties of sympathy drawn yet tighter by these dark clouds of destiny, which like a shroud enveloped her idol. Such is woman's love.

•Torrymore was the first to resume the discourse:—"Marida," he said, "I have come to ask thee what thou would'st have, to know how far my abundance can add to thy comfort?"

"Alas! Torringmore, replied the maiden, "I have enough of thy abundance; thy wealth cannot add to my comfort."

"What would'st thou?"

"I would have thee happy."

"I am as happy as circumstances will permit—what more?"

"I would have liberty with thee."

"That thou shalt, when the gift will be unattended with danger—what more?"

"I am guilty, Torringmore, and—and—I would have virtue."

"Then seek it in the slumbering infant—a child would lisp deceit to gain a sweetmeat, or to keep a toy—inexperienced youth too, even while it suffers from the wily knave, is but the bird that feeds upon its mother's crumbs, until its strength equal its teacher's—age also, which recommending virtue to the young would only the readier make them its dupes, while they are essaying to practise the wise lesson—where then must we look for virtue, save in the slumbering infant which sleeping forgets its wakeful pettishness, heedless of exposure, blushing at no shame, and smiling as it sleeps."

"Knowest thou none other?"

"None, unless it be the same unborn. But this is trifling, Marida, is there aught else that thy imagination may conjure as a desirable possession?"

"Aye, one thing more, I would have thy confidence."

"The mysteries of my career," said Torringmore, "are not such whose recital would interest thee."

"Thou judgest by thine own coldness, not by the prying of anxious love: tell forth thy adventures, and we will excuse their dulness for sake of the narrator."

Torrymore seemed for an instant buried in thought, then said suddenly:—

"Be it so! if thou wilt insist upon hearing the story of my life, hear it, though to recall its past scenes may be to inflict on me the agonies of death. My early days, to some days of peace and pleasantness, were to me a time of endurance and suffering. I was chastised for faults of which I was guiltless, applauded for acts which deserved punishment. My temper given to extremes, was now one while fired with hatred

and thoughts of revenge; at another, warmed by fits of fondness and affection. Corrected with judgment, or treated with kindness, I might have been readily moulded into a noble character; but left to follow my own inclinations, or brutally admonished for trivial errors, my more excitable passions were allowed to strengthen into waywardness and to vent forth their spleen in furious irritability. Among my youthful associates, however, I was praised for my boldness, courted for my cheerfulness, admired for my address, feared for my courage, and beloved for my generosity. Already I was encouraged into recklessness at home—caressed into obstinacy, and abused into malice. My sympathies were quickened, but not elevated; my sensitiveness made acute, but not well directed; my heart affected and expanded, but not improved. The bow was bent, but no aim taken. I was willing to receive the impress of kindness, and return it with ardor; but ignorant how to select with discernment, or secure friends by steadiness of character, or patiently bear the little annoyances and rebuffs which are ever the companions of friendships or the most refined love, I felt that whoever would touch my heart must be devoted to my interest, and yield to my will without being offended at my pettishness, chilled or estranged by neglect. My education and my temper prepared me to be the tyrant of other's wishes, the slave of my own. Thus passed childhood's hours. Then succeeded youth's wild theories, visionary hopes and aspirations. Restraint deemed to be before unseasonable, was now wholly cast aside. I mingled in the world. The new scene wore a promising face. I was enterprising, and beneath my country's banners sought foreign climes wherein to earn honor and renown. Curse on the fiery temperament which led me so to prize such things. But with their false glare and noisy praises I ardently loved them. Where the sun shines brightest, the deadliest reptile will delight to bask. In the midst of my glory there was a void, and I sought for some object of love to perfect my destiny. She whom I selected on whom to lavish my attentions was pure and lovely, although not sprung from the land which gave me birth. My passionate address and flattering tongue seemed to procure me equal success to what I had obtained in arms. For a season every thing proceeded as the most ardent lovers could have desired. But then arose the evil genius of my early education which rendered me as incapable of enjoying affection and confidence as by nature, I seemed formed to seek and prize it. Still must I be the tyrant, she the slave, as the latent demon of my peace suggested. In every instance she was to be the endurer, I the inflicter. She long and patiently endured my violent will until the years of youth were past, and its vices confirmed by matured manhood. She complained not, but pined in secret: I perceived her grief and felt vexed that she should not consider my presence as more than a counter-balance for all the pain I caused her. Then arrived the crisis of my fate. There is a period at which patient fidelity will cease its endurance, and the oft-felt sting of agony will at last pour forth its resentments. I cannot urge a reason for my insatuated conduct, for I was cruel though I greatly loved her whom I so greatly abused; and would have willingly died for her whom I slighted and insulted. Here, as I said, frowned the crisis of my fate. There appeared at this time one full of all tenderness, all devotion—a man equal to me in address, without my overbearing temper; with all my gaiety—without my caprice—and Torrington had a rival. I had deemed myself in every respect invulnerable, and now I was in danger of being conquered. She favored this man's attentions, and her manner to me, though still kind, was not so decided as before. Enraged, I sought the intruder, and would gladly have determined my uncertain lot by engaging in single combat—but he argued with my wounded heart, setting forth the misery which would ensue to her for whom we strove, should either of us fall—she being the cause of the disaster. I who never yet spared her feelings yielded to this appeal—and we agreed that she should decide our respective fates, and I flattered myself that I should win an unbloody laurel and enjoy my triumph as a peaceful conquerer. I was, however, mistaken—she declared in favor of my rival. And smothering my secret feelings I swore by a solemn oath I would renounce her. What need of more? I forsook my comrades—partners of my honorable fame—for in her I had reared my feelings however rude, and the shock of disappointment filled my soul with: of hatred and ambition. I braved the perils of the deep—and did daring: ried onwards more by impulse than prudence. I next crossed the sandy d

mingled with men of other climes, and fought the battles of many strange chiefs, and gained a name for bravery—besides, the experience of the past had made me that, in which consists the essence of admired greatness, which the world alike worships and calumniates—that something of coldness and deep thought, which turns to itself all which can increase its powers but feels not ought of sympathy and love—a thing which is wretched while it commands—a solitary sun which casts its burning, searching rays upon the fields whose sweets it cannot taste, while all below hail it as the parent of light and gladness. Well! in the midst of this new renown I met the rival that had superseded me and his bride: there was a deep and dark fatality in this after meeting—his bride was with him, and I won their confidence—they moreover had a blooming offspring, bright, smiling, lovely, but they were not Tarringmore's offspring as they should have been. On with my story—these children became bond-servants to the heathen, as I heard, and I measured swords with the father in a foray—he disappeared—and for the mother—the mother of the babes.”

Tarringmore repeated these words slowly, and Marida read the meaning of his look and asked in a tone scarce audible from horror.

“What of the mother?”

“I killed her.”

“Thou!”

“Aye—not with your knives, nor your ropes, nor your poisons, but her soul was drugged with the slow cup of sorrow—and is gone—life could not smile upon her, so death took her—the gaunt demon was merciful, and I—I am punished.”

“She lives,” said a voice from without, so sudden, loud and unearthly, that it drew a shriek from Marida, while Tarringmore sprung to the door, and flung it open—No one was at the portal, but at a little distance the black slave of the Agha was engaged in a wild and merry gambol apparently for his own sole amusement.

“Hast thou seen any pass by?” asked Tarringmore, sternly.

“No, massa Agha, no—de parrots even do make no music for me to dance by.”

The Agha answered not but continued his scrutiny for some minutes; he then returned to Marida's chamber.

“Did'st thou hear that strange voice,” he asked her.

“Yes,” replied Marida with a smile, though the paleness of supernatural terror was on her cheek, “yes, it was a voice from the grave proclaiming thee innocent, as I would have thee.”

Before Tarringmore could reply, some one called him from without. He rushed with the speed of renewed suspicion to the door and beheld Amurath. The Khyberree delivered a hurried message which produced a visible alteration in his demeanour: returning into the chamber, he apologized to Marida for so sudden a departure, then hastened away; and the bolts of her prison were again drawn on the unfortunate Marida.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

“You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe.”—*Macbeth.*

To conceal his real designs and lend to artifice an air of sincerity, Tarringmore affected in the minutest matters to be guided by a simple attachment to the interests of his royal employers, and to render all his energies subservient to their will and pleasure. The better to remove from the minds of his followers all suspicion that he aimed at personal aggrandisement, and to shew the queen how open were his measures, he made the former constantly understand that the authority was only delegated to him for the public good, and he resolved to invite the queen to a full inspection of his proceedings. Great, he thought, would be the sanction of her presence in several of his contemplated plans, and the pomp and festivity which he intended should surround her would serve to dazzle the soldiery, whilst with pageantry and splendor he amused the fancy of a fiery and politic, but vain and voluptuous princess.

The Wuffadar was already on her journey to the fortress where her chosen general was assembling his myrmidons for battle. He spared neither pains nor expense in making her reception and entertainment equal the grand impression which he intended to produce. Most superb ornaments for the chiefs, and brilliant uniforms for his troops were liberally and carefully provided. Furniture, too, the most rare and sumptuous, was transported to the mountain retreat to deck her chamber and minister to her luxurious inclinations; and Tarringmore was determined to prove to his mistress his respect for her rank and talents by the magnificence and finery of the place where she was to wield an imaginary sceptre. If her intellect was not honored, her vanity would be flattered, and Tarringmore was one of those individuals, who right or wrong made it a maxim that, when fairly placed in the scale, a woman's vanity would render her blind to every extravagance and deception: whether or not he miscalculated in this particular regarding her character, is to be developed in the sequel. But the Wuffadar wished to surprise her favorite, and, travelling with a small escort, purposely deferred her approach to the fortress until night time. It was already known at the outposts which Tarringmore kept among the mountains that they were to entertain such a visitor, so that she was received without tumult. Tarringmore was at that time engaged with Marida, and Mourazuk was the bearer of the Wuffadar's secret message.

The privacy of her arrival did not, however, prevent the circumstance from being known in the fortress, although Tarringmore could not receive her with such pomp as he intended. Having been conducted to her chamber, she immediately despatched a message to Tarringmore to attend her. Hasty as was the order, and anxious as was the latter to obey her wishes, another individual had been before-hand with him. This was none other than Doulut, who had arrived at the fortress almost at the same moment as the queen. Having ascertained who it was and declaring that he had business of importance, he demanded an instant audience. His name was a sufficient passport to her presence, and he now presented himself with the outraged feelings of a bereaved father and a circumvented man, bursting with resentment and prepared to exhaust all his powers of flattery and eloquence to regain his child and punish those whom he supposed guilty of its abstraction.

"Solomon, when he wrote his song of songs, had looked upon thine image," commenced Doulut, but the accents of adulation died upon his tongue, for Tarringmore that instant presented himself. Had the Jew trodden on a serpent and seen the enraged reptile rear its spiral folds and swollen head, while its forked tongue quivered to discharge its deadly venom, it could not have looked more pale, horror-struck and paralysed, than when he gazed upon that unexpected apparition. Tarringmore testified no surprise at Doulut's presence, neither did he notice his embarrassment. With characteristic coolness and dignity he advanced and made his salutation.

"All hail to the captain of the armies of Cabool," cried the Wuffadar, rising to meet the favored chieftain, "thou hast tidings of moment to communicate, thou charmer of the hearts of warriors."

"Tidings for thine ear alone, great star of beauty," answered Tarringmore, throwing a careless glance at the Jew.

"He is also our friend," said the Wuffadar, smiling on the embarrassed Israelite, who seemed still willing to linger on the spot, "he deserves our thanks and gratitude, and he hath them; but he, too, now essayed as though he would have spoken, but thou art the bearer of a spell; he saw thee, and even as the rainbow droops to the horizon, he bowed before the mighty Tarringmore. He must for the present submit."

"Thou hearest, good friend Jew," said Tarringmore turning towards him with something of irony in his tone, "her Highness would be alone."

The Jew, without replying, prostrated himself and withdrew, while Tarringmore, ere he again spoke, watched his receding figure until it was no longer visible.

CHAPTER XL.

"What do ye seek?" *Shelley.*

"Deliver Helen, and all damage else." *Troilus and Cressida.*

As Torringmore departed from this audience with the Wuffadar, he again encountered Doulut, who was awaiting to renew his interview. Torringmore pushed him rudely aside, while he beckoned to Mourazuk and Meerza, whom he observed at a short distance, to approach. "The queen cannot be disturbed," said he, "what seekest thou?"

"My child," answered the Jew, "my house was entered by strangers, and my gold—her gold, and she, hath been carried away."

"I am sorry for thee, Doulut, but the agreement subsisting between thee and the Schah will amply compensate thee for thy losses; as for thy child I know nought of her."

"I seek my child," said Doulut, "I ask not the wealth nor honors which I have lost—I ask but for the child of my gray hairs."

"And I answer that I have her not," replied Torringmore, "thou art harsh, Doulut, and should know, methinks, that the faith of Torringmore is too spotless to be sullied with falsehood."

"Alas!" said the Jew—meekly, "my daughter loved the Firingees—she thought them better than the heathen or the children of her people—thou art a Firingee—thy form comely, thy speech alluring—and—and," he hesitated.

"I see thou doubttest still," said Torringmore with a smile, "thou shalt be convinced."

"I thank thee," answered the Jew.

"Thou shalt make search throughout the fortress—every door shall be opened unto thee, and if any of my attendants hold her in his possession, she shall be delivered unto thee forthwith."

"And I may search—when shall I search?" asked Doulut with eagerness—"To-night?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he echoed in a tone of despondence—to-morrow—be it even as thou wilt—thou art all-powerful here."

"My power shall be used only to give thee fuller assurance of my integrity," observed Torringmore, then, turning, he called Meerza to his side and bade him summon Mourazuk.

"Mourazuk," he said, as the soldier entered, "take this worthy Jew, and conduct him to an apartment, where he may pass the night in comfort."

The Jew had no alternative but compliance. He bit his lip and knit his brow, but all unnoticed by Torringmore who signed for the party to proceed. When Meerza and Doulut had disappeared through the portal, he whispered in the ear of Mourazuk:—"See that he be sentinelled, and make no delay ere he is caged—nor let him too closely scrutinize his path—do'st understand."

Mourazuk expressed assent and joined his charge, fulfilling his directions to the letter and shewing his zeal by urging on Doulut's lingering footsteps with his match-lock, while Meerza did not lose the opportunity of bantering the Jew upon his discomfort.

"Thy daughter is a pretty damsel," he said, with a look of feigned sympathy, "and it is a pity if thou do'st not find her. I saw thee bite thy innocent lip—it is a shame that some men have power to force us to act against the impulses of paternal feelings," so spake he who cared not how deeply he wounded.

"The curse of Naaman, the Syrian, cling unto thee," said the Jew, who not being in the most patient mood felt his utmost tolerance exhausted by Meerza's sneers. But the only notice vouchsafed by Mourazuk to his malediction, was a push of his match-lock and a surly remark, to the effect that if the Jew could not endure a joke he himself could not help it, but that he would not brook delay in the execution of his duty. Meerza enjoyed it as much as if he had heard a blessing pronounced upon his head.

"If it do so," he said, with a chuckle, "it will be no longer Naaman the Syrian's, whoever the gentleman was; but Meerza's, and he will be generous enough to bequeath it to thee his benefactor."

The Jew was silent, and they reached the chamber which was to be his temporary abode. Mourazuk here, too, contented himself with fulfilling his duty to the latter, but his companion uttered a mock salam and amused himself with going through all the forms of eastern ceremony when in the presence of his superior, and having ended he said:—

"Thou see'st, Doulut, that whatever may be my character for bantering, I lack not respect for thee, and shall take heed to evince it on this and every future occasion. They then left the unfortunate Doulut to his solitude.

CHAPTER XLI.

" — the cold day
Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain,
When, like a noon day dawn, there shone again
Deliverance." *Shelley.*

EARLY the next morning, Torringmore presented himself unexpectedly at the door of Marida's apartment, but entered it with the same respectful ceremony which he ever sedulously observed—Marida turned upon him a look replete with fearful tenderness. She thought his brow was more clouded than ordinary and his cheek slightly flushed, yet was it unaccompanied with any corresponding flurry of manner; there was the same still, steady, almost awful calmness which characterised his behaviour on occasions alike of tumult and tranquillity. He approached her with a mild and engaging air, yet with reserve.

"Marida," he said, "I trust the solitude and confinement which our circumstances render it necessary to adopt, do not oppress thy spirit."

Marida felt a little surprised at an observation which seemed to be the continuance of a sober discourse rather than the first salutation of the day.

"They are what I have been accustomed to," she answered, "and I ought to be happy when I know that thou can'st remove them at thy pleasure."

"Thou dost hope for that hour, I doubt not," said he.

"It is the burden of my daily prayer to the God of my fathers," she observed, with fervor.

"Thou dost richly deserve all the constancy that manhood has to offer—what if thy wishes were about to be accomplished?"

The maiden blushed with undisguised pleasure, but was silent as if half incredulous of the reality of such an event.

"I see thou doubttest, Marida," remarked Torringmore, "within an hour shalt thou be free as the bird that wings the air."

"And by thy side?" asked Marida in breathless ecstasy.

"Aye, by my side."

"Blessings, greatness and glory surround thy brow?" cried Marida, with the girlish undoubting confidence of affectionate joy, giving way at once to the full burst of unrestrained transport.

"Methinks thou should'st wait until thou knowest whether I deserve them," said Torringmore, coldly.

"True—thou art the first to distrust thy own merits, replied the maiden whose ardor was thus suddenly checked," but thy presence—thy voice—thy soul, which next to God I worship, whisper to Marida that thy worth already outweighs all which earth can give thee."

"Thou would'st sacrifice to secure or to serve him whom thou priz'st?" enquired Torringmore, carelessly darting a penetrating glance on Marida, as he spoke.

"Sacrifice," repeated she, "yes—beauty, youth, wealth, life, almost all that Messiah prophesied to restore—the glory of the temple—alas! such glory would be nothing with . . ."

"'Tis well, Marida," added Torringtonmore, "I thank thee, fair maiden. The heart which beats within this bosom hath still a place beside thy image to treasure gratitude to thee and to remember all that thou art willing to sacrifice for one so humble—pray, Marida, pray for my sake and for thine that there may be nought to require thee to make it."

Marida made no reply, but her heart was in her eyes, and she stretched out her arms from the couch with a significant and innocent gesture as if she would chide with artless simplicity the distance which divided them from the object which they would embrace.

Torringtonmore acknowledged his sense of her affection by a low bow, saying, "now is not the hour for dalliance, prepare thyself with diligence; thou shalt have air and exercise, Marida, and I will be at thy side. Soon, perchance, thou shalt have more of my society than my cares and troubles for a world's welfare have permitted me to bestow upon thee."

"Thou art my world," said Marida; "but what is thine for which thou carest?"

"He who strives for liberty," answered Torringtonmore, "may well be said to care for the welfare of a world."

And with this sentiment, the noblest which could grace the pen of philosopher or poet, did the ambitious Torringtonmore turn from Marida's chamber. She sprang from her couch and hastened to arrange her toilet. She remembered there was some peculiarity in Torringtonmore's tone, and also recollected that he spoke of sacrifice with unusual emphasis, but it might be fancy, and she was too much overjoyed in her dream of anticipated bliss to allow her mind to be disturbed by phantoms. He was tender, affectionate, great, noble; she could not doubt his truth. She could, indeed, understand but little of his scheme of glory, but the sound of an enfranchised world dazzled her imagination and fired her soul with sentiments of enthusiasm. It looked great, and as she dwelt upon its meaning it grew compressed to her apprehension into a shining diadem; the world, she saw was but one jewel to ornament the brows of him who was its greatness.

A few minutes after Torringtonmore had left Marida's apartment he appeared in a court-yard attached to the fortress. Several groups of men in their Tartar and Afghan uniforms were busy in preparing a hasty breakfast, and coffee, pilafs and hot cakes smoked in various directions. Torringtonmore passed on with rapid step, receiving the martial salutations of the soldiers. His eye was restless. The graceful softness which in the presence of Marida had so distinguished him a short time previously, was now exchanged for a stern expression and moody brow. There was nothing in his manner, however, evincing either alarm or anxiety, though the bustle and active arming which reigned around seemed to a stranger to betoken cause for both. He called from a group one of the leaders ready accoutred for some journey, and addressed him interrogatively,—"he is still safe in his chamber, Mourazuk?"

The man bowed respectfully.

"The sentinel which the Agha Torringtonmore commanded to be placed at his chamber hath signified to me that he whom he guarded scarce slept throughout the night but paced his chamber, and is now muttering from time to time words of impatient uneasiness."

"Then there is no time to be lost."

"The men are ready for thy orders, Agha."

"I commend thee, meanwhile, should he become restive before the necessary measures are completed, that some excuse be devised to keep him in restraint—nay even force, if force be unavoidable—he must not witness any active movement—he is suspicious, and would conclude himself cheated even without cause."

The man bowed—Torringtonmore continued:—"After I have made my arrangements thou wilt permit him to make uninterrupted search throughout the fortress."

"And if he express suspicion notwithstanding?" enquired the man.

"Bid him prove it true—call him unjust—a false accuser—in short, abuse him into the belief that all is but as he sees it."

"But should he remain unconvinced."

"There is no fear of that—thou wilt satisfy him."

"I trust so, Agha—but that I may not be undecided when the exigence arrives is my reason for asking."

"Pshaw—it cannot be—it cannot be," said Torringtonmore with much impatience.

"Forgive my zeal, Agha," remonstrated the man, with deep respect, "it is possible—none are more obstinate or more slow to believe the assertions of men of a different creed; and last night I heard him swear by his God, that not finding whom he knows to be concealed, he will instantly to the Wuffadar for vengeance."

The mention of the Wuffadar tingled to Torringtonmore's very soul, and soon appeared to have wrought a change in his secret purpose or fixed his resolution. He strided apart, and then returned.

"True," he said, "it is possible, these men are headstrong;—then he must be sacrificed. I would have avoided this, but be it so, if thou art pushed to such a service,—why, let me see—pretend thou yieldest to his words, point out to him the place where he may find her—it is on our track, but we shall be far off before he comes: post the men where thou already knowest,—tell them no more than is necessary—a plundering expedition—ambush—anything will do for an excuse, and be faithful and use dispatch."

The man replied but by a low how; and Torringtonmore passed on and disappeared again within the walls of the fortress.

CHAPTER XLII.

"What! wilt thou say
That I did murder my own father?"—*Shelley.*

WITH delightful anticipations of pleasure, Marida left the fortress in company with Torringtonmore. They proceeded for some time in pleasant discourse. Torringtonmore was unusually animated, affecting a gaiety as foreign to the real state of his feelings as agreeable to Marida, who thought that her day of happiness was at last arrived when her lover would be no more gloomy and reserved nor, herself a prisoner. The fortress was now a considerable distance behind them. From time to time Marida observed Torringtonmore look back towards it with an expression of anxiety, and, at length, his brow grew clouded, and he ceased to converse. Marida looked towards the fort and she could see a flag wave from one of its battlements, but she knew not the cause. It was the signal agreed upon between Torringtonmore and Mourazuk, in case Doulut should extend his search beyond the castle and follow the path of the fugitives. Suddenly Torringtonmore lifted Marida from the earth, and carried her along the verge of the precipice at his utmost speed. The frightened girl gave expression to her wonder and enquired the reason. The path on which they trod offered an insecure and narrow footing.

"There is danger," replied Torringtonmore hastily, "I would not permit thee to walk this path alone, and there is not room for two abreast."

But the speed with which he went contradicted his words of caution; and Marida, although she said nothing, thought there was still greater peril in this rapid pace. On ascending a cliff of more than ordinary elevation, she uttered a sudden shriek, and Torringtonmore looking back beheld Doulut toiling along the path below, which they had just quitted. Here the Jew caught a glimpse of Marida, and evidently struggled to overtake them, when, as he passed a fissure in the rocks, a band of men rushed forth with drawn sabres and pursued him.

"My father, Torringtonmore!" exclaimed Marida, "he will be killed; they are robbers on his track,—stay and rescue him or leave me that I may die with him."

"Hast thou so soon forgotten thy promise?" said Torringtonmore in a tone of fearful solemnity, "and is it thus that thou dost value Torringtonmore? Thou wert to sacrifice beauty, wealth, life—"

"Oh! more, more," interrupted Marida, distractedly, "much more than that—but not to kill my father."

"Thou dost not kill him," said Torringtonmore, laying an emphasis on the first word of the sentence.

"Ask me not this," she continued, heeding not his remark, "he was ever so kind to me—he could not harm aught."

"Thy sense of fidelity hath come to this at last then," said Tarringmore, ironically.

"I am faithful—faithful to the death," she exclaimed with increasing energy, "what more would'st thou require? yet save him from those fell pursuers—their swords spare none—save him."

"He will sacrifice thee should he regain thee," urged Tarringmore.

"Oh! no—he is not cruel—he will forgive—another time I can leave him again for thee—but now save him—save him—for my sake."

"His pursuers are too numerous to be coped with," remonstrated Tarringmore, without slackening his speed; "to attempt his rescue would be but to overwhelm us along with him—besides he may escape this danger—I will threaten from a distance—divert their attention—perhaps turn them from their prey."

"They are bloody men," said Marida, "as tigers lurking for their prey they will not thus be staid—but thou can'st not fear them—one stroke of Tarringmore's sword would hurl a host of such to destruction—or—I will die if thou wilt—die with thee—with him—yet save him Tarringmore before Heaven shall blast the unfilial murderess with its curse."

There was a coppice of underwood which bordered the elevated ridge, and which interposed a kind of dubious shield between the plunderers and their spoil; and the old man could be seen toiling onward with such speed as age and feebleness permitted, while the shouts of those who pursued, came from the coppice, and the glancing of their forms and weapons flashed with sudden briefness from between the foliage. And even in this temporary safeguard, there seemed to be time at least for decision and succour; but now the transient shelter intervened no longer; and full in sight broke forth the band of outlaw mountaineers, pressing with barbarous yell and savage gesture on their solitary victim, too weak to be called a foe, whose white locks, as they streamed back upon the wind, appeared to wave and implore for mercy, which yet came not from the lips of the suppliant. Fearful was the struggle for life, as step by step hope receded from the helpless man, and death pressed closer on his track; yet he turned not to entreat the mercy which he knew would not be granted. What a sight for a daughter's gaze—a father loved, and loving her—abused by being forsaken—dragged from his home by her misconduct—and now exposed to die through his attachment for so unworthy a child. Despair was in the thought, and Marida felt it in all its horror. The ruthless assassins now approached their victim—she saw him totter from exhaustion, and stumble on—then cling to the projecting roots to assist his progress and rest against the rock; then struggle on again. A moment's terrible suspense sealed her lips in silence, while she still kept her face towards the scene of expected and dreaded bloodshed, unable to turn aside her eyes even from the gaze of that father, had his blood then flowed beneath the robber's sword. Tarringmore hastened still faster, bearing her away with him, and rendering doubly hopeless the chance of aid or Heaven's mercy. Just then her father's voice was borne to her receding ears, "Marida," he exclaimed. It seemed as though her sire in his extremity would fain touch nature's talisman to wing from it a last resource.

"Save my father," implored Marida, "I conjure thee, save my father—see, the murderers will overtake him—he is grey haired, old and feeble—they do—they are upon him—I see their uplifted blades—he is in the midst of them—I have been disobedient for thy sake—oh! God—save—save my father."

Tarringmore made no reply, but hurried Marida forward.

"By Israel's God I will not be my father's murderer," she said, springing with preternatural energy from his grasp and clinging to his knees, "oh! ask me not to suffer the remorse of this—save my father, or his blood will be required by an angry God at the hand of his rebellious daughter."

"Marida," said Tarringmore in a low but distinct tone, "my life is in his power—if he is saved, I die—now take thy choice."

"I scarcely know the import of thy words," wildly exclaimed Marida, her eyes glaring on him with the terrible yet unintelligible expression of a maniac, "choice—

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thou die—I, alone—my father murdered—oh!—this is a frightful dream—no more—thou art there still—I see thee—feel thee—yes—my father—I have chosen—he is dead—dead,” and faintly moaning forth a repetition of the final word, she sunk bereft of sense.

When Marida recovered from that deadly swoon, she found herself in her former apartment in the fortress with Fazry her attendant. As she rolled her scarce-assured eyes wildly round her, the old woman seemed to understand the current of her thoughts, for, gently moving her to arrest her attention, she stated that Tarringmore had commissioned her to say that he had rescued her father from those who would have been his murderers, and that, satisfied with his assurances for the honor and safety of his child, he had departed to his home. Fazry herself believed what she related to be true, and the simple Marida eagerly credited a tale which relieved her mind from the horrid vision of a father's murder, and exonerated her lover from suspicion.

CHAPTER XLIII.

“ Low as young Azim, knelt that motley crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd.” *Lalla Rookh.*

MEANWHILE Tarringmore waited on the Wuffadar, saying that her warriors had assembled to behold her, and requesting to know her pleasure. The Wuffadar expressed her readiness to gratify his wishes.

Tarringmore clapped his hands, and half-a-dozen female slaves entered, bearing the several ornaments for the queen's person. Each presented them kneeling, while others aided their mistress to adjust her toilet. This ceremony ended, the Wuffadar turned on Tarringmore a look of gracious condescension, as she archly said, “ she must be unwilling to be pleased, whose favored bride was so attended in her privacy, but all ceremony must now be waived.” Tarringmore bowed—“ mistress,” he replied, “ of the hearts of men, who knows when and how to confer happiness—thy soldier thanks thee.”

The queen acknowledged the compliment by taking his hand, and well did his noble bearing become the distinction. They now entered another room in which a few of Tarringmore's officers, dressed in sumptuous uniforms, awaited their arrival, making due obeisances; then they followed in her train, and in this manner passed through several apartments, where warriors awaited to do her honor; many a gesture and exclamation of delight testified her satisfaction at the pageant wherein she was herself the principal attraction. Homage, power, splendor, adulation, all which could realize a woman's wildest fancy seemed to be there concentrated, as if by magic, to gratify her and accomplish the views of her favorite. The richest carpets of Cashmere covered the ground; cloths of gold and silver, emblazoned with various novel devices, were suspended from the walls and covered the ceiling, whilst fountains of perfumed waters gushed forth from beneath flowering shrubs, glancing on the sight and disappearing amidst the glitter of burnished arms and the proud array of noble warriors. At length they issued forth upon an open space, over which there was a lofty canopy. The queen here paused in her progress, gazing with extreme admiration. A band of soldiers was at the entrance, suddenly opening right and left, an enchanted garden presented itself to view; the choicest foliage of the teeming plain and shaded valley here decked the regions of eternal snow. The wand of spring had charmed winter's iron power, and changed his cheerless waste into the laughing bower and happy luxurious Eden. Shady avenues, terminated by sequestered arbours; rich patches of verdure, interspersed with shrubs and flowers; groves too of fruit trees, bending beneath their luscious load saluted the eye on every side. The pears of Peshawur, plums of Ghuzni, the figs of Candahar; mulberries of Cabool growing upon their native boughs, in wild profusion were tempting alike to the eye and the palate. Invisible fires heated the atmosphere, which was again refreshed by innumerable founts, jets and streamlets, cool as if fresh flowing from the springs of their native mountains. Nor was the scene left to languish in lifeless repose. Birds of every plumage lent animation to the groves, and

groups of warriors stationed at proper intervals, variegated, with the panoply of Mars, the tender retreats of Venus; musicians, also, from hidden retreats, poured forth strains of enlivening melody, not like the barbarous notes of Eastern instruments, but the delightful strains of European science; for he had found among his motley assemblage of troops, musicians who had often essayed to please the ears of a more civilized audience. The enraptured Wuffadar glanced rapidly from object to object, looking and listening until her very senses were appalled by such a sumptuous entertainment;—until her wearied eye rested upon Torrymore in passionate admiration;—in that gaze she almost worshipped him; for in him she deemed to be concentrated the conqueror's and magician's powers, her glory and her love.

"Torrymore," she exclaimed, in a tone of ecstacy, "thou art worthy of highest honor. I was taught to expect the homage and bounties of the earth, and in the greatness of thy might thou offerest me the homage of the skies and heavenly munificence."

Torrymore bowed even to the ground, a certain dignity of mien and motion lending an air of noble superiority to his obsequious gesture of humility; nor did he neglect to turn to account the Wuffadar's observation by a disclaimer of personal merit, complimenting her who had vouchsafed it.

"Most mighty queen," he replied, "thou art, indeed, gracious, to ascribe undeserved praise to thy slave, when thy smiles alone have converted an ungrateful wilderness to the paradise of the prophet."

A still more ardent gaze repaid the favorite's flattery, but with the dissimulation inseparable from woman, she adroitly strove to palliate her warmth of behaviour, by a feigned censure:—"methinks, however, that thou hast played false with our treasury—thou hast got gold to levy troops withal, and hast dared to construct fairy palaces, and raise up gardens of enchantment."

"If so," answered Torrymore, "the gold of the treasury was well bestowed."

"How! presumptuous slave?" cried the Wuffadar.

"The genius that made the desert rejoice and bloom," answered he, "can increase ten-fold the gold which bought it—and thou art she who did so—besides, the fortress of a queen should not be the dungeon of a captive—when thou would'st fly hither for repose after victory or to secure thyself from thine enemies, the blessings which thou dost shower on thy slaves are but reflected in the humble retreat which their industry hath provided."

"Come, come," replied the queen, "thou growest far too serious. I forgive thee—lead on."

In obedience to the mandate, Torrymore proceeded with the queen along the principal avenue, carpeted for the occasion. At the extremity was an alcove curtained in front, in order to cut off the peep beyond. Conducting the queen thither, he intreated her to recline at ease upon a couch, while her warriors passed in review to pay her homage. To this the Wuffadar gave gracious assent, though she could not comprehend whence they were to appear. Silence reigned around.

"Thou art a man of wonders," she said, passing Torrymore's hand, "so I doubt not but thou wilt be able to bring this marvel to pass, though there appeareth not space sufficient for so large an assemblage."

"With thee for my inspirer," was the answer, "I hope to overcome even greater difficulties," and stepping back a few paces, he cried with a loud voice:—"Heaven's brightness shin upon you: warriors! behold your queen."

The curtain which had been dropped to separate two rival beauties now arose, and a spectacle was offered far surpassing every other in grandeur, magnificence and extent. Torrymore resting near the queen, and his whole staff at an immeasurable distance, as far, indeed, as the eye could reach, filled up the vast space before them. Drawn up in double rows appeared the warriors of the several tribes whom the hope of speculation or the workings of superstition had attracted to the Schah's banners. Each tribe was in its own avenue, apart. At the extremity of each line arose a tower or temple thronged to the summit with soldiers, so that there appeared around, numberless fortresses defended by countless hosts. In the rear was the garden by which they approached, with its fruits, birds, flowers and groves, as if the prophet of the faithful, to cheer the hopes and increase the ardor of his followers had condescended a glimpse of

the paradise of fallen warriors. The tower in front which terminated the line of troops, was now rent asunder, and exhibited in far and bleak perspective the ice-clad barrenness of the arctic mountains. The contrast was striking, as if the black demons of desolation dared not advance beyond their savage barriers whilst the unseen and outstretched arm of the great prophet would lead his votaries to happiness. The boundless area was carelessly sheltered from the chill external blast, and artificial zephyrs sent forth their perfumed breezes. Nor was the queen's appearance insignificant. Her dress and her beauty admirably corresponded with the greatness and splendor of every surrounding object and conspired to instal her as arbiter of the destinies of her heroes and the princess of a fairy-land. A coronet of brilliants encircled her head, costly enough, indeed, to have purchased many a German principality, and her garments were sparkled with countless gems.

The wealth of kingdoms might seem to have been exhausted to furnish these costly ornaments, yet her commanding figure and speaking countenance, in a far superior degree riveted the beholder.

When did woman refuse to reap the full harvest of immediate pleasure? All here was homage, and promise and glory, nothing to lower the soarings of vanity or create a doubt in the mind of the Wuffadar that she was not the deity which art and adulation represented her to be. At a given signal from Tarringmore, the assembled host prostrated themselves, and breathless silence ensued: then the eye rested on floating banners and waving plumes, and the ear caught the soft flapping of the scarce-moved flag, the subdued rattle of warlike weapons, the notes and flutterings of birds; and whilst all save these was hushed there arose the low strains of mellow music, mingled with the sound of distant voices, which, as it louder swelled, so increased in numbers, that the whole air rung, and the fortress echoed with the rapturous melody of vocal and instrumental praise:—

Star of warrior men, all hail!
Thou, no sun shall render pale,
Whose least radiance could illumine
The dungeon-valley's murkiest gloom.
Glory's self shall brighter grow,
While her honours round thee glow,
Strong and high—like the swift flame—
Stretch thy sway and soar thy fame.
The vintage of thy lost Cabool,
Of manhood's strength and empire full,
Point thy way and proudly bend
Where thy conquests must extend:
Raise the tones of strife and ire;
Rouse the timbrel, sweep the lyre.

There are heroes nought shall daunt,
From whose swords all foes must flee;
While in each rough bosom pant
Freedom, and a heart for thee.
Herald's each, by fate fore-shewn
Of those bright realms doom'd thine own:
More melodiously and higher
Sound the timbrel, sweep the lyre.

As the strain ceased, again the assembled warriors cried aloud "all hail!" The troops arose, whilst the queen, wrought to a pitch of almost maddening enthusiasm, exclaimed to Tarringmore:—"Thou that rulest the powers of earth and Heaven, would that

the kingdom for which we strive were multiplied a thousand-fold, that I might share them with thee."

These condescending words were but a signal for renewed homage, and Torrington again bowed himself to the earth, the assembled multitude following his example. During that brief interval the throng was prostrate before her and every head bent except her own, so that none beheld any object higher than the ground, when a parchment scroll rapidly unfolded to the Wuffadar's view until it extended itself the breadth of the entire canopy: it was inscribed with letters of fire, and the queen rested entranced to the strains of music and the murmurs of increasing homage expectant of some new testimonial to her honor as she perused the inscription:—

**The Jew hath a daughter, and she is fair,
And the Agha would fain be the jew's sole heir.**

As the queen with anxious, parted lips still gazed on the scroll, it was withdrawn instantaneously. It now occurred to the Wuffadar that the Jew would have spoken to her of his child; what else was intended by this scroll? Sure it was a miracle wrought by Mahomet to warn her of peril. Agitated as was her bosom by a variety of overpowering feelings, thus unexpectedly warned, as if by Heaven, well might the strongest mind have been worked up to phrensy, and the Wuffadar evinced its powers, by an hysterical laugh, so wild and maddened that the unconscious crowd sprang to their feet in wonderment and alarm. The queen's agitation was, however, only transitory, and when Torrington advanced to inquire into the cause he beheld the Wuffadar though pale yet self-possessed, and with voice as calm as his own, importing, that so magnificent a scene had for a moment wrought too highly on her nerves; then advancing with firm step she took Torrington's hand, as if tortured by no secret pang, and, to divert herself still further, she begged the chief to conduct her through the several parts of his fortress and describe to her where it was most available for attack and defence against an enemy.

With an expression full of flattery and professed devotion Torrington proceeded to obey the wishes of his mistress. Accordingly he led her from battery to battery, explaining the various ways in which at each point an assaulting force could be repelled. Above all he drew her attention to the guns commanding the front gorge of the castle, and told her that in the event of an army approaching along the defile, their mere concussion would be sufficient to overwhelm them with snow from the lofty snow-clad pinnacles towering on either side. The Wuffadar viewed this with marked attention, and then asked to whom was assigned so important a battery.

"To Mourazuk," answered Torrington, at the same time taking care to express full confidence in his abilities and fidelity. Thence they examined other parts until Torrington announced that there was nothing more to be seen and begged to recommend the Wuffadar to retire and take refreshment and repose. There was a small door at the end of a gallery through which they walked, which had not, however, been opened. The queen observing it, turned and said to Torrington:—"Thy arrangements are judicious and soldier like, and thou hast our approval of them; but whither leads this door, we have not yet explored its secrets;" then tapping with her knuckles on the panel, "come," said she, "captain of the armies of Cabool, bid the last gate of thy strong-hold open to the queen."

"The secrets therein concealed," answered Torrington in some confusion, "are not yet prepared for thy inspection, they would now offend the heaven of thine eyes, and stain thy beauteous robes."

"No scruples, flatterer," rejoined the queen, laughing; "they that have seen the richness of thy completed works, must not be offended at beholding others only in preparation."

"Most high and mighty princess," implored Torrington, "to open this door would be to expose thee to annoyance and danger."

"Slave!" exclaimed the queen, darting on him a furious glance of awakening suspicion, "darest thou disobey our will—carry thy contumacy no further, or by the

blessed Koran thou art no longer general, but a criminal doomed to have thy head thrown from the walls of this thy fortress ;" then, turning imperiously towards the warriors in attendance, "slaves, unsheath your swords and hew the paltry barrier in pieces—by Heaven! we must explore these treasured secrets, though the blast of the swift Simoom issue thence—slaves of a slave obey."

Torrington beheld with alarm the half-drawn weapons of his troops who seemed to yield instinctively to the impetuous Wuffadar's mandate, while they still turned undecided looks on their acknowledged chieftain. He saw the impending crisis, and hoped by temporizing to appease the queen's wrath : accordingly he prostrated himself on the earth before her.

"Supreme dispenser of the joys of Heaven, and queen of the riches of the earth," he said, "withered be the lips that would deceive thee ; forgive thy servant, if, delighting in thy presence, he dared to trifle with thy generous forbearance, by unseasonable jesting ; yet what he stated bears a near approach to the truth, that this door, until the works be further advanced, supports the angle of the wall beneath which it stands, and being opened it might tumble ; consequently, thy life and the life of all these thy slaves would probably be sacrificed, and now most mighty princess that I have submitted the whole truth to the light of thy understanding, should'st thou in thy wisdom wish still to gratify thy curiosity, thy slaves will instantly obey."

That portion of the castle where were Marida's and other apartments, was, in reality, in a very unfinished state, and Torrington's remonstrance caused the soldiers instantly to return their half-drawn weapons into their scabbards, more willing to disobey the Wuffadar, than risk their lives to gratify her imperious mandate. The apparently not unconscious Wuffadar now changed her tone, acknowledging her hasty resentment and accompanying her remarks with even a tender courtesy of manner ; and that Torrington might be further flattered into the belief that he had banished every suspicion from her mind, she suffered him to conduct her to the chamber where it was intended she should repose previous to her re-appearance at the evening banquet.

Shortly afterwards Mourazuk and the black slave were in earnest discourse in a private part of the fortification ; yet the slave spoke not in the broken accents of his race, but urged his arguments upon Mourazuk in distinct and sober eloquence.

"He is too terrible to be braved," was the reply of the Khyberce to some proposal suggested by his companion.

"But not to be undermined," rejoined the slave ; "to circumvent one above us, in order to establish ourselves in his place, hath nought terrible in it. Thou hast high trust and high command, and wealth and glory are before thee."

"If thou wert to promise me the kingdom of Cabool, I would not be unfaithful to my trust," answered the Khyberce.

Still continuing the conversation, the two men disappeared near Mourazuk's abode.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"— Say 'tis done
And I will love thee and reward thee for it." *Shakspeare.*

THE Khyberce's character was a strange mixture of boldness and cunning. Insatiable of plunder, he would endeavour by every possible means to surprise his enemy ; pushed to extremity, he would more willingly sacrifice his life than not secure the spoil. He would when needed wind and double, shunning apparently the encounter ; but once brought to bay, he was strong and bloody in battle, and calculated to make his pursuers repent their having tracked the wild beast to his lair. Among the people with whom his lot was cast, there was full opportunity for his displaying these qualities, and it was their exertion which secured to him his fame amongst them, for all were ready to follow him. He bowed before the genius of Torrington, but his cunning told him how wise it was to adhere to one who could gratify his most rapacious wishes, and plan the profitable undertakings, from whose execution he

would acquire both pleasure and gain. Torringmore, in seeking for power, caught at an abstract but dazzling phantom; Mourazuk whilst coveting wealth, thought only of sensual indulgence; so that with the former, gold was but the means of procuring an ideal elevation above those of his race.

Both had experienced vicissitude, but on each it had produced a very different effect. Torringmore had fixed his expectation of happiness on one particular object, and his hopes were blighted. Mourazuk formed a thousand substitutes sporting in the inexhaustible sea of lust and rapine.

Discipline and respect had, indeed, taught Mourazuk to constrain himself under the eye of his leader, and the society of Annette had partially smoothed down the external roughness of his deportment, but its natural fierceness remained undaunted. With his innate shrewdness, he calculated that Torringmore's talents would promote his views of anticipated greatness. A more apt material for some bold enterprise could not, then, be easily found, and the quick eye of the Wuffadar soon remarked the peculiar character of the mountaineer, as of one whose qualities might be used alike to defeat a more wary adversary, or openly to meet a foe.

While Torringmore was present, his unceasing flattery lulled the queen's suspicions, but they returned with tenfold vigor the moment he was gone. Then, tortured with anxiety, she arose and summoned a slave. "Where is Mourazuk?" she asked.

"At present busy in the fort."

"Not with the Agha?" said the queen.

"No," answered the slave.

"Summon him privately to attend the queen."

The slave withdrew. A few minutes elapsed and Mourazuk's heavy tread resounded nigh the chamber. Entering the presence of his imperious queen in some confusion, she received him with much affability of manner. "Thou hast my thanks," she said, "for thy diligence; knowest thou this Jew, who, it appears, hath come hither recently."

"I do," answered Mourazuk. "He hath a daughter?" continued the queen.

"Yes," answered Mourazuk. "She is fair," pursued the queen, interrogatively.

"I know not," he answered.

"Well—the Agha disclaims all knowledge of her?"

"Yes," returned Mourazuk.

"Hast thou seen her?" interrogated the Wuffadar. "No," he replied.

"Thou art faithful to the Agha, Mourazuk."

"I have been so."

"I love a faithful servant."

Mourazuk looked foolishly at the Wuffadar, as if he were trying to gather the true meaning of her words. He knew not why she should talk to him of loving faithful servants, and he was silent.

"I love a faithful servant," repeated the queen in a tone that would not be denied an answer.

"The Agha hath praised my fidelity," said he, hesitatingly.

"Thou art a brave soldier, and deserved his applause—I would that I possessed such servants."

"In serving him, I serve thee," observed Mourazuk with increased embarrassment.

"In feats of arms; yes, but not in affairs of love—do not lovers require, at times, faithful servants?" The confusion of the Khyberree became so intense that he trembled as with a fit of ague; and although the voice of the Wuffadar was gentle in the extreme, it conveyed to his ear more terror than the thunder.

The Wuffadar perceived her power. She advanced towards him, and laid her fair hand lightly on his shoulder, while Mourazuk shrunk and winked, as if doomed to bear the shock of a falling mountain.

"Mourazuk!" she said softly; the spell-bound Mourazuk started to an upright posture, and looked fearfully upon her. "Mourazuk—we have all loved—thou hast loved—we may be deceived in love—ha—thou, too, hast been a sufferer—well—the

Agha Tarringmore can reward thee for fidelity—so can the Wuffadar—he is a mighty man of valor—I a feeble woman—he can fight for himself—I cannot combat but with the arms of those who love me. If I trust thee—I know thou wilt not deceive me in love, any more than thou dost the Agha Tarringmore in arms. I now commission thee my champion—go—search, and find for me whether the daughter of the Jew be concealed within these walls, and whether she is here or any where by the knowledge or privity of the Agha Tarringmore—then return when I call thee, and communicate to me, in private, and to none else thy tidings—then will I reward thee with power and my love, if thou dost serve me faithfully—betray me—and”—she checked the unfinished sentence, adding, “thy honesty must decide the issue—go.”

And with a sign for him to depart, she retired to her luxurious couch. Mourazuk having kept silence had prostrated himself and stumbled forth from the chamber. He then breathed more freely—as he paused to recollect himself. His mind was surcharged with contemplations. He rushed on unheedingly—Meerza chanced at this instant to be coming in the opposite direction bearing a vessel of pilau. Mourazuk brushed rudely by, and the vessel was dashed to the ground. Without other notice of the accident than a sullen murmur of disapprobation at the interruption, to the utter discomfiture of the Persian who resentfully looked after him, exclaiming, “Mourazuk has been slaughtering lambs this morning, and hath breakfasted on their blood, a food he always lives upon when he can or he would have been anxious rather to have shared my pilau than thus have wanted it—something disturbs him—I will try and discover what it is—perchance he harbours some ill against the Agha—I will find it out he will lose his head, and I shall be avenged for my pilau.” Thus by a trifling occurrence were Meerza and Mourazuk placed in direct hostility to each other, lurking, suspicious of some ill motive, exaggerated the slight offence. They had each sworn fidelity to Tarringmore, and Meerza might now prove his own superior truth, by acting the spy for him upon the movements of one whom he had long considered rivalling him in his patron’s esteem; yet, without the extreme of caution he would be laid lifeless at Mourazuk’s feet.

• CHAPTER XLV.

“Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?” *Macbeth.*

A short time after this rencontre of Meerza and Mourazuk, the slave might be seen issuing from the place where he had been conversing with the Khyberee, and repairing cautiously to the queen’s apartment. Whatever the conference, it was carried on in too low a tone to be overheard by one who had watched the slave to his place of destination and was now bent in a listening attitude outside the chamber door; his suspicions once aroused, Meerza resolved by every possible means to discover his purpose. Suddenly the Wuffadar’s voice, raised to a pitch of apparent exasperation, struck on his ear.

“Darest thou accuse the mighty hero in whom all trust,” enquired the queen, with dissembled carelessness, “knowest thou that the hearts of all are upon him, and that he is not liable, like others, to be injured by unsubstantiated charges?” and again the voices of the speakers were inaudible.

The slave continued much longer with the Wuffadar, but Meerza could overhear nought else; and at length the slave issued from the chamber. Meerza concealed himself behind an adjoining column, who without waiting to ascertain whither the slave went, hurried to communicate with Tarringmore. Whilst he was absent the slave returned in company with Mourazuk, and this interview was yet longer than the former. Overcome by the Wuffadar’s flattering persuasions the Khyberee discovered all he knew of Tarringmore’s designs, corroborating whatever had fallen from the slave, and in the end swore unfeigned fidelity to the Wuffadar even against his patron Tarringmore.

Furious as was the Wuffadar at this discovery, yet she possessed sufficient self-

command to prevent any open manifestation of her feelings. With great coolness and determination she consulted them respecting the measures which it was her pleasure to adopt, and then dismissed them from her presence.

With their departure, however, ceased the triumph of her self-control; and womanly feelings of bitterness and disappointment broke forth in the extreme of wild extravagance.

"What spirit is this which hath possessed me?" she said, in agony, as she paced the chamber, wringing her hands, "to find him false—and to me; oh! Tarringmore, Tarringmore—I am changed—changed—now, indeed, do I feel that I am changed, my judgment gone—my reason shaken—my discernment clouded—my ambition levelled in the dust—I am no more the Wuffadar—I am a feather blown to and fro at frenzy's bidding. Is this from jealousy? Of whom?—of what? of—of—the daughter of a Khyberce! My bosom is rent, tortured, burning—there lurks yet another spirit there—'revenge;' " then she screamed forth from her solitude, "revenge, revenge—and it shall have its way—but surely my cunning hath not left me, too,—turned traitor like, to him—no, no—it smiles—it promises—'tis mine—his fate is in my hands—or shall be—I am not a woman now—I am the tigress of the wild, when it scents afar the blood it *loves*."

The sound of the last words seemed to thrill with terrible jarring through all her nerves, for, with distorted features and an exclamation half howling, half groaning, she sank upon her couch in apparent exhaustion.

Meerza having communicated his information to Tarringmore, the Agha immediately caused a search to be made after the slave in every part of the fortress, but he was no where to be found. Tarringmore now presented himself to the queen to lead her to the banquet. With unembarrassed air, she acquainted him that the slave had been admitted to her presence,—and that he had pretended to disclose some plot laid by Tarringmore himself against her life.

"Against thy life!" echoed Tarringmore boldly, suppressing his secret alarm, "but I need not be angry—I trust the queen knows Tarringmore too well to doubt him."

"Yes," said the Wuffadar, "I do, and I repelled the charge with the contempt it merited—at first I thought that he himself preferred the accusation, but on farther question I discovered that he was informed by some other person; he departed, he said, to obtain proofs: hath he sought thy presence?"

"Most mighty queen, no."

"Then he is a traitor, and as such thou wilt, I trust, deal with him."

"Thy confidence in me," commenced Tarringmore.—

"Is increased rather than lessened by the futile slanders of ignoble adversaries," interrupted the Wuffadar, "and to shew thee that it is so, it is my intention to journey hence to-morrow, and without an escort; so that thou wilt have full opportunity of perpetrating thy traitorous designs," and the Wuffadar smiled graciously as she uttered the concluding words.

Tarringmore knelt before her, apparently overcome by emotions of gratitude.

"Most mighty queen," he said, "expose not thyself to such disrespect on my account."

"Nay, rise, Tarringmore!" ejaculated the queen, "it is my pleasure, and thy queen commands. If I am bold enough to risk all, to shew my trust in thee,—thou must learn not to be backward in accepting the honor."

"May the future," exclaimed Tarringmore, fervently, "give me an opportunity of proving my fidelity!"

"Fear not for the future," was the reply, "he that has triumphed in the Bala Hissar of Cabool, may well give brightest hope of glories yet to come."

With these words they proceeded to the banquet.

EDELFLIED'S BRIDAL.

By W. G. J. BARKER, Esq.

The Ladye Edelfled sate in her bower,
 And her maidens sang, around,
 A legend old of Love and War,
 With a sweet but mournful sound.

A bevy fair, I ween they were,
 As e'er waited on high-born dame;
 For the sweetest faces that eye might see
 Round that bower, at her bidding came.

There was many an eye of softest blue,
 There were tresses of golden hair,—
 But their Ladye sat among them all
 The first and the loveliest there.

There were many drest in gorgeous vest,
 And mantles of velvet sheen;
 But by far more fair than those garments rare
 Was Edelfled's robe of green.

“ Oh hush the song!—I have listed too long
 To woes of which minstrels tell;
 Yet cannot forget my own secret grief,
 Though your lay suit with it well.

“ But now let it cease, and hasten each
 To her wonted task, apart:—
 Would that relief might with silence come,
 Or night bring balm to my heart!”

The train are gone—she is left alone—
 But solitude is not ease;
 Not the fairest scenes that earth presents
 Can a wounded spirit please.

What thoughts distract fair Edelfled's brain,
 And why heaves her breast so fast?—
 And wherefore is that anxious look
 To the tossing ocean cast?

On Jordan's bank the palm trees wave,
 O'er Carmel the breezes sweep,
 And darkly the cedar's branches shade
 Mount Lebanon's far famed steep.

In that pleasant land, a gallant band
 War for the holy place;
 But the bravest lord, who there draws sword,
 To ETHWALD of British race.

To the Christian ranks rides many a chief
 Well shap'd to please damsels' sight
 But there is none may with him compete—
 Ladye Edelfled's own true knight.

He has left his hall, obeying the call
 That brought Europe's warriors forth,
 From Paynim foes to win the soil
 That witnessed the Saviour's birth.

Summon'd to roam, from his own fair home,
 To a far and sunny clime ;
 Ill does young Edelfled brook his stay,
 Sadly spends she the dreary time.

Ask not how youthful lovers part—
 But fancy their wild 'farewell!'—
 For the woe breath'd in that hopeless word,
 Those only who feel can tell.

Must Ethwald fall in a distant land,
 Or revisit Britain's shore?—
 Shall Edelfled hail him, safe restored,
 Or his early death deplore?

And anxious now grew her pensive brow,
 But her whisp'ring damsels said
 That a cause more strong than his absence long,
 Had chas'd from her cheeks their red.

For in evil hour, with fatal oath
 The ladye her soul had tied ;
 And whether he live, or whether he die,
 He will come to claim his bride!

Long months had flown—still was nothing known
 Of her knight in the red campaign ;
 She could only tell, that if he fell
 She would see him yet again.

* * * * *

The pure moonlight on the sea streams bright,
 And at rest is every wave,
 And silence reigns o'er the treacherous deep,
 So often the mariner's grave.

The sky is calm—'the air is balm'—
 Clear shineth each distant star,
 Not a sound is heard, from insect or bird,
 The stillness of night to mar.

Ladye Edelfled has left her bower,
 She has sought the pleasant strand ;
 Scarce a murmur make the wavelets small
 As they kiss its yellow sand.

On a rock she sits, watching by fits
 The breakers' line of snow ;
 Or, glancing on high, marks amid the sky
 Where the circling planets glow.

But her eyes gleam wild, and her cheeks are pale,
 Cold drops on her forehead stand ;
 Convulsively prest to her swelling breast
 Is each closely folded hand.

By her unseen was the sparkling sheen
 Of the surges dancing bright,
 Whilst sportively flash'd, on the high beech dash'd,
 Their pale phosphoric light.

For a vague and sick'ning thrill of dread
On her shrinking spirit stole ;
And dark forebodings of coming fate
O'er her mind like storm-clouds roll.

The sea is chang'd, and a plaintive voice
Howls over its waters drear ;
A deep, low moan, like a spectre's groan,
Mingling agony with fear.

The sky is o'ercast, and a heavy blast
Comes down from the lonely hill ;
And with hollow sound, it rusheth around,
Then all grows dark and still.

That voice that rings o'er the briny wave
Hath nought mortal in its tone ;—
And the ladye sits in horror mute,
Like an image hewn from stone.

The wan morn's shroud is no earth-sprung cloud,
Gather'd in envious veil,
No wonted storm is borne on the wings
Of the wild and fitful gale.

To sea-ward far, like some glimm'ring star,
Appears a meteor-light ;
Its radiance streams with inconstant beams
Through the thick and troubled night.

And, shrilly heard, though by distance tam'd
Bursts of warlike music swell ;
And the peeling trumpets mix their notes
With the Moslem's battle yell.

And the drum's deep sound rolls round and round,
And the cymbal's rudely clash,
Whilst the bugle's wail, burthens the gale,
Mid the conflict's stunning crash.

Broader and brighter glitters the blaze,
Redd'ning the billows below
In its onward path, and in hoarser tones
Chill blasts from the mountain blow.

* * * * *

The unearthly clang yet louder rang
On Edelfled's throbbing ear,
And each fearful cry, that rent the sky,
Drew nearer—and still more near.

With a sinking heart on the wave she look'd—
Ha!—are her senses true?—
Or do shapes by madness summon'd up
Rise to her startled view?

Involved in the folds of a sulphurous cloud,
A gigantic form rushed on ;
The stern lineaments it one moment wore,
Ere the next had passed, were gone.

It seemed a knight, and in armour bright
 Sheath'd from head to foot was he;
 Argent his vest, and his waving crest
 White as the foam of the sea.

On his surcoat shone a crimson cross,
 The crusader's sacred sign,
 Triumphant worn in battle field
 On the shores of Palestine.

And often the gales of Galilee
 Have that blessed symbol fanned,
 When the West sent forth her mail-clad sons
 To fight for the Holy Land.

His shield before, the phantom bore,
 Diffusing a sickly light,
 Such as the fen's pale meteors show
 To the wilder'd wanderer's sight.

O'er his brow the plumes of his helmet droop,
 And his features darkly hide;
 His dancing crest is torn and soiled,
 And his bosom with gore is dyed.

He seems with pride a steed to guide,
 White as winter's drifted snow,
 When o'er leafless brakes, and icy lakes
 The cutting north-winds blow.

Red fire flash'd in that charger's eye,
 And forth from his nostrils broke;—
 With noiseless tramp he onwards rush'd
 Midst dark wreaths of yellow smoke.

His burning hoofs nor sea nor sand
 Impressed in their headlong speed,
 But the liquid air reluctant bare
 Through thick night the ghostly steed.

Around his path fierce lightnings shot
 A dazzling and awful glare;
 Edelfled gazed—her eyes were fix'd
 And upright stood each hair.

A sudden pang through her bosom past,
 For the dread form well she knew;
 And reason, o'ercome by the horrid sight,
 From her wonted mansion flew.

'Tis he by that proud and noble mien!
 'Tis he by that pallid face!
 By his snowy vest and foaming steed,
 'Tis **ETHWALD OF BRITISH RACE!**

But indistinct grow his shadowy limbs,
 Like mist on an August day,
 Which lightly wreathes round the mountain's side
 Till swept by the breeze away.

And the dim stars gleam through the wat'ry form
 As its dun shroud passeth on ;
 And fading fast as dispersing smoke,
 Both rider and horse are gone.

But a ghastly shape by the lady leant
 With high and martial air :—
 Slowly his visor he upraised—
 And a sun-bleach'd skull was bare !

His bony hand hath her damp hand pressed ;—
 His fleshless lips have to her's been join'd ;—
 And a piercing shriek and a fiend-like laugh
 Are mingling upon the wind !

With stunning crash loud thunders burst,
 Then gradual die away,
 And once more upon grey rock and wat'ry waste,
 The unclouded moonbeams play.

Right pleasant that scene ; for the sky is clear,
 And no voice comes over the deep
 Save the waves' low tones ;—every living thing
 Has sunk into quiet sleep.

And how fares the ladye bright ?—softly glist
 The pale moon upon her brow ;
 Her blue eyes are closed—her young heart is stilled—
 She also is resting now !

* * * * *

The next night St. Oswin's bell tolled slow,
 And requiem due was said
 Those bells were rung, and that dirge was sung
 For the lovely Edelfled !

BANKS OF THE YORE.

S O N N E T.

I would my soul were like yon winged bird
 Which in its flight through Heaven, looketh down
 On hill and valley, hamlet, sea and town,
 By all their din or beauties—little stirr'd ;
 Unruffled by their cares, and ne'er deterr'd
 From its on path towards a happy shore
 By earthly influence. To her unknown
 Temptations witcheries ; she still doth soar
 Untroubled through the ethers azure vault :
 Whilst I, perplex'd and sadden'd evermore
 In vain my earth bound wishes would exalt
 To brighter worlds. Give me, Oh Lord, such wings
 That from below, where sins and griefs assault
 I may rise upwards—unto heavenly things.

B.

THE BATTLE OF BAROSA.

SCENES AND ANECDOTES,

By M. CAREY, Esq.

THOSE who sit at home at ease can form no idea of the privations and fatigues which attend both the soldier and the sailor in time of war.

The sailor, from the admiral down to the man before the mast, has to risk all the dangers and vicissitudes of an uncertain element, besides the chance of short provisions, scarcity of water and the danger of an unlucky shot, which might either lay him on deck a corpse, or sink the floating battery which parts him from eternity.

The life of a soldier is also of the same uncertain tenure, and although he is chiefly on terra firma, yet he has many privations to endure. He has long and fatiguing marches,—he is frequently oppressed by hunger and thirst —perhaps at the moment he is about to take his scanty meal after long fasting, the drum will beat to arms, and he must march off hungry as he may be.

He faces his enemy ; fights bravely ; and although he sees many of his companions fall around him, yet he himself escapes unhurt. The battle over ; then comes the time of repose ; not on a bed with tasselled furniture, nor on a homely truck and mattress ; but probably on the ground—the canopy of Heaven for his tester, and a pouring rain, or a piercing wind to lull him to sleep. Yet, after all, the soldier and the sailor are not unhappy, they bear their hardships with becoming fortitude, and when the hour of relaxation at length arrives, they doubly feel its comforts.

In all narratives of battles, we hear of the brave acts and the manœuvres of the generals and superior officers, but beyond that the public rarely know anything.

The object therefore of this narrative is to record events which occurred among the troops and seamen who were engaged in the memorable and hard fought battle of Barosa during the Spanish campaign in 1811.

It was in February 1811 that the British fleet then lying off Cadiz was ordered to embark the troops, as it was determined to attack and drive the French from their lines in the neighbourhood of the Bermessa. The embarkation was effected with as little delay as possible ; and on the 20th of February the fleet sailed from Cadiz Roads, with 4000 British troops under General Graham and about 8000 Spaniards. General Lapenna having the chief command. After a squally passage they reached Alveziras, where the troops were landed on the 27th ; this delay having occurred in consequence of the contrary winds which prevailed.

The English fleet under the orders of admiral Keats were stationed along the coast of Trafalgar to act as occasion might require, as well as to divide the attention of the French. The crews of the British ships were rather of a mixed description, which at that period was commonly the case in transports. We had some of all sorts. Scots, Irish, English and Welsh : and there were many amusing scenes which occurred among this mixture of nationalities. One of our carpenters was an Irishman, with a brogue as rich as ever emanated from the emerald Isle, and one of the merriest fellows that ever went afloat. His very countenance betokened a fund of humour, and if he even attempted to look serious, there was something about the fellow's countenance that provoked a smile. He abounded in long yarns, and the glib manner in which he would occasionally throw the hatchet (tell falsehoods) was truly astonishing. At length he became so notorious for this kind of fabulous illustration, that when he mentioned any circumstance which appeared rather too marvellous to be true, it was always called one of *Paddy Maul's hatchets*. Lord Wellington had about this period created a great sensation on the Continent, by the masterly manner in which he had defeated the French, and Patrick Maul felt extremely proud, because he was an Irishman. There was a blunt sort of a fellow on board, who went by the cognomen of John Blunt, in consequence of his rough and unpolished demeanour to all around him ; but although John was rude and uncouth in his speech, he possessed a heart,—a heart that overflowed with generosity and humanity. Between John

Blunt and Paddy Maul frequent sallies took place, which were generally participated in by Donald Macfarlane (the captain of the fore-top) who was a Scotchman by birth.

On one occasion when Pat was employed on shore he met with an adventure which called forth his native courage in behalf of some oppressed females.

It appeared that a French foraging party had visited some of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Veger on the previous day, and were waiting for the cover of night to leave the place in order to carry away in safety the various articles they had extorted from the inhabitants. Pat, together with Donald Macfarlane and a few more seamen was casually passing, when their attention was arrested by the supplication of female voices. They paused and listened, but as most of the dialogue was held in French or Spanish, it was unintelligible to most of the crew except to one Tom Phipps who had been a prisoner in France, and had got a slight smattering of their language; and from his interpretation it was discovered that the intruders, not satisfied with taking their stock of provisions and drinking their wine, intended to take away other property, such as a watch, necklace and little valuables.

"Now by St. Patrick"—exclaimed Pat, "these spalpeens will be getting more than they expected. I'll first knock at the *door*, and then I'll be after knocking some of their heads; now stand by my boys, and we'll just ask a question or two." Pat knocked hastily at the door, which was opened by a French soldier. The Frenchman, not dreaming that the English were so near at hand, stared at Pat with astonishment.

"What's the spalpeen staring at?" exclaimed Pat—"sure did he never see a man before. My sarvice to you Mithur Mounseer, but I've a notion you have been making a big blackguard of yourself, and if you have been ill-treating the ladies, by the powers you'll get a rope's end about your shoulders. So by your leave honey."

With the last sentence, Pat seized the astonished soldier by the collar and turned him over to his companions, and then called out "who'll follow me?" "that will I my braw laddie"—exclaimed Donald,—"and between the twa of us we'll make haggis meat of some of the black nebs." Pat rushed in followed by Donald Macfarlane and some of the other seamen; they made their way to an apartment wherein they found several French troopers who had spread a table with various articles which they had taken from boxes which had been broken open.

"Och bad luck to your ugly mugs," cried Pat, "and would you be after robbing the ladies? Oh come out o'that."

The Frenchmen paused a moment, but quickly recovering from their surprise they rushed to their arms. But Pat and Donald were too quick for them, for Pat and some of his companions leaped across the table and presented their loaded pistols at the Frenchmen, while Donald seized hold of the officer with one hand and his accomplice with the other, and held them firmly, as he exclaimed, "Hoot maun, dinna ye attempt to resist, or by St. Andrew I'll jam yer twa heads against each other till I beat them as flat as a barley cake."

The troopers felt that resistance would be madness, and that no effort would release them from the iron gripe of the herculean Donald Macfarlane. His gigantic figure and his determined look awed them into submission, and they would gladly have made their escape if they had had the chance.

"Now tak heed o' what I say to ye," said Donald, "and see that ye mind me quickly—tak your rascally carcasses into the street, and awa with you; you've nae need to gang out at the *door*; there's the *window* close to you and that's the quickest way; and if ye brak your necks, you'll just save the hangman the trouble—awa with you, ye twa born deevils."

Donald let them both loose, and in an instant they darted out at the window, overjoyed at the chance of escape.

"Hurra my boys," cried Pat. "Down with the French and hurra for St. Patrick and ould Ireland." "And England and bonny Scotland, too," cried Donald.

In a moment, the British party attacked the French and speedily drove them from the house, after having disarmed them and made them deliver up all the plunder they had extorted. The females, overflowing with gratitude to their deliverers made them partake of the best the house afforded; and while they were regaling themselves they

were suddenly aroused by the voice of John Blunt who came abruptly into the room, and seeing the men all comfortably seated exclaimed—"So, a pretty set of lazy lubbers an't you to be losing your time in this way, instead of looking after the boat?"

"Don't be after putting yourself into a fluster friend John," cried Pat. "Sure, haven't we been rescuing these female ladies from those rascally French foreigners?"

"Saving the ladies, indeed?" exclaimed John Blunt in a tone of displeasure. "But what can we expect of an Irishman? they never will make good seamen, they are of no use on board that I can see, except to turn washerwomen."

"Och, Misthur John," ejaculated Pat, that's a bull. Whoever heard of a *man washerwoman*! And don't you be after abusing the Irish if you please. Look at Paddy Wellington! isn't he a broth of a boy! What would you have done without him?—answer me dat Misthur John Blunt?"

"Haud thy wind laddie," cried Donald—"dinna forget the glory of Scotland: Wha was the braw Abercrombie! do ye na ken he was a Scot, and you canna find a better in your whole army list: and there's our brave old General Graham, mind ye he is a Scot—and didn't we both fight with the brave Duncan at Camperdown?—he was a Scot too; deevil's skewar to you I could read you a list [of braw Scots, that would reach from here to John o'Groat's house."

"Arrah Donald my jewel now be aisy," said Pat—"the brave Abercrombie sleeps in glory, and we all know he did his duty, for he gave the French such a big bating in Egypt that he almost turned them into mummies. Come John Blunt sit ye down a moment and drink one toast—I know you won't refuse, for it is to drink success to the navy of England and Ireland."

"Well I cant refuse that," said John Blunt, "I love my country as dearly as I love my ship. Well, here's success to the navy, and the Isabella into the bargain. And how long have you been with the Isabella?" enquired Pat.

"Why I've been with her a matter of seven years,"—said John,—“and I love her so truly, that nothing but death shall part us.”

One of the females who understood a little English having listened to this discourse, conceived John had been speaking of his wife, and therefore remarked to him that as he spoke so affectionately of his dear Isabella he must be very fond of her.—“Fond of her!” ejaculated John, “indeed *I am*, mistress: and we have sailed so long together it would be hard lines to part with her. Ah my smart Isabella bless her heart. I saw her when she was first lifted from her cradle; and a beauty she looked, with her sides pitched and painted. I assisted to drop her into the water.”

On hearing this the Spanish girl seemed struck with horror, and exclaimed, “what, did you drop her into the water?”

“Yes,” replied John, “I helped to knock away the last stanchions that supported her, and down she went into the Thames. We soon finished her; we got her well up, and put on her shrouds.”

“Ah poor dead Isabella!” exclaimed the Spanish girl, as she eyed John with horror. But he continued his narration; “then we got her stays well braced, and we covered her ribs with ribbands, and clapped on her cap and earrings, which set off her beautiful head and cheeks to great advantage, with all her guns in tiers.”

“What!” exclaimed the Spanish girl, “do you tell me the guns shed tears?”

This question was a poser for John; who staring with astonishment cried “what the devil are you thinking of? surely, you don't understand what I say!”

“Yes”—replied the Spanish girl—“you have told me that you drowned your dear wife Isabella.”

“Shiver my timbers!” cried John, “if that an't a good un. Why here have I been talking about my ship, and you have been thinking the Isabella was my wife all the time.”

Further colloquy was prevented by the sound of a drum at a little distance. “Hark,” said John, “we must begone, that drum is the signal for our advance; up boys, and away!” The sailors were soon on the alert, and after having received the thanks of the people whom they had preserved from violence, they proceeded towards their rendezvous.

At the time they arrived, they found the greater part of the British troops assembling,

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they having just passed at the ford. The ford was across a considerable lake of fresh water, and the greater part of the Spaniards did not like the idea of crossing it, and a few stragglers went over one or two at a time. The English general at last lost all patience, and he requested the Spanish general to allow him to bring forward the English to show them how quickly they would pass over the ford. This being agreed on, a battalion of the English advanced, and were ordered to march straight through it without picking their way, and to go forward in regular sections one man supporting another. They went in and marched right through with as much steadiness as if it had been plain ground, the water taking them about middle deep. The whole of the British were through in less than half an hour, which rather surprised the Spanish officers, whose opinions of English soldiers were rather erroneous, as it was by no means uncommon to hear the Spaniards observe, "what fine looking well disciplined soldiers the British are!—what a pity it is they cannot fight." The only difficulty which occurred to the British in crossing the ford, was, that a one horse cart stuck fast in the middle of it, from the wheels getting jammed between some of the loose stones; but General Graham instantly dismounted, and plunging in, set his shoulder to the wheel, and fairly lifted it clear of the obstruction.

The Spanish general La Pena and his officers felt ashamed of the conduct of their soldiers, and urged them forward in order that they might follow the example set them by the British. But spite of all, it was nearly dark before they all got over.

The troops soon set forward and halted in an olive grove near Veger, and the English bivouaced for the night; it was very cold, and very little wood for firing could be obtained which was much needed on account of the men having got so completely wet in wading through the lake. On the following day the British troops set forward again towards the wood of Bermessa and halted for refreshment. The culinary utensils were in full exercise, the pots were boiling over the fires, and all were anticipating their repast, when orders arrived that they were to push forward towards Barrosa without a moment's delay. Instantly all was bustle and activity; knapsacks and haversacks were quickly buckled on, and the cartouch box and musket supplied the place of trenchers and knives. In less than half an hour the troops were on their march, rather a hungry one, for they had already fasted twenty hours.

Their march was very fatiguing, especially through the wood, where the obstructions of fallen boughs and the uneven state of the ground rendered it extremely difficult to keep their footing. One of the officers in particular—Captain S——, who was a very tall and bulky person, experienced much annoyance from this, and repeatedly fell to the ground, while such of the soldiers that happened to be nearest to him would stretch out a hand to assist him to arise. At length, receiving rather a heavy fall, he rose somewhat out of temper, and in the vexation of the moment, exclaimed, "well if they call this soldiering, I've had enough of it." At this moment, the Adjutant or Major rode up, and happening to catch the words of the Captain, said to him in a tone of severity, "Captain S——, you shall hear more of this, depend upon it." Thus saying, he rode forward, leaving Captain S—— to guess at the meaning of his words. But fate ordained that the Captain should hear no more of it, for only a short time elapsed before a shot signed his death warrant, and laid him on the earth a corpse. His servant, who was not far distant at this moment, ran towards him and raised him up, but the vital spark had fled. He observed his watch chain hanging from his fob, and recollecting that his watch was a valuable one, immediately secured it, lest it should become the prey of some of those wretches who lurk about the field of battle in order to rob the dead. Scarcely however had he possessed himself of the watch than a random shot carried off several of the fingers which had but a moment before secured his master's property. Notwithstanding the severity of his wound, he safely retained possession of the watch, which on his return to England he honorably resigned into the hands of his late master's family. His conduct was duly appreciated by them, and he was retained in their service during the rest of his life.

Before the British had got out of the wood, the troops on the hill of Barrosa had given way and were retiring from it, while the French were rapidly ascending. The British general felt that a retreat in the face of such a resolute enemy would be fatal; and therefore trusting to the determined courage of the British troops, regardless of the numbers

and position of their enemy, ordered an immediate attack. Major Duncan had now opened a battery of ten guns, which being served with great spirit, caused much havoc among the enemy.

The 87th regiment covered itself with glory, in a most resolute attack on the 8th regiment of French Imperial guards, which after a severe contest they drove back at the point of the bayonet. A young ensign, perceiving the eagle, cried out to his serjeant, "do you see that, Masterman?—It shall be mine."—And as he spoke he rushed forward to seize it, but was shot in the attempt. Serjeant Masterman, however, revenged his death, by killing his adversary; and cutting down the standard bearer carried off the eagle in triumph. It was afterwards brought over to England and deposited in Whitehall chapel, and Masterman was rewarded for his gallantry by a commission. It was a curious circumstance, that in a previous action when the 87th regiment was opposed to the 8th Imperial at Talavera, the 8th defeated the brigade to which the 87th was attached, and Napoleon thought it so gallant an achievement that he signalled this regiment by placing with his own hand a golden wreath of laurel on the neck of the eagle. Yet but a short time after did this very 87th regiment deprive them of this valued eagle; and though they maintained their honor to the last, yet they lost nearly the whole of their regiment, for out of 1400 men 1200 were slain.

Among the regiments employed in this service, was one noted for its bravery in the field, but sometimes apt to commit certain irregularities. Provisions, through circumstances, had not been so choice as could be desired; but they were the best that could be obtained through the excellent exertions of the commissariat: for it must be allowed that no nation can rival this department of the British service. Some of this regiment, however, (as is the case in all large bodies), took it into their heads to secure for themselves a few delicacies not generally provided for those who form the ranks. The consequence was that poultry used occasionally to disappear from the neighbouring farmyards in a most unaccountable manner. Complaints were repeatedly made, but nobody could be detected. The commanders of the British army were usually very strict in this respect; the most trifling act of purloining, or any such disreputable practice, was sure to be visited by severe punishment. Yet spite of all precautions it was often impossible to prevent it, or to detect the depredators. One of the Spaniards who had lost some poultry, came to the quarters to complain, as well as to demand restitution or an equivalent; but the officer who happened to be captain of the guard on that day, was one of those who would rather *hide* a fault than aggravate it.

"How many head of poultry have you lost my good fellow?" enquired he.

The Spaniard in broken English replied "Seven."—"Seven," echoed the captain—"Only seven! then my good sir be assured it was none of *our* regiment, for if any of *our* fellows had been concerned in it, *they would have taken your whole stock.*"

In this sanguinary battle, General Graham had the satisfaction of witnessing the full retreat of the enemy after less than two hours hard fighting, in which each regiment seemed to outvie the other in acts of valor. The boats attached to the fleet were busily employed in embarking the wounded—from whence they were conveyed to Gibraltar. Among these was a serjeant who had received a severe wound in the breast; the seamen who carried him were obliged to move with the utmost care, but spite of this when they reached the boat, the doctor's mate seemed to think it was needless to proceed further, for he seemed to have gone beyond the reach of human aid.

"Set me down here my friends," faintly he cried, "I feel my time is come, and death has grappled my heart. I only wish I could have seen my commander before I died. Tell all my friends in England that the last prayer I uttered was for their welfare—and tell them that I did my duty.—Farewell, comrades,—bear my last blessing to my poor wife and children. Farewell—farewell."

The brave serjeant ceased to breathe, and his comrades by whom he was greatly beloved, made him a grave on that shore where his brave deeds had already built a glorious monument to his memory.

When the battle was ended it was found impossible to make any pursuit after the flying enemy in consequence of the exhausted state of the British troops who had endured almost unparalleled privations. Great censure fell upon the Spanish General La Pena for his unaccountably feeble conduct during the battle, which formed a marked contrast

to the heroic vigor of General Graham whose attack seemed more like an inspiration than resolution, so wise, so spirited was the decision,—so swift, so conclusive was its execution. Victor's attack on the 5th was well-timed and vigorous, but Graham and his little army were invincible. General Graham in this battle had achieved much ; he triumphed over greater numbers, and prevailed over an army which had been formed by successive years of service in the field. It was, however, proved that the resolution and discipline of the British army could not be surpassed by any foreign nation, and that the navy and army of Great Britain united were unconquerable.

SONNETS FROM METESTASIO.

BY MRS. T. R. EDMONDS.

To the August Empress Queen Maria-Theresa * on the Victory gained at Colin by the Austrian Army on the 18th June, 1757.

Now oh Theresa art thou thrice renowned !
 New splendor added to thy glorious name,
 Now are thy peoples' brightest wishes crowned,
 And the proud phalanxes confess thy fame.
 The storm of war arose and fiercely tried
 To tear the laurels from thy queenly brow ;
 Thou in the God of battles didst confide,
 And He has given the victory ; but how ?—
 Nor stopt his hand the circuit of the sun,
 Nor made a path upon the trackless sea,
 No prodigy of Nature now has won
 This glorious triumph noble queen for thee ;
 Wisdom and valor led thine armies on
 And gained the unfading crown of Victory.

COMPOSED AT ROME WHEN THE COUNTESS FIUME ASSUMED
 THE VESTAL HABIT.

This royal river whose pellucid wave
 Its pure and noble origin reveals,
 Seeks not the green and flow'ry mead to lave,
 But mid the lonely rocks its course conceals ;
 The sun it fears not, when his dazzling beams
 He fiercely pours on Lybia's burning sand,
 Nor knows dismay, when loudly rushing streams
 Of loosened icebergs inundate the land,
 Content to wander through the vale obscure,
 Shunning the gaudy haunt, the busy scene,
 It still flows on, and hoping feels secure
 Of reaching in due time a haven serene,
 Where pillowed on the mighty ocean's breast
 It dwells for ever in eternal rest.

* See Portrait in this Magazine for March, 1840.

THE ALEXANDRINE WALTZ.

It was my first season—and never did a lighter heart beat, or foot bound to the strains of Strauss's inspiring band, than mine on the eventful evening of my first ball. I was young, rich, happy; and, why should I conceal it, *beautiful*, at least, so people told me. They used to say that my presence was like a sunbeam, bright, in itself, and shedding brilliancy on all around. Not a care darkened my existence. The only and idolized child of my father, encircled by a crowd of admiring friends, who told me they loved me for myself, what was there to cast a shadow on a countenance, which in its joyousness was a type of my heart?

Yet there was one thing I lacked, although I was then unconscious of the want. I had no mother to guide and protect me amid the snares of the world, to warn me of the dangers to which I might unawares expose myself. She died when I was yet an infant, and the constant tenderness and watchful care of my indulgent father did not then allow me to feel her loss, and I learned to think I had no cause to regret it. Experience has since taught me the folly of this; but at that time my father was my all-engrossing thought. Every effort was made by him to perfect my education and accomplishments, and the adoration I had for him, the anxiety with which I strove to deserve his praise stimulated me to exertion. I was naturally quick and intelligent, and instead of being urged forwards by severity, I was spurred to improve myself by his affection for me, and my own feelings have proved to me that the latter is a far more powerful spell than the former. My father was not of a gay turn of mind, his extensive mercantile speculations occupied much of his time, and the sorrows of his early life had shed a painful hue on all scenes of worldly pleasure; but he delighted to see me enjoy myself—to encourage my lively spirit, and provide for me every amusement suitable to my age and fortune. His name, character and reputed wealth gave him a high standing in the esteem of every one, it was not, therefore, difficult for him to secure for me on my introduction into society one of the most fashionable chaperons of the day. Many other offers were, too, made him by kind old ladies whose popularity was on the wane, to be of use to Miss Selwyn; for they well knew that matronizing an heiress and a beauty would open doors which otherwise would be closed against them. But my father was too fond of me, too anxious to secure my happiness to expose me to the constant companionship of such fusty old dowagers. It was Lady Henrietta Selby to whom he was desirous of committing so precious a charge, and her early friendship for my mother led her to make the offer which he was as eager to accept. She was one of the most fascinating women of her time, one for whom gaiety still had charms, yet of age and experience sufficient to prevent her being carried away by its allurements. Lady Henrietta had been beautiful—nay, more, she was so still; her manners were perfect, her taste exquisite, her voice sweet as music, and her heart the kindest that ever throbbed. She had undergone the ordeal of admiration which I was about to undergo, and my father was confident that under her guidance I should pass it unscathed. He forgot her unsuspicious nature, her benevolence of heart which could not endure to utter a reproachful word to any one; her desire to make me happy, and the weakness—for so I now call it, although I then did not—with which she yielded to my slightest whim. He knew that dangers beset the path of young women on their entrance into the world, but I—who had been so carefully brought up, who had Lady Henrietta Selby to watch over me, and who had moreover been accustomed from my infancy to listen to, and laugh at the flattering speeches which were constantly lavished on me—I had nothing to fear. So argued my father, and so argue many other people. They do not reflect that there are many things a girl cannot learn by intuition; that without some female relative to teach her what is right, the probability is that she will not of herself gain that strictness of *manner*, as well as of thought, which seals the lips of even the most malicious babblers.

My companions had been more among the rough than the fair sex, and my manners towards gentlemen had thus insensibly gained a freedom and ease, totally devoid—I must do myself the justice to state—of inelegance or coarseness, but so far differing from those of other young ladies, that I could address a gentleman with as much facility as I could one of my own sex. I have since learned that this ease of manner was thought wrong in one so young and friendless. That I was friendless I should have thought might have been my excuse, my defence, but alas! it is those who have most claims on the charity and forbearance of the world, who are generally most roughly handled by it.

But I must return to my subject. Never was there a lighter heart than mine, when I entered the carriage to call for Lady Henrietta on my way to my first ball. My father as he kissed me at parting, bade me enjoy myself and expressed his wishes that his long estrangement from society had unfitted him from being my companion. Lady Henrietta detained me only for a moment to admire my dress, and place the white camelia japonica a little more to the left side of my hair; then pronouncing me perfect in dress and good looks, we drove to ——'s rooms.

We were rather late, but my chaperon knew enough of balls to be aware that the first hour is generally tedious. As we entered, a waltz was going on and my eyes wandered round the room which seemed to my bewildered gaze a scene of enchantment. Now it fell on a group of dancers; thence it strayed to the jewelled matrons who lined the walls: anon, the orchestra was my focus of attraction—all was new. All one vision of beauty, harmony and joy. I was roused from my first transport of admiration and delight by Lady Henrietta, who, pressing my arm gently, whispered, "my dear Blanche the Earl of Riverton desires to be introduced to you."

I turned and beheld a young, fair man, who in a soft treble requested the honor of my hand for the next quadrille. I bowed and attempted to continue the observation he commenced, but the truth must be told, I had rather have been whirling round the room in the waltz than have conversed with any peer in Christendom. At that instant my old playfellow Frank Jerningham approached, and I greeted him cordially; his was the first familiar face I had seen that night. He asked me to waltz and I gladly consented. Then the pleasure of dancing was all I cared for, and as we flitted round the ring, I felt in the seventh heaven; the dance was long, but to me the end seemed to come too soon.

"I wish Frank," for so I called him, "I were not engaged for the next waltz, that I might have the pleasure of dancing it with you—but if Lady Henrietta Selby will allow me—I think I can secure an excellent substitute—I will introduce you to Blanche, a first rate waltzer, and" she added in a low voice "a great admirer of yours." I laughed—Frank quitted us, but quickly returned with a gentleman, in every thing a contrast to my present partner, Lord Riverton. He was tall, dark and rather grave in aspect, and I took a strong dislike to him at first sight. "If he admires me," I thought, "it must be for my riches alone. That man can have no soul for beauty."

He was about to be introduced to Lady Henrietta, as I quitted them with Lord Riverton to join the quadrille which was forming, and I thought I might escape all share in the introduction. But when the dance with my silly little partner was over, and I returned to my chaperon, the tall, dark man was still by her side. She named him to me as the honorable Lionel Clifford, and I acknowledged the introduction by a cold bow. He asked me to dance—A shudder came over me at the idea of dancing with him—but I had no plea for refusing him. The band begun a waltz—it was then for the first time that that beautiful, that haunting waltz thrilled through my ears. How those notes recall that room, and oh! how many, many hours of exquisite delight and as exquisite torment. Though it is over now, the very name of the Alexandrine waltz recalls to my memory the scenes in which I heard it. They rise before me in long array like the spirit successors of Banquo, till, with Macbeth, I tremble and exclaim, "what will the line stretch to the crack of doom?" and the answer comes, "it will—till this soul which now swells within me shall shake off the trammels of mortality these scenes will haunt me—and my nightly prayer is for the repose of the tomb where this wild passionate heart may still its beatings, where these scenes may be forgotten.

Would that I could stay my pen that I might calmly write the history of my short

but eventful life, that I might be enabled to offer a warning to those who, like me, launched on the glittering tide of prosperity, without pilot or a compass to steer their vessel through the breakers—who are exposed to the falseness and treachery of the world, and the far deeper, more agonizing treachery of their own deceitful hearts.—But my head trembles; the tones of *that* waltz ring in my ear and bid me guide my pen, keeping time with that old tune; my brow is fevered and * * * ; but I am calmer now.

We had already taken our places, but when the band played that waltz, I would have given any thing not to have danced with him, that there might not have been any connection in my mind between *that* beautiful waltz and Mr. Clifford.—But it was too late; I felt that if I now drew back, the slight would be too marked. The first round I determinately averted my eyes; the second I raised them for an instant and caught Clifford's glance fixed on me with an expression so different from what I expected that I felt myself blush deeply. It was not admiration, alone, that his glance expressed, other and more complicated feelings seemed mingled, but I could not bear to mark his penetrating eyes fixed on me, and, again, I turned away.

"You will not give up dancing so soon?" he said, as I begged him to stop; but I made no answer, for I was prepared to think every thing that he did, wrong, and I chose to call it impertinence in him so to address me."

"I fear you are fatigued," he continued, after pausing for my answer. "I am myself so ardently fond of waltzing that I never weary. But, perhaps," he added, with a very slight smile, "it is only with my young friend Frank Jerningham that you find it possible to waltz."

"I am not tired," was my ungracious answer, for I wished to prevent all further conversation with my partner, and much as I disliked him I could not resist the witching invitation of the waltz:—we accordingly re-formed the dancers.

This is all I can remember of my first ball. Other partners I had,—and again I smiled, but do what I would the tall, dark form of Mr. Clifford would connect itself with the waltz—and his form it is which that waltz still recalls?

A fortnight passed and Blanche Selwyn was the star of the season. Wherever I turned I was courted, flattered and caressed—and I was happy, for my heart was as careless as that of a bird when it first tries to fly from its parent nest. Sometimes Lady Henriette would remonstrate with me on my continued incivility to Mr. Clifford, but I always cut her short by declaring that I could not bear the man, and that if she lectured me on the subject I would not dance with him at all.

"But my dear Blanche, only consider, he is presumptive heir to a marquise, and you have often declared your intention of being a marchioness, she would urge with a smile."

"But not with Mr. Clifford as marquis—a tall, dark spectre."

"But he is pleasant and agreeable," said my adviser.

"I never listen to him."

"Then I have no more to say, only my dear Blanche, for my sake if not for your own, do not treat him quite so cavalierly. People will make their comments."

I shook my head and laughed, and as we had at that moment reached our evening's destination I sprang lightly from the carriage.

When we entered the house, the first person I saw was Lionel Clifford, and lady Heniretta smiled as she saw him lead me to dance. Luckily it was a quadrille—not a waltz. He began to talk, and I flatly contradicted every thing he said. At first he attempted to reason with me; but when he found I persevered, he looked annoyed—a faint shade of color was visible on his brown cheek, his dark eye sported. "Miss Selwyn," he said, and his voice was low and impressive, "I fear I have given you some cause of offence that induces you to speak to me—to treat me—as you do."—I was surprised at the tone of deep feeling in which he said this. I stammered forth something unintelligible, and was silent.

"If I have offended you," he continued, "may I beg you to tell me so, openly, I will be most humble in asking pardon if I have unwittingly done any thing amiss."

I was obliged to answer. I murmured some indistinct apology, said I had nothing

of which to accuse him, and then forced myself to speak to obliterate as much as possible the effect of the incivility of which I had hitherto been guilty towards him. To my surprise I found he conversed pleasantly, more so, indeed, than most others—and I was annoyed when this conviction was forced upon me, for I could not easily relinquish my first prejudice against him. However, we parted better friends than we ever did before. In the course of the evening he asked me to waltz, and I agreed with very slight reluctance—would to Heaven that I had refused, at all risks of offending him.

Those who have never waltzed, cannot imagine the state of excitement which it produces. Spectators as they watch the crowd who flit round the enchanted circle, laugh at the folly of a dance where no conversation can take place, and can discover no pleasure in the giddy round. Alas! it is then that conversation can, does exist. Then, too, it is, when the whole soul is carried away by the influence of the music, when most open to impressions of an exciting nature, that words—and especially words of love fall with the deepest power. But what had I to fear, I was waltzing with Clifford! He spoke to me, and as his conversation rose in interest, the strain of music changed to *that* waltz. He told me how he had watched me from a child to a woman; how he had looked forward to the hour which should launch me on a career of gaiety in which we might meet. He said that he had not sought an earlier introduction, because he did not wish me to know him till I had likewise known others. He told me how he had striven, since we had first met, to interest me if not to gain my affection; recounted how he had failed, and how deeply that failure had preyed upon his mind. He even whispered that he *loved* me. In spite of my disdain, my contemptuous treatment, he loved, he adorned me. And as he spoke, the notes of the waltz mingled with his words, and their melancholy tones seemed to lend to his a more impassioned air.

What were my feelings, then? I could as easily explain what they are now, when an agony like that of madness sways my brain, when these ball-rooms run before my sight with the forms of those so young, so fair, who are now estranged, dead, lost to me—all but *me*. Alas! alas! I cannot tell what they were. Why did the wailing tones not seem an omen to me? why did I not tell him I did not, could never love him, and bid him persecute me no more? I could not. Ask the wild storm to spare the rosebud, already half detached from the parent stalk; ask the raging pestilence to spare the young and fair from an untimely grave. Bid the grave itself give up its dead—and they will obey you sooner than the heart which love has chosen for the exercise of its power, sooner than rebut his pointed—his envenomed darts.

I said nothing, then; but that moment sealed my fate. I quitted the ball-room a more thoughtful being than when I entered, and day by day the tall dark Clifford became more than ever the master of my doom.

I will not—I dare not trace the progress of this strange affliction, of the spell which he wove around me. It was a powerful one, it is I know and feel, lasting. I may moulder in the dust, but even the waters of Lethe themselves could not blot out the impressions of that happy time. Alas! it was—but I must not again give way to my feelings. It is enough that when once the dislike I felt for Lionel was surmounted, my feelings completely changed their character, not towards him only, but towards every thing. I was no longer the childish, thoughtless—and, therefore, joyous being which had been a week or two before. A few days made me a woman with all the power: the newly awakened faculties, and the sorrows with which love endues and tortures its victims. But more than this, I learned the art of concealment. Hitherto I had been frank, open and guileless as childhood itself—now I found how to hide from vulgar eyes the alteration which had so suddenly taken place. Thus, week after week rolled on in a whirl of happiness, made more exquisite, it may be, from the strict concealment which I maintained towards all but Lionel of my sentiments.

Lad Henrietta was still my chaperon, but she saw nothing, unless that my manner was little more courteous to Clifford than formerly, and this she attributed to her own instructions to me on that point. Oh! that she had seen, that she had warned me of the precipice on which I stood. Yet why blame her blindness. It was my own folly, my own pride which prevented me from telling my father of all that concerned me. Then lay the fault on me and not upon her. But I could not stoop to confess that my heart had been so easily won. Had I been candid with him, I might have

saved myself from much misery. Had I confided in him he might have been tempted to have confided in me, and I might have prevented what afterwards happened. But no—no, I will not add the guilt of parricide to all my other sins. I have done wrong, very wrong, have given up my whole heart to the Creature, and forgotten the Creator, but it was not my fault—that—Oh Heavens! I see him now, the pale, pale cheek, the livid lip, the eyes—away fearful vision! it was not I that tempted thee to this.

It was now almost two months since my first meeting with Clifford at Strauss's ball, and I had wound myself up to the point necessary to tell my father every thing. I was to go that evening to the last assembly of the season. I was almost certain of meeting Lionel there, and I resolved to bear with me the pleasing intelligence of my father's consent to our intimacy, for I did not for a moment doubt that he would not give it. I had promised to join Lady Henrietta at an early hour, but I thought that the time my father usually spent in the drawing room after dinner, would afford ample opportunity for all explanations. I imagined the delight I should feel in presenting Lionel to my father, I was certain they would like each other, and in these day-dreams the time passed until the hour when I was accustomed to expect his return. He was generally exact to a moment, but he did not make his appearance as usual.

"How provoking it is, that he should be detained to-day," was my first thought; and my second, that some accident must have happened to him: and as one weary minute after another stole on, my anxiety increased, and the absorbing affection I had for my father, which latterly had been usurped by Lionel, returned in full force with the thought of his danger.

Seven o'clock came, and with it my father. I flew down stairs to meet him, and had flung my arms round his neck before I observed that there was a man with him. I started back on seeing him, my father kissed my cheek, then, bidding dinner be served, led the stranger to the library. After ten minute's conversation, the door of the library opened, and I heard my father invite the stranger to join us at dinner, but he excused himself and departed, thereby relieving me from the fear of a disagreeable suspension of our tête-a-tête. During the repast, we were both unusually silent—but so long as the servants were in the room I was not sorry that it was so:—indeed, I rather rejoiced to be left in the uninterrupted possession of my own thoughts. When we were alone I tried to commence a conversation. My father's answers were, however, short and distracted.

"Dear papa," I said at length, "can you listen to something I should like to tell you before I go out."

He started slightly and replied, "that I had better delay it if it were of any importance, for his thoughts were too much engaged to allow him to be an attentive listener. Besides, my dear Blanche," he added, glancing at his watch, "I promised to join Mr. Smith at nine o'clock, and it is now half-past eight."

"But my dear papa you look fagged and ill, why not send for Mr. Smith to come here."

He shook his head, "you know Blanche you said you would never interfere in business concerns. It is necessary that I should go to him. And now love," he added, in a gayer tone, "away and prepare for your ball."

"Papa"—I answered, "I would rather send an apology to Lady Henrietta, I am not much inclined for a ball to-night."

But to this proposal my father would not consent. He assured me he was well in health, only a little annoyed by some business transactions which required his immediate attention; and concluded by bidding me go at all events, desiring me to make no allusion to his want of spirits, "for more may depend on your looking gay and happy to-night, Blanche, than you can imagine possible."

At any other time these words might have astonished me—then my own woes, my own feelings were what principally occupied my mind, and I was disappointed that my father should take so little interest in what I desired to communicate.

"Now away, darling," he said, and the kindness of his voice and manner dissipated my momentary feeling of pettishness against him; "away, and dress for your ball—

and may the blessing of God go with you my beloved child," he added, fervently, as he pressed a kiss on my cheek.

I obeyed, and a few moments afterwards the closing of the hall door told he had quitted the house. Alas!

That evening was the first on which I was forced to wear the affectation of happiness which I did not feel, but my love for my father urged me to exertion although I little knew what was his object in bidding me be gay. Clifford was not at the assembly. More than once my eyes travelled round the crowded room, but there was no face there which bore the slightest resemblance to his. Frank Jerminham came up to me and looked, I thought, astonished at seeing me. I asked for his friend Clifford—he said he had expected to have seen him; then he asked me to dance and I accepted—but his affectation of gaiety was more evidently marked than my own. I wondered why it should be so, but was restrained from asking him by the consciousness that such a question would give him a right to retort on me, and I had not spirits to stand his enquiries. When I rejoined Lady Henrietta she was in deep discourse with some old dowager and I overheard the words, "poor thing—is it possible"—pass from the one to the other. Little did I imagine to whom those words were applicable. On seeing me, their voices sank to a whisper and I was too much occupied by my own thoughts to pay further attention. Partly concealed from view by the pillar of the doorway of an ante-chamber, I sat in silence, conjecturing what could have occasioned Clifford's unexpected absence—and to what I ought to attribute my father's anxious looks—when I was roused by the sound of a well-known voice. It was Lionel Clifford's—no other tones had so deep a melody, none could so thrill upon the ear, or so affect the heart with pleasure, but it was not me he spoke, and I never thought to hear from his lips words of such misery. I must attempt to write the conversation that followed. I overheard every syllable—but then, and now—there was a wildness in my brain which prevented me from unravelling their mystery.

"Yes Mr. Clifford," said a low sweet female voice, "but report goes that words such as these were whispered in other ears before mine."

"I will not deny it lady," was answered in his voice—"but she I loved is dead, and I swear to you by all that is sacred, I never loved Blanche Selwyn."

Yes I heard these words. Heard them? I hear them still—and then the fated waltz began, and its low, soft mourning tones confirmed the tale which brought me so much misery. Why is that waltz bound up with my doom? why does it still haunt me and bring with it the remembrance of thoughts and scenes I would fain forget? Turn where I will, do what I will, still those tones pursue me. It is not strange that I should hear them in a ball-room; but, why, elsewhere? I know not. Yet wherefore delay my tale by speculations such as these? Alas! it is that I would wish to write calmly, that I would guide my pen and my thoughts to calmer themes than those which agitated my brain when these words fell on my ear. Then I appeared calm, and yet each syllable felt as if branded on my heart in characters of living fire. "Never loved Blanche Selwyn!" He whom I once hated—he who, thread by thread, had wound his web of fascination round me, which then and even now is, though I have so much reason to hate him, I cannot unravel all he said, yet for him to say this—but it might not be—still, still I loved him. Yet I never for one instant doubted the truth of what he said. I heard much more. I heard her to whom he gave his plight doubt his faith, and him confirm it by oaths as strong and binding as those by which he once swore he loved me—and I leaned my burning brow upon the pillar, but gave no other sign of having heard any thing to discompose me. A faintness crept over me, but despair and pride gave me power to withstand it, and by the time the waltz was over, and he led her to join the then forming quadrille, I had gained sufficient command over myself to smile while giving a refusal to Lord Riverton who asked me to dance. As I answered, Lady Henrietta turned hastily round, but my countenance did not seem to give her any uneasiness, for she merely asked, "are you tired, love?" and resumed her conversation with the old dowager.

Except Lord Riverton, no one asked me to dance that quadrille, a thing, so unusual, that but for the pre-occupation of my mind I should have observed and wondered at the change. But I had no thought, no wish but one at that moment and that was to

see her, for whom *he* had forsaken me. I concealed myself as much as possible behind the pillar, and as Lady Henrietta's robes and feathers sheltered me on the other side, I flattered myself I was unseen, and surely I was justified in the thought, for even he, cruel as he was, could not have stationed himself there immediately before me with my rival, had he known that I was so near him.

Oh! how beautiful she was, how different, how infinitely superior to me. My eyes catch a glimpse of my own faded face in the mirror before me, and I compare it with her beauty. I see reflected in the glass, a countenance which pain and sorrow have deprived already of the freshness of youth. Though the hue of the cheek is bright, though the eye at times sparkle, I know, I feel mine is a fearful beauty—but hers! Why should I not describe it? It cannot be that I forget—ah! no. I never can forget Rose Wilverton. Her form was tall and slender, her eyes of the deepest, most heavenly blue, over which the long dark lashes cast a shade of pensiveness how infinitely more attractive than my careless laughing expression. Her features were most exquisitely moulded, and her rich dark hair was wound round and round a head of that so often quoted but so seldom seen—the true Grecian form. The bandeau of jewels on her head, the chaste but rich simplicity of her dress bespoke the scion of a noble race. He was not to blame for loving her—but why deceive one who loved him as I did? Why swear oaths so false and fair?

They passed away with the other dancers, and I was left alone to meditate on what I had seen. My reverie was interrupted by Frank.

“My dear Blanche,” he said, “will you not accept of my arm to the refreshment room?”

As his kind voice spoke these simple words my long sustained composure almost gave way, for it is when the heart is bruised almost to breaking by the unkindness of one, that the kindness of another makes us weep. I felt the tears spring to my eyes, but I accepted his offer and Lady Henrietta followed us at a little distance. As I rose I tried to assume my usually gay manner, but it quickly vanished beneath the sorrowful glance with which Frank regarded me.

“Blanche,” he said as soon as we found ourselves out of earshot of eavesdroppers, “I am sure you cannot know what has happened, or you would not be here. It is not like your frank genuine nature to pretend to gaiety which you have not?”

At these words I felt abashed, but I could not clear myself of the imputation of duplicity. That moment was agony to me. Did all know it? Was I a mark for the finger of scorn to point at, as the deserted one? My proud soul shuddered as these reflections darted through my mind, but I was silent.

“I am deeply grieved,” continued Frank, “to be the bearer of such painful intelligence—but I think it is kindest to tell you that longer concealment is unnecessary, and that your presence here has excited many comments.”

“Impossible,” I exclaimed, “I never breathed a word of it to any ear but his own. Even Lady Henrietta was not in my confidence,” and I thought only of Lionel.

“She has learned all since she came here, and thinks with me that you ought no longer to remain here. Forgive a plain spoken friend, Blanche. I know it is only for your father's sake that you came, but ill-natured people will make remarks on the gay appearance of the daughter, when the father is a ruined man, and may think her heartless and ——”

“My father,” I exclaimed, and then for the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed across me, and I was as eager as he to return home. Lady Henrietta came up, pressed my hand, and bade me be of good cheer; but I scarcely heard her, my brain was one whirl of miserable feelings. I stood pale and silent, and motionless till Frank returned, wrapped my cloak round me, and placed me in the chariot. I could not utter the words, “Good night,” all good wishes seemed fled from me. I threw myself into the corner of the carriage, and my bursting heart for a few instants found relief in tears. Then I thought my misery was at its climax. Oh! rash mortal that I was, to think that *that* was the height of misery.

I cannot trace the course of that long, miserable night as, hour after hour, I sat in the large empty drawing-room looking out into the darkness, and longing for my father's return. I thought that now we should be all in all to one another, that in

poverty I should be his comforter ; and I trusted, that wholly engrossed by him, I might learn to bury in oblivion the last few weeks. I pictured our meeting when all should be confessed, when we should pour out our sorrows to each other, and be as we had once been—but he did not come—nor did I know where to send in search of him. I feared from what Frank had told me, that already it might be necessary for my father to be in concealment from his creditors, and I did not dare send any one on his track. Gradually as my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I could discern the few objects that passed in the street, but he was not there. The melancholy cry of the watchmen, and the distant roll of carriages, were the only sounds which broke the stillness of night—and then the latter died away, and the ticking of the timepiece on the chimney became more distinct till it echoed through the room—each beat seemed to fall upon my brain—but still no sound of living thing was heard. Hour after hour passed tediously on, the faint grey light of dawn began to appear, and, wearied with watching, I was about to quit my station at the window, to change my dress, and myself go in search of my father, when a sudden exclamation from the watchman and a loud rapping at the door altered my purpose. I flew down stairs, undid the bolts and chain, and what did I behold ? my father in the man's arms—dead. One scream I recollect broke from my lips, and I was senseless—would that I had been so for ever !

A mist hung over my senses for weeks. I remember nothing distinctly, but something there was of watching by a bed on which my father lay extended, pale and lifeless—the voices of many people mingled in my dreams, and murmurs of foul play broke on my ears, that only wished to hear one voice again, and that was hushed for ever. Yes, there he lay before me a corpse ; those eyes that used to look so kindly on me were beamless now ; the hand which was last extended towards me when commending me to the care of the Almighty hung cold and lifeless—and they could look on him and dare to—no, I will not believe it. Let the malicious crowd whisper what they will, I know he could not do it. He could not hurt a fly, think you then that he could rush uncalled into the presence of his Maker with the guilt of self-murder on his soul ? I tell you it is false. He died of a broken heart, and I, oh ! that I, too, could have died. But no, it was right that I should at least suffer in this life. If it be the will of Heaven, may it save me from suffering in the world to come. But it passed, too—and Frank was the only one who did not forsake the unhappy orphan. To him I owe all that I now have. But for his kindness poverty would have been added to my other miseries. By his exertions every thing was arranged, the mercantile house with which my poor father was connected regained its credit, and I had not to quit the home of my childhood, to wander pennyless and houseless through the cold world, and find myself forced to bear the scorn and insults of those who had flattered me in my prosperity.

Poor Frank, he would have united his fate to mine, but I would not consent ; not only because I had loved (oh ! do I not do so still) too well to love again, but that there is at times a wildness in my brain which makes me unfit to herd with civilized men. I must have leave to weep—it cools my burning brain and teaches me patiently to await a release from this life.

Another record and I have done. One morning several weeks after the last dreadful scene I have mentioned I had parted with Frank, and his kindness had drawn from my eyes the first tears I had shed since I had seen my father dead at my feet, when the door of my room was thrown open, and a gentleman entered. I thought it might be Frank who had probably forgotten something he wished to say to me and I rose to meet him, but even in that darkened room I recognised the fatal form of Lionel Clifford. I dropped into a chair—was it fancy, was it but a strange coincidence, or was it fate ? At that moment I heard *the waltz*. It must have been the coinage of my brain, yet each note sounded distinct and clear as if played within the room.

"Blanche," he said, as he advanced towards me, "have you forgotten me ?"

"No," I exclaimed, in a voice so stern and composed that I myself was startled at it, "I have not, I cannot forget one so false."

"You are strangely deceived," he said, as he offered to take my hand in his. His touch thrilled me.

"Away," I screamed, withdrawing it indignantly from his grasp—"away fiend" in angel's shape, why haunt me, thus?"

"My sweet *Blanche*, listen," he said, in those soft, soothing tones which once would have brought delight to my heart, but which now were a cruel mockery. "I will explain all to you—the reason of my absence at such a time, my anxiety to serve you the ——"

I commanded him to be silent, and bade him remember the vows he had plighted to me and to another. I told him all; and as I spoke, I felt my cheek glow—my eye gleam with the fury of madness. I taxed him with his duplicity and falsehood, and thus—yes, thus, we parted. I cannot tell why he came—whether because *Rose Wilverton* had slighted him as he had done me, or that his heart was softened by her early death, for she was, then,—aye even then, a few short weeks after I had seen her in the pride of her loveliness—laid in the lonely grave. I did not know it then, or I would have pitied and, perhaps, forgiven him. But, now, I cannot forgive: *he* lies beneath the rolling waves and *I* am left alone in a crowded solitude. Still do my steps move lightly to the sounds of music, but my heart is like lead; still do I mount a fiery steed and gallop over hill and dale, but no joy goes with me. I try to flee from the melancholy that consumes me—vain thought:—

There is but *one* calm for those who weep—
One rest for weary pilgrims given—
Low in the grave.

They tell me that I seek it, that my wasted form cannot support the exertions to which I force it; that the high spirits which brighten my cheek, and sparkle in my eye are but the presages of death—the flash of the taper ere it sinks in the socket. Be it so—I have no one to live for; to love on earth—all I seek to escape is *compulsion*. To that my proud soul cannot yet bend—to flee from that I rush into the utmost extremes, each occupation I try by turns. But sometimes nothing will cheer me, grief will sometimes have its way, and I sit hour after hour by the smouldering fire watching the cinders as they form themselves into fantastic shapes, and I think that in them I can trace the forms I used to love, and the tears roll down my cheeks, and I have not power to stop them.

There is that waltz again! Will it never cease to haunt me? In pity, cease; or I shall go mad, mad, mad. Alas! I am so—I am the victim of ill-governed passion. Oh! may this agony save me from more fearful tortures hereafter.

December 9, 1809.

B. M.

PARIS FASHIONS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Oct. 27th, 1841.

I send you, *ma chère Amie*, with this letter, a model of one of the prettiest cloaks I have seen, and which will assuredly become a favorite this approaching winter. The long *manteaux*, (cloaks) such as we wore three or four winters ago, are quite exploded, no belle would be seen in a cloak longer than what is called three-quarter-length; and some, it is said, will even be a little shorter. We have

another of a different form to the one I send. It is rather longer at back, but not quite so long in front, it is cut on the cross-way of the material, and the ends of the front are left pointed and finished with tassels; these ends, like those of a long scarf, are carried over the arm. Some are pointed at back with another tassel, and some are rounded; these cloaks have hoods or *capuchons*, but they are neither

so new nor so becoming as my little *Burnous*.

The velvet collar and facings give it a very elegant appearance. Wadded scarfs and shawls are in preparation for the winter. They are lined with satin this year, and the shawls are trimmed round either with fur, deep silk fringe, or black lace. These shawls as well as the scarf are made of various materials; velvets, *velours épinglé*, *velours d'Afrique*, *reps*, satin, gros grain, gros de Naples, and merinos—the latter by the way, only for the shawls.

Furs—it is said will be much worn, both as trimmings to dresses and shawls, as well as in muffs and tippets. I have seen several velvet shawls and scarfs trimmed with swans-down; and upon purple velvet, especially, it has a very handsome effect. Velvet dresses, they say, will be much trimmed with that and furs.

Velvet bonnets are becoming very prevalent, and after the first of November we shall only see those and satin. The drawn velvet bonnets seem to be most in favor. Those in colored velvet, such as purple, green, claret or other dark colors are generally trimmed with ribbons a shade or two lighter. The black velvets have oftentimes ribbons to match the dress or shawl lining &c. as black velvet with a rich orange *broché* ribbon, or a rich crimson, or green, or blue; they have besides one or two feathers. The willow and the knotted feathers are the most fashionable at present.

There are some very pretty satin capottes in dark colors in preparation for the approaching season. They are not unbecoming, being in most cases lined with a light color, as some with white or pink, or paille, or lilac, or yellow. Velvet flowers are preferred with these latter bonnets, and the strings are worn on the insides. A wreath or bouquet of auricula is very well calculated for velvet, but the most elegant thing I have seen in that way is a wreath going entirely across the bonnet in the style of a feather, and made of rose leaves stamped out in velvet, the leaves of every possible tint of spring, summer, and autumn. Upon a green satin bonnet, you cannot imagine anything prettier. I have seen them upon one or two of the ladies of the court. One was upon a capotte made of green

satin ribbon of two shades, the very darkest green was one, and a green five or six good shades lighter was the other color. You can fancy a drawn bonnet made of two different ribbons each placed alternately. *Ruches* are very fashionable at the edges of the fronts of the bonnets. Indeed there is scarcely a bonnet to be seen worn by any of our belles, that has not either a *Ruche* round the edge, or else a *voilette* (short veil) which is very short and coming very long at the sides; it is generally knotted loosely under the chin. This is a very comfortable fashion for winter. The hats and bonnets continue small, they are flat at top, and very long at the sides of the face.

Dresses.—Tight corsages and tight sleeves are making to nearly all the winter dresses. The corsages for morning and promenade dresses without points exactly, but still without centures, and rounded in front as that on one of the plates that I send. The waists are longer than ever. Some of these corsages are quite plain, but the newest are made precisely like that on the figure with the dress of *water green* silk, sloped down in front in the same way, and with similar *passemantine* trimmings. The sleeves are tight with tucks, or epaulettes at top. The corsages that are not quite tight to the bust, are those crossed in front, or with fulness coming from the shoulder to the centre of the waist, where the gathers are confined by several rows of runnings. The sleeves worn with these corsages, as suiting them best, are the small *gigots*, tight to the lower part of the arm, the remainder a little full, and an epaulette at top. They are certainly more becoming than the tight. For full dress, the corsages *à pointe* have supplanted every other.

The points now are very long, (in consequence no doubt of the lengthened waists) and are very pointed. The corsages are plain, worn with *Berthes*, or falls of lace, or else with deep draperies *à la Sévigné*. The short sleeves are tight with falls of lace; one or two at most just now.

Lace is very much adopted in all costumes by our ladies just now. We have silk morning dresses trimmed with black lace; and I

have even seen two or three in full morning dress, wear white lace on dark silk dresses. This appears strange, and I cannot say if it will become the vogue.

Sabots of lace (white or black) are worn in every toilette, you understand I mean those falls of lace that are worn in place of collars in morning dress, and that can be worn even in dinner costume with silk dresses. C'est une jolie mode.

On dit that *passemantine* and fur trimmings will be more worn than any others this winter. Tucks are still fashionable, and when the dress is of *organdi* or *tarlatane*, the tucks and hem have colored ribbons inverted in them; and with long ceintures or sashes tied in front they have a very pretty effect.

The hair is not worn quite so low at back, but braids in the Greek fashion, intertwined with rows of pearls, wreaths of very small flowers or ribbon are preferred to all other coiffures. The front hair is worn in long ringlets, or in *bandeaux*.

Colors for Hats.—Black, dark-green and purple, with pink and yellow for light shades:—for dresses—*feuille morte*, *gros vert*, *maron*, or chesnut, and water green and black.

Adieu ma chère, je n'ai que la place de te dire que je t'aime.

L. de F——.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES OF FASHIONS IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 960.—Carriage and walking costumes. Hat of pink satin coming very low at the sides of the face, where it is rounded off. (See Plate.) It sits very flat at top, the front being quite on a line with the crown. It has a deep and full bavolet, and a small *rouleau*, or, rather, *border*, as it is more technically termed, round the crown at top, as well as round the front, whence it is carried along the sides, to within a few inches of the crown, when it forms a second row round the hat. A glance at the plate will suffice to make our description clearly understood. The strings, as well as the ribbon across the crown are of

broché satin, very broad and rich, the flowers which are white droop to the side. The cloak, or *Burnous*, is of apple-green-watered silk. It is wadded and lined throughout with green velvet of a bright emerald shade, the collar, facings and cuffs being all that is visible of the velvet. The pink trimming which sets it off so much is of pink plush. A row goes round the bottom, and two round the collar and down each side of the velvet facings; the sleeves which are short and full, but cut on the straight way of the material have a row of the pink plush to finish the *parements* or cuffs at top. The cloak is what is termed three-quarter length, and is not made higher at the neck than the dresses and redingottes worn at present. Ornaments of *passemontoire* fasten the cloak over the chest. (See Plate.) It is the model of one of the most elegant cloaks invented for the approaching winter, by Mesdames Victorine and Palmyre. The dress is of striped *armure*, of a shade approaching to light drab, the stripe is brown. Pale yellow kid gloves, cambric cuffs, narrow lace frill round the neck, black kid shoes.

2nd. figure.—Redingotte of *mauve* satin. The corsage is tight and quite high in the neck, fastening in front. Sleeves tight, with two seams; the back seam ornamented from the elbow to the wrist, with a *passemontoire* trimming, (see Plate), to match that on the remainder of the dress, and which consists of small cords, terminating in *glands*, or acorn tassels, and made up in three little rounds or bows, fastened in the centre by a small button. (see Plate.) A row of these little cords and tassels goes down the centre of the dress from top to bottom of the corsage, as well as of the skirt. Two other rows, forming the *V*, go likewise the length of the corsage at each side from the shoulder to the waist. Drawn capotte of nut brown velvet; it is very small, and sits quite round to the face. A *ruche* of black lace goes round the outer edge of the front; it will be seen that it is *lace* not *tulle*, and that it is quilled at the edge and not in the centre. The trimming of the capotte is likewise intermixed with black lace. The flowers, a *demoiselle*, or half wreath, are

of velvet. It is placed from the top along to the end of the bonnet at one side. The *brides* or strings are of black lace. A small puffing of white lace is visible just below the flowers on the inside. The hair is in bands; muff lined with yellow silk. The shawl is of *gros grain*, wadded, lined with the same colour, and trimmed all round with the same fur as the muff. The color of the shawl is upon that called *feuille morte*. Embroidered collar and handkerchief, black varnished shoes, pale yellow gloves, embroidered cuffs.

No. 96. Hat of a light blue *velours épinglé*, lined with white *velours épinglé*. This hat is exceedingly small, but coming lower than usual at the sides. (See Plate.) The garniture of ribbon is intermixed with white lace, which gives it an exceedingly light and pretty effect. The strings which are according to the existing mode placed on the inside, are fastened so high up that the sides of the hat do not sit by any means close to the face; a white knotted feather falls low at one side. The dress is of water green *poux de soie*. The corsage only half high, and sloped down en cœur in front, has a rounded point at the

waist, which is exceedingly long; it is without a ceinture. The sleeves are tight, with two seams. The garniture consists of an *epaulette* of two tucks, cut on the cross way and out of a half handkerchief piece, (see Plate,) but put on same way below the shoulder, which is left perfectly plain. Another novel and fashionable *passementerie* trimming is to be seen on this dress. It consists of little silk cords forming figures of 8 reversed, and finished with three little tassels (see Plate); two rows forming the V are upon the corsage, and the two down each side of the front of the skirt are as it is called *en tablier*. Guipure collar and cuffs, brown gloves, hair in long ringlets, purple velvet shawl, embroidered at the corners, wadded, lined with white satin, and trimmed all round with swan's down, black shoes.

2nd. figure.—Dress of lilac satin, black velvet scarf trimmed with deep black lace, wadded and lined with yellow satin. Hat of pink *velours épinglé*, with two knotted feathers drooping very low to the side, white kid gloves, cambric cuffs.

SIMILE.

In these blest days of self-propelling carriages,
 Asphaltum, patent bread, perpetual motion,
 New-poor-law acts, and registration marriages,
 When rival steamers plough th' Atlantic Ocean,
 A novel simile may not be amiss—
 Derived from steamers and concerning woman :—
 Art curious, gentle reader?—it is this—
 A jilt (in these days by no means uncommon)
 Is like the leader of a railway train—
 She draws behind her for a little while
 A servile throng, then leaves them in disdain
 And on another band bestows her smile
 As soon to vanish when her end is won—
 Yet this distinction evident I deem,
 Sans *steam* the engine cannot long go on,
 The jilt (do what she will) can ne'er create esteem*.

S. S.

* Query, P. D.—A steamin.

Description of the Portrait, (after Holbein) of

CATHERINE HOWARD,

*(Fifth Wife of Henry VIII. King of England,)**Full-lengthened and beautifully colored, accompanying the present Number.**(No. 104 of this Series of full-length Authentic Ancient Portraits.)**[The yet unpublished Memoirs of this queen and Henry's other wives will appear in the next number, together with the Portrait of Catherine Par, Henry's sixth wife.]*

The costume worn by the fair Catherine Howard differs much from those of her four predecessors; partaking more of the French than of the English style of dress of the period. The accuracy of this observation may be ascertained by our readers themselves, if they will only take the trouble of comparing the present with the two last portraits, as well as with those of the hapless Anna Boleyn* and the lady Jane Seymour†, already given in our publication. Catherine Howard wears the same species of coif as those seen on the portraits of the two celebrated French beauties of the Court of Henry's gallant contemporary Francis I., and which took its origin from the Bretonne cap, first introduced by Anne of Brittany‡, when she gave her hand to the bon Roi Louis XII. The first composed of amber color brocade, and enriched with gems, is formed on a kind of frame work. It is edged along the front with a rich chain of pearls, and surmounted at the upper part with a raised row of splendid emeralds and rubies, set in lozenges and placed alternately. From the back depends what appears a purple velvet drapery, but which is more probably the Italian *capa* or hood, adopted by the ladies of the Sixteenth century, and which was fashionable throughout Europe. It could be drawn over the head and face at pleasure. The *capa* fell low at the back, and was by no means an unsightly appendage. Her robe is of rich purple velvet, bordered all round with gold, done in a light and elegant pattern. The lower part of the corsage, as well as the upper sleeves, are of purple velvet. The latter terminate some way below the shoulder, where the large rebars sleeves commence, these latter are of sable fur, and falling very low they give much grace to the figure. The petticoat, or more properly the under dress, is of the richest amber brocade. It has long tight sleeves, similar to those worn at present, and the upper part of the corsage is of the same material, but like the termination of the petticoat is barred with gold and studded with jewels. The corsage is cut square at the bosom, and edged round the neck with a row of pearls. The bottoms of the sleeves are likewise edged with gold. Her chemisette is of lace, and of a very modern form; it simply fastens at the back, and finishes by a double frill of the lace round the throat. The ruffles falling over the hands are likewise of lace, and the pocket handkerchief which is of exquisite texture and seems beautifully embroidered, is finished at the corners with little tassels, a fashion which it is surprising the belles of the present day have not yet adopted. Her necklace is very splendid, it is composed of two rows of pearl-chain intersected with emeralds set in lozenges, which seems to have been the fashionable manner of setting jewels at that period. It goes twicround her neck; to the upper row depends a rich ornament formed of rubies and emeralds; and terminating with a large pear pearl; from the second round depends, probably, a portrait of her cruel lord, which is hid beneath the bosom of her dress. Our readers will perceive that this unfortunate young queen, whose career terminated so fatally three hundred years ago, wore her hair in the simple bandeaux so prevalent in 1541-2. Catherine Howard holds in her hand one of those elegant feather screens, with a mirror set in gold in the centre.

* See No. 7, (1833.)

† No. 16, (1834.)

‡ No. 6, (1833.)

street has changed its name, and is now known as the rue de l'Ecole de Medecine, and that which was once the dwelling of *l'ami du peuple*, is the present No. 18. It has undergone some changes, but is still, as it was in that day, a gloomy pile, its high narrow windows scarcely admitting the light of Heaven. To an imaginative mind, its aspect can scarcely fail to recall the fatal tragedy enacted within its walls; especially when the eye catches the remains of the formidable inscription once displayed upon its front:—

“ LA FRATERNITE, L'INDIVISIBILITE, OU LA MORT.”

These terrific words are, however, no longer visible, with the exception of “ ou LA M . . . ”—Thus, the thoughts of wicked men endure for a season, but time, that grand destroyer, suffers them not to last for ever.

Marat occupied the apartment on the first floor. After an instant or two passed in enquiries of the portière, Charlotte Corday stood before the door. What must have been her feelings at that moment! Did she reflect that over that portico was written for HER, in *letters of blood*, the dreadful sentence:—

“ LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA VOI CH'ENTRATE—?”

* * * * *

Charlotte Corday rang the bell.

The door was opened by an old maid servant, who, to mademoiselle Corday's request to see the citizen Marat, replied, that “ he was at home, but could not be seen.”

Marat happened at that moment to be resting in his bath. He was, as we have already stated, grievously tormented with a sore disease, his blood being burnt up in his veins, and his members devoured with leprosy. The bath being the only resource that afforded the slightest relief in his excruciating sufferings, he remained nearly the whole both of day and night in the water, but, notwithstanding the wasting of disease, the restless activity of his mind continued in its pristine vigor, and he toiled and labored, for what he called the good of the republic, to the latest moment of his existence. His daily paper, *l'Ami du peuple* appeared regularly.

Unable to join his confederates at the Convention, Marat, nevertheless, received constant reports of what was going forward, sending back written answers and opinions. When the lists of persons arrested from day to day were brought to him, Marat read over the names attentively, and if he wished to confirm any particular sentence of death, he put a cross under the individual's name.

Finding entreaties of no avail, mademoiselle Corday delivered her letter, desiring it might be placed in the hands of her master. This the servant consented to, but whilst she was absent, a young woman who had long lived with Marat, and who passed for his wife, came out. It was the same person who had refused her admittance in the morning. Surprised at her persevering importunity, she was about to drive her from the door when the words of angry dispute reached the ear of Marat, who desired the citizenne to be instantly admitted. This was done, though most unwillingly, by the citizenne Evrard, who, further ordered, closed the door, leaving Marat and the stranger together.

The room into which Charlotte Corday had been admitted, was a small gloomy chamber situate at the back of the house. There she found the mortal enemy of the Girondists seated in his bath, in a half recumbent posture. His head was wrapped in a white napkin; a green cloth, thrown over the bath, covered him as far as the breast, and trailing upon the floor was a half soiled white sheet, that lined the inside of the bath and hung over its sides. An enormous block of wood, which served the purposes of a table, stood beside him. On it was a leaden ink-stand, and a pile of papers thrown pell-mell in the utmost confusion. His right hand, holding a pen, hung over the side of the bath. Marat had been writing. By one of those strange accidents that sometimes occur in the life of man—the last act of his life was an act of benevolence! He had just signed his name at the bottom of a petition to the minister, in favor of a poor widow left with four children, who had applied in her distress to “the friend of the people.”

Charlotte Corday and Marat—the Gironde and the Montagne—remained together a few minutes. What passed between them during that short space of time, with the exception of what she afterwards told Barbaroux in her letter, must remain for ever an impenetrable secret.*

A shriek, and the words “*à moi, ma chère amie, à moi,*” having alarmed the inmates of the house, the citoyenne Evrard, together with the servant and some other persons to whom they had called, rushed into the room, where they found Marat as they had left him in the bath, but with a large gash in his left side from which the blood was flowing copiously. His eyes were open, and a convulsive movement of the tongue and lips showed that life was not yet extinct, and that he was vainly endeavoring to articulate. Not a sound escaped from him. A large knife, with which, apparently, the wound had been inflicted, lay on the ground at the side of the bath, and the young stranger, whom they had admitted but a few minutes, previously, to Marat's presence, no doubt terrified at the deed she had committed, had fled to the ante-chamber, where she stood close to the window, holding the curtain with both hands. The citoyenne Evrard, in her first moment of despair, had rushed upon the perpetrator of the crime, and torn her cap and hair.

The news of this horrible event spread quickly; and in the course of a very short space of time an immense concourse of persons of all classes had assembled in front of the house.

A surgeon, who lived on the floor over Marat, rushed in at the first alarm. He assisted in removing Marat from the bath to his bed, and a long track of blood marked the passage from the one room to the other. He was almost instantly a corpse.

Meanwhile, the people kept pouring in from all quarters. A troop of soldiers was drawn up before the door to prevent ingress, and none were admitted except the commissary of the quarter, and some of the deputies of the convention who had hastened thither on the news of the assassination.

* She first amused Marat with an account of the deputies at Caen, when he said, “they shall all go to the guillotine.” “To the guillotine,” exclaimed she; and as he caught up a pencil to write the names of the offenders, Charlotte Corday plunged a knife into his heart. “Help, my dear,” he cried; his nousekeeper obeyed the call, and a man who was near rushed in and knocked down the avenger of her country with a chair, whilst the female trampled upon her.—*Mad. Tussaud.*

Charlotte Corday, who had been conducted to the sitting-room, quickly recovered her presence of mind, and now stood gazing on the scene before her, with that *sang froid* and resolution which she preserved to the end of her days. After the body had been examined, the knife fitted to the wound, and its extent and nature dilated upon by the surgeon, who proved in technical terms to the by-standers, that had the knife entered lower down, or in a more slanting direction, the heart would not have been touched, and that, consequently, the wound would not have proved mortal. Charlotte Corday was confronted with the corpse, which, between the recent wound, from which the blood was still flowing, and the ravages of a fearful disease, presented a most hideous spectacle, and especially by candle light. Charlotte Corday, her hands firmly tied, and accompanied by the commissaire and deputies present, advanced towards the bed. Never before had such a sight met her eye—and it was there to accuse her—her, its author! She turned from it with visible loathing.

"He was still warm," says Madame Tussaud, who was immediately conveyed to Marat's by some *gens-d'armes*, for the purpose of taking a cast of his face, and who had not seen him since her before-mentioned interview at her uncle's, "and his bleeding body, and the cadaverous aspect of his almost diabolical features, presented a picture replete with horror, and Madame Tussaud performed her task under the influence of the most painful emotions.

"Well, yes," said Charlotte Corday, hurriedly, "'twas I that killed him!" and she hastened from the room.

As usual in similar cases, Charlotte Corday's person underwent an examination. In her pockets were found a passport, *assignats* to the amount of 150 livres, a purse containing 150 francs, one number of *l'ami du peuple*, with the name of Barbaroux written with pen and ink and a gold watch. The person who searched her having put his hand under the muslin kerchief on her neck, drew forth a shagreen case for a large knife. The weapon found by the side of the bath having been placed within, it fitted exactly. The *procès-verbal* was now perfect, and Charlotte Corday subscribed her name. It was three o'clock in the morning when she was conducted in a hackney coach by Drouet and Chabot, to the prison of the Abbaye.

The mob, assembled early in the evening about the door, did not disperse, and it is certain that had it not been for the protection afforded her by Drouet, Chabot and some other deputies, she would have been torn to pieces by the enraged multitude. Her beauty, her courage and her calm demeanour interested the authorities in her behalf, and they conducted her to prison, protecting her from insult.

Never had the upholders of the *chef de la Montagne* received a greater shock than on the morning subsequent to the crime committed by Charlotte Corday.

Almost the first sight that presented itself on their quitting their habitations, was bills posted on the walls, containing in large characters the words:—

"PEUPLE! MARAT EST MORT, TU N'AS PLUS D'AMI!"

The public consternation was at its height. The words, *Marat is dead!* were repeated in every possible tone of lamentation. Horror and desolation were depicted upon every countenance. The women uttered cries of despair, the men trembled, the children wept. Marat, dead! "the people" had no friend!

Of ignoble birth, poor,* despised, hated, scorned by the better class of society, (though beloved by "the people") a prey to disease, all that was wanting to make Marat a martyr was a violent death. He was assassinated by the hand of a woman—his mission, in the eyes of the French people, was accomplished—and he was deified! worshipped as a saint—as a god!

Yes, reader—blasphemous as it was, *Marat—the blood-thirsty Marat, the terror, the enemy of all that was good, of all that was virtuous, of all that was beautiful in France, was put upon a par even with the REDEEMER of Mankind.*

A waxen heart, pierced in the centre, ran the round of Paris. It had for inscription the words, "*Sacré cœur de Jésus, Sacré cœur de Marat, ayez pitié de nous.*"

One of the popular orators, haranguing the people, chose for his subject, the death of Marat, and made use of the impious words of this inscription; nay, he went even further; "the Apostles," he said, "were represented by the *Jacobins* and the *Cordeliers*; the publicans were the *shopkeepers*, and the pharisees the *aristocrats*! Jesus," he continued, "*is a prophet—Marat is a God!*"

Mothers, in memory of Marat, gave to their newly-born babes the name of "Jean-Paul." The patriotic society of the Cordeliers, carried away by an excess of zeal, obtained permission from the constituted authorities to select from the garde-meuble their richest and most precious vase, wherein to deposit the heart of this *implacable enemy of royalty*. A temporary altar was erected in the garden of the Luxemburg, upon which the heart of the "Great Man" was offered to the veneration and prayers of his grateful disciples. A host of victims were likewise sacrificed to his memory. His bust, crowned with laurel and immortelles, and covered with crape, was placed at the Convention. David, too, the painter, presented to the nation his splendid painting of "*Marat assassinated in his Bath!*" in which he said he did his best to preserve the resemblance of those *cherished features of the virtuous friend of the people*.

The 16th of July was the day appointed for rendering the funeral honors to the citizen Marat. The ceremony commenced in the afternoon and was prolonged by torch-light to a late hour in the night. The body had been embalmed, and was placed in a coffin formed in the shape of a *baignoir* (bath), and exposed in the church of the Cordeliers. The right arm and hand, livid and worn to a skeleton, hung outside the coffin, with a pen tied to the inanimate fingers, to show that in death, even, he still watched over the people for whom he had labored with such indefatigable zeal. The upper part of the corpse was uncovered, and the wound inflicted by Charlotte Corday visible. On the lower part of the coffin were thrown two disgusting objects, in the shape of the shirt he wore at the fatal moment, and the sheet already mentioned, both foul and blood-stained.†

* At the time of Marat's death, all the money found in his house amounted to five francs of the present coin, in Assignats.

† A rude and barbarous kind of affection for Marat was evinced by the people a short time after his death. At M. Curtius's museum, a representation was exhibited of Marat's assassination, which attracted crowds, who, in general, were loud in their lamentations. Amongst the number who came to visit the prototype of the dying monster was Robespierre; and as he quitted the room, while standing on the steps of the door, he harangued the passers by, and soon drew a crowd around him. "Citizens!" said he, "follow my example; enter, and see the image of our departed friend, snatched from us by the hand of an assassin.—TUSSEAUD, p. 346.

The Convention approached in a body, and threw garlands upon and around the coffin of the deceased.

The people followed their example.

For the time being, the remains of *l'amî du peuple* were deposited in the church of the Cordeliers; until such time, indeed, as the honors of the Pantheon should have been accorded him.

Early on the morning of the 16th, Charlotte Corday was transferred from the prison of the Abbaye to that of the Conciergerie, where she was confined in the chamber lately occupied by the deputy Brissot. She was calm, perfectly collected, and even cheerful. The firmness of her character had never failed her for a single instant. Happy in the belief that she had rendered a most important service to her country, she seemed to have no fears on her own account, and she devoted this last day of her existence in writing to her father, and the deputy Barbaroux.

The first letter was to the deputy Barbaroux.

Citizen. You bid me inform you of the particulars of my voyage; I will not, therefore, make excuse for acquainting you with every circumstance.

I started in company with some members of the Mountain. Their manners, no less than their persons, were disagreeable to me; weary of their company, I fell asleep, that they might converse together as much as they pleased. One of those persons, interested perhaps in sleeping woman, endeavored to persuade me when I awoke, that I was the daughter of one I never saw, of whose name, moreover, I never even heard. In conclusion, he offered me his heart and hand, and would have instantly departed to obtain my father's consent to the union. This same person used every subterfuge to learn my name and address at Paris; I, however, resolutely refused to give them any information, authorized by this maxim of the virtuous and noble Raynal, that they had no right to be acquainted with the truth.

Arrived at Paris, I took up my abode in the rue des Vieux-Augustins, hôtel de la Providence. I next sought your friend Du Peiret. I know not what intelligence was conveyed to the council of general-safety respecting my conference with him. You know his undaunted spirit; he has answered, truly, and my deposition confirms his statement. He is guiltless, but his boldness of spirit may be considered criminal. I received his promise to join you: he is too rash to be safe here.

Would you believe it, Fauchet is imprisoned as my accomplice, who truly knew not that such an one as myself existed.

Chabot and Legende have both interrogated me. The former resembles a fool; the latter insists that I visited his house the same morning, although I never had the least thought of him. Indeed, I never believed he possessed great talent, and I never dreamt of punishing all the world.

In other respects the faction is beyond measure enraged that a woman of no importance should have to be offered as an expiatory sacrifice to the manes of the *great man*. O! pardon, men! his name is a dishonor to your species: a ferocious brute who would exterminate France by the torch of civil war. Now, *vive la paix!* Thanks, O Heaven, that he was not a Frenchman.

"I believe they have published Marat's last words. I much doubt that he uttered them. But here are the last words to me:—After having heard all your names, and those of the administrators of the Calvados, at Evreux, he told me by way of consolation, that *in the course of a few days he would have you all guillotined at Paris!* These last words decided

his fate. If the department erect a monument* to him opposite that of Saint-Fargeau, those words might be engraved in letters of gold.

I own that I employed a mean artifice to obtain an interview. I had reckoned when quitting Caen to sacrifice him in his place in the national convention—but he ceased to go there.

"They are such good republicans in Paris that they cannot conceive how a useless woman, whose longest life would be worth nothing, could sacrifice herself, *de sang froid*, to save her country. I fully expected to have been killed on the spot. Some generous men deserving all praise, have preserved me from an infuriated populace whose conduct, nevertheless, under the circumstances, was somewhat excusable. Though endued with sang-froid, my heart was wounded by the piercing cries of some women, but he who saves his country makes no reckoning of the cost.

May peace be re-established as soon as I desire. There is one great criminal disposed of; had such not been the case tranquillity would never have reigned. I have enjoyed the most delightful peace these two days. The prosperity of my country makes my happiness.

I do not imagine they will molest my father, who has sorrow sufficient on my account without being abused at their hands. I had written to him, latterly, that dreading civil war I was going into England. It was, then, my intention to have preserved an incognito respecting the death of Marat, and I purposed letting the Parisians vainly endeavour to discover my name. I beg of you, citizen, and your colleagues to defend my parent if accused on my account.

I never bore hatred except against one individual, and he has cause to know me. Those who regret my loss, would delight to see me in the Champs Eliseés, along with Brutus and other noble Romans—for the moderns torture me, they are so base! Small, indeed, is the number of true patriots who know how to die for their country, they are all so selfish.

They have transferred me to the Conciergerie and promised that my letter shall be safely forwarded. I proceed, therefore, to write you.

I have been interrogated at great length, and I beg you to obtain a copy of the proceedings should they have been published.

I had about me when arrested, an address to the friends of peace: I cannot transmit it to you, and I think that I shall, in vain, demand the publication of it.

I had intended, yesterday evening, offering my portrait to the department of the Calvados, but the committee of public safety, from whom I demanded it, have not answered my request, now it is too late to think of it.

* The law was, that no patriot could be placed in the Pantheon until one hundred years after his decease. There had been an infringement of this law in favor of Mirabeau*, on which occasion Marat declared he would forego the honors of the Pantheon rather than that his remains should be deposited in the same place with those of the hated Mirabeau.

The nation, however, called loudly for these honors for their patriot Marat, so that a decree was passed ordering the removal of Mirabeau.

On the same day, then—the 21st of September, 1794—when this glaring insult was offered to the ashes of Mirabeau, those of the execrable Marat were borne in triumph to the Pantheon, amidst reiterated cries of "*Vive la Republique!*"

"At length the tremendous cruelties of these republicans, Billaud and Varennes, excited so much horror and disgust, that, with the changed temper of the times, they could no longer escape the indignation and scourge of public feeling. The total alteration which had taken place in the minds of the mass of the people, not only manifested itself towards the living, but they even sought opportunities to display their resentment against their former favorite, Marat, by smashing his bust in pieces."

* See portrait, August 1832—the ugliest of men.

I must have an advocate; such is the custom. I have selected mine from the Mountain: it is Doulcet Pontécoulent. I think he will probably decline the honor—he would not, however, have much to do.

I have thought of demanding the aid of Robespierre, or Chabot.

* * * * *

To-morrow, at eight o'clock, I am to be tried. Probably by twelve *I shall have lived*, to speak the language of the Romans.

The courage of the inhabitants of Calvados deserves to be highly praised, since even the women are endowed with great firmness. In other respects, I know not how I shall pass the latter moments of my life, and it is the end which crowns the work. I need not affect insensibility to my fate, for up to this moment I have not had the least fear of death, nor ever valued existence, beyond the measure of its utility.

I hope du Perret and Fauchet will to-morrow be set at liberty. It is pretended that the latter person took me in a car to the convention. Why should he be busied in taking women there? As a deputy he has a place in the court, and as a bishop, he ought not to be with the women. It is, therefore, an error. But du Perret is blameless.

Marat will not rest in the Pantheon: nevertheless, he fully deserves a place there. I entreat you to compose for him a suitable funeral oration.

I trust you will not forget Madame Norbin's business, here is her address, should you need address her—"Alexandrine Forbin, à Mendrene, par Zurich, en suisse," and add that I love her with all my heart.

I am now about to say a few words to my Papa. I address none of my other friends. All I ask from them is speedy oblivion. Grief would dishonor my memory. Tell General Wimpffen that I think I have greatly helped him to win more than one battle, in thus laying the foundation of peace.

Farewell citizen, I commend myself to the friends of peace.

The prisoners in the Conciergerie, far from urging me as was attempted by those in the street, seemed disposed to pity my lot. Misfortune ever softens men's hearts: this is my parting remark.

"July 16, 1793."

(Signed)

"CHARLOTTE CORDAY."

She then addressed her father:—

"Pardon me, my dear papa, for having disposed of my existence without your consent. I have revenged many an innocent victim, and prevented many more crimes. A day will come that the French will rejoice in being freed from a tyrant. My motive for trying to persuade you that I was going to England, was that I had hoped to have preserved my *incognito*, but I soon saw it was impossible. I hope you will not be molested; in all cases you will find protectors at Caen. I have chosen Gustave Doulcet; it is merely for the form; such an action admits not of a defence.

"Farewell, my dear papa; forget me, or, rather, rejoice at my fate, the cause is such a glorious one. You know your daughter, and that a culpable motive could not have guided her hand. I embrace my sister, whom I love with all my heart as well as all my family. Farewell. Remember that Corneille says, "*Crimes beget disgrace and not the scaffold!*" It is to-morrow, at eight o'clock in the morning, that I am to be tried.

"July 16, 1793.

(Signed)

"CHARLOTTE CORDAY."

On Wednesday, the 17th of July, at eight o'clock in the morning, Charlotte Corday was brought before the revolutionary tribunal. The court was crowded to excess,

the judges had already taken their seats, the jurymen were in their places, and elevated above all, sat the President, or prosecutor for the people—the sombre Fouquier Tinville.*

Charlotte Corday advanced with a calm dignity and firm step. Although simply, nay almost negligently attired, she was lovely; for her's was a beauty that needed not the aid of dress or ornament to heighten its perfection. A murmur of admiration, although subdued by pity for her impending fate, ran through the assembled multitude, as, with an erect deportment, her blue eyes modestly bent to the ground, she took her place at the bar. Never had innocence worn a fairer aspect. There was no affectation of shyness or timidity; nothing constrained, at the same time that her manner was wholly exempt from anything approaching to that bold assurance, unhappily too often exhibited by those similarly situated, in whose eyes crime has lost its heinousness. She was modest, fearless, cheerful, apparently at peace with the world and with herself.

Fouquier Tinville ordered the act of accusation to be read.

Charlotte Corday listened attentively, but without betraying the slightest weakness. When concluded, the president commenced her examination in the usual terms:—"What is your name?"

"Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday."

"Where were you born?"

"In the parish of Saint-Saturnin-des-Lignerics."

"What is your age?"

"Nearly twenty-five."

"Where do you usually reside?"

"At Caen."

"Who is your counsel?"

"I had requested a friend to act for me, but not having heard from him since, I presume he has not the courage to undertake my defence."

This friend, was M. Doulcet de Ponticoulant, a native of the Calvados, and one of

* In his office of public accuser he inspired much terror, and showed, on all occasions, his utter disregard of the value of human life. A person was brought to the bar of the tribunal, of the name of Gamache; when the officer of the Court stepped forward and said, "this is not the man accused." "Never mind," said Fouquier; "bring him, nevertheless." The real Gamache then appeared, when both were sentenced to the guillotine, and immediately executed. Fouquier was the son of a farmer, and born in Héronelle in Picardy; he had been an attorney at the Châtelet, but having spent all he had he lost his situation. Having developed some fanatic and sanguinary feelings, he found favor in the eyes of Robespierre, and in cruelty soon equaled, if not surpassed, his patron. For Fouquier, pleasure had no attractions; he was generally very abstemious in his diet; his application was intense, and his business consisted in accusing and condemning. The only relaxation which he ever sought, was to see the victims suffer whom he had sent to the scaffold; and then his iron features would appear to melt for a moment, and even to soften into a smile, expressive of the delight he experienced in witnessing such spectacles. Whilst he was in power, he had the means of enriching himself; but he remained extremely poor, and lived in a mean apartment, which was miserably furnished, and his wife is supposed to have died of starvation. As he coveted neither comfort nor luxuries, money had no charms for him, therefore he was inaccessible to bribes, as his only enjoyment was that of causing persons to be put to death, and then seeing them die. He knew that wealth would not obtain him that gratification, but that he must depend upon his talents for that exquisite gratification. In 1795 his time came; but as he ascended the scaffold, he did not appear to derive the same pleasure from viewing the preparations for his own death. As he ascended the steps he was seen to tremble (it was suspected not with delight,) in spite of a smile which gave a satanic cast to his countenance, as he defied the gazing multitude.—*Madame Tussaud's Memoirs.*

the faction of the Montagne. Mademoiselle Corday had known him since she was at the convent of the Holy Trinity, where he was in the habit of visiting the abbess and some of the nuns.

For form sake, she required an advocate to plead her cause. Fouquier Tinville glanced around the court, and perceiving a barrister enter at the moment, he turned to the prisoner :—

“The court,” he said, “appoints the citoyen Chauveau la Garde* to undertake your defence.”

The citoyen bowed and instantly prepared for the office. Charlotte Corday gazed long and earnestly upon his countenance—anxiety was strongly depicted upon her own. She feared not death—for her mind had long been made up to die, but she dreaded a whining and humiliating defence.

“Let the witnesses come forward,” cried the president, in a loud voice.

The citoyenne Evrard,† of whom we have already spoken stated, that the prisoner had presented herself at Marat's house on the morning of the 13th of July, and that her refusal to admit her to the chamber of the deceased who was ill, had called forth murmurs of discontent. She, however, withdrew, saying she would call again as she had particular business with the citoyen. This she did at a little after seven on the evening of the same day. This time, the citoyenne declared she would not have admitted her, but for Marat himself, who, hearing the altercation from the closet where he was in a bath, called out to admit her if she were the person who had left the letter in the morning. She was accordingly ushered into the closet, where, by Marat's desire, they were left alone. “Not many minutes,” she continued, “had passed, before she heard a shriek, and the cry *à moi, ma chère amie, à moi*. Having alarmed the neighbours, she rushed into the closet, when, she added, I found Marat still in the bath, bleeding profusely from a wound in his side ; he looked at me, but did not speak. By this time, the neighbours had arrived, and with their assistance I took him out of the bath, and laid him upon his bed, where he expired in the course of a few moments, without having uttered a single word——”

Here the witness was interrupted by Charlotte Corday, exclaiming, energetically :—

“Yes, yes, it was I who killed Marat !”

No doubt the description of her act was revolting to her ‘woman's heart !’

At those fatal words, an indefinable sensation seemed to pervade the hearts of all her hearers. Her youth and beauty, the simplicity of her demeanour, the tones of her voice, so soft and so melodious, together with the dreadful fate that awaited her, all found commiseration in the bosoms of those present. After a protracted interval of unbroken silence, the president Fouquier Tinville again resumed :—

“Who induced you to assassinate Marat ?”

“His crimes,” answered Charlotte Corday.

* This highly talented gentleman who a few months later so nobly defended the beautiful and unhappy queen Marie-Antoinette, whose portrait and memoir appeared August 1836, died only three or four months since in Paris.

† His housekeeper, whom, as Charette expressed himself, “Marat had taken to wife one fine day before the face of the sun,” was considered as his widow, and maintained at the charge of the state.

"What do you mean by his crimes?"

"The misfortunes that he has caused since the commencement of the revolution, and those he was then preparing for France."

"Who are those who induced you to perpetrate this crime?" enquired the president.

"No person induced me," answered Charlotte Corday, proudly; "it is long since I first conceived the idea; for such an action I did not require the counsel of any person."

"Still," persisted the president, "some person must have suggested the idea to you?"

"When such actions are not spontaneous, they are ill performed," returned Charlotte Corday.

"What were your intentions for committing this crime?" demanded Fouquier Tinville.

"To put an end to the troubles that are desolating France, and to have gone over to England, had I escaped."

"What are the deputies about who have taken refuge at Caen?"

"They await the cessation of the anarchy to return to their posts."

"Which was it, to a licensed or to a recusant priest you were in the habit of confessing at Caen?"

"I neither confessed to the one nor to the other."

"How long is it since you first conceived this idea?"

"Since the affair of the 31st of May; since the proscription of the *Girondins*."

"How did you learn that Marat was an anarchist?"

"By the public papers: by those I learnt that he was overturning France, and, in short——" here Charlotte Corday elevated her voice, so as to be heard at the farthest extremity of the court; "in short, I killed one man to save an hundred thousand—a villain to save the innocent—a tiger to restore peace to my country! Long, long before the revolution I was a republican, and I have never been wanting in energy."

"What do you mean by *energy*?"

"By energy, I mean the sentiment that animates those, who, losing sight of their own private interest, sacrifice themselves for the good of their country."

Charlotte Corday was sublime in her replies!

These words, delivered with a peculiar inflexion of voice, thrilled to the very souls of her hearers. Never before had patriotism appeared to them in so attractive a form as in that of this noble and undaunted woman. The delusion under which Charlotte Corday had acted, rendered her crime comparatively excusable; her self-immolation to her country's welfare, seemed to them to deprive it of more than half its heinousness. True—Marat had fallen—but Marat, to the humane portion of the French nation was an object of the deepest detestation—a monster—a blood-thirsty tyrant—an object of disgust to his confederates even. He had been hunted down like a beast of prey—devoured with leprosy; death had marked him for his own—a few weeks more, nay days, perhaps, and the tomb would have closed over him! Charlotte Corday, then, had stricken but a corpse—and she was the victim about to be sacri-

ficed to the manes of one of France's deadliest foes ! 'So reasoned Charlotte's hearers ; nor was it scarcely to be wondered at, her unaffected simplicity of manner, her beaming countenance, in which the innocence of her mind was reflected as in a mirror, the elegance and dignity of her tall imposing figure, the natural grace displayed in every attitude—in all her movements the Roman character of her beauty, the play of her expressive features, ever in unison with the words she uttered ; all, all had tended to interest her auditory so deeply in her favor, that every eye, save of her stern judges, was suffused with tears ; and repeated sobs were distinctly audible.

"Do you imagine you have killed all the Marats ?" resumed Fouquier Tinville.

"No," replied Charlotte Corday mournfully ; "no," she repeated, after a brief pause, "but the fate of that one may terrify the others."

The remainder of the witnesses were now heard. During their examination mademoiselle Corday observed an artist occupied in taking a sketch of her features. With the presence of mind that never for an instant forsook her she instantly, and without the slightest affectation, placed herself in the most favorable position to suit his purpose, at the same time thanking him, by a slight inclination and an almost imperceptible smile. The witnesses examined, the president again turned to Charlotte Corday, and once more resumed his questions :—

"Have you anything to say in your defence ?"

"Nothing, except that I succeeded," and the animation of her countenance bespoke her satisfaction.

"How could you have looked upon Marat as the cause of the evils that are desolating France, he whose unceasing vigilance was to unmask traitors and conspirators ?"

"It was only the people of Paris that Marat had the power of fascinating ; in the other towns he was regarded as a monster !"

"How could you have looked upon Marat as a monster, you whom he only admitted to his presence through a feeling of humanity, because you wrote him word that you were unhappy and persecuted ?"

"It matters little that he should have shown humanity to me if he had proved himself a monster towards others."

Here was produced the sheath-knife used by Charlotte Corday to effect her purpose. At the sight of that fatal weapon, Charlotte Corday changed color ; for the first time her courage seemed shaken ; she turned from the instrument with visible abhorrence, and repelling it with her hand as the *huissier* presented it to her view, she answered quickly, and in a voice nearly inarticulate from emotion :—

"I know it, I know it ! It is the one I used to kill Marat !"

An awful silence followed these words.

After the lapse of a few minutes, Fouquier Tinville again pursued his interrogatories.

"You must have been long exercising yourself, so as to deal a single blow with such certain effect ?"

"No, I struck by chance—and all I can say is, that I succeeded."

"It has been clearly proved by the evidence of the surgeons, who examined the wound, that had you struck a little lower, or in a less slanting direction, you would not have killed Marat."

"Oh! the monster!" exclaimed Charlotte Corday, with a start, and in a voice of the deepest horror: "he takes me for an assassin!"

These words, and the manner of their utterance, produced an indescribable effect upon all who heard them. At a signal from the president, the *huissier* notified that the examinations were ended.

Fouquier Tinville arose, and in a few common-place sentences, declared, that in the name of the people whom he represented, it was his duty to demand the head of the assassin of Marat.

Charlotte Corday heard these words with the same calmness she had displayed throughout her trial. For one moment her eyes rested on the gloomy countenance of her judge, but resentment mingled not in that expressive look, nothing in fact was further from her noble mind, where all was peace and pardon.

The citizen Chauveau la Garde, now prepared to address the court in the prisoner's defence. The anxiety of all present became intense. A low confused murmur ran through the *salle d audience*, and was followed by a death-like silence. Of all that multitude, Charlotte Corday alone preserved her equanimity. Her face was turned towards her defender, and her looks said as plainly as looks could say:—*humble me not before mine enemies!* So, at least, they were interpreted by her counsel. M. Chauveau la Garde who limited his defence to the few following words:—

"The prisoner," he said, "avows with the utmost *sang froid* the dreadful crime she has committed. She even confesses its long premeditation, together with all its attendant circumstances. In a word, she makes a free and full confession of her guilt, and seeks not in the slightest manner to justify her act. This, citizens of the jury, is my whole defence: this immoveable calmness, this self-abnegation that precludes all remorse in the presence of death itself, however sublime, is not natural; it can only be accounted for by the exaltation of the political fanaticism that aimed her hand. It is for you, then, citizens of the jury, to decide the weight of this moral consideration in the scale of justice. To your wisdom, then, I commit the fate of my client."

As he spoke, an air of increasing satisfaction was apparent upon the countenance of Charlotte Corday, and when he had concluded, a smile of the most ineffable sweetness spoke her gratitude and her thanks.

The president Fouquier Tinville now submitted the three following questions to the jury:—

1st. "Is it certain that Marat has been assassinated?"

2nd. "Has Marie-Charlotte Corday been convicted of the crime of assassinating him?"

3rd. "Did she commit the crime with premeditation, and with criminal and revolutionary intentions?"

The verdict of 'guilty' was unanimously recorded by the jury; and the president proceeded to pass upon her the sentence of *death*, with confiscation of her property.

The prisoner heard her condemnation with the stoicism of a Roman heroine. It was not that she was callous to the awfulness of her situation, but that she gloried in it, and she was too ingenuous to affect what she did not feel. The idea, however

erroneous that she had restored peace to her beloved country by the sacrifice of her life, was to Charlotte Corday productive of the highest felicity. An expression we might almost say of beatitude animated her noble features.

The president now demanded if the prisoner had anything to allege against the sentence just passed upon her. A look of withering disdain was Charlotte Corday's eloquent reply.

Previous to quitting the court, Charlotte Corday placed in the hands of the president, the two letters to her father and the deputy Barbaroux, of which we have recently spoken, requesting that they might be forwarded to their respective destinations. She then expressed a wish for a few moment's conversation with the person who had defended her so much to her satisfaction.

Her thanks to M. Chauveau La Garde were expressed in a most captivating manner, and with a most enchanting smile.

"Your defence," she said, "was what it should have been—worthy of us both. Permit me in return to give you a proof of my gratitude. These gentlemen (and she turned towards her judges) tell me that my property is confiscated. I have contracted a few debts at the prison, to you I leave the care of their discharge."

Charlotte Corday was re-conducted to her chamber in the Conciergerie. On the way thither she was met by the Confessor who was in the habit of attending the prisoners in their last moments. She understood his meaning, and addressing him with her usual affability :

"Thank the persons for me," she said, "who have sent you ; but I do not require your assistance."

The priest bowed and withdrew.

So mild was the prisoner's demeanour—she seemed so resolute in meeting her fate upon the scaffold, that it was not thought necessary to fasten her hands.

Charlotte Corday passed the remainder of that day with the same tranquillity she had evinced throughout. She conversed freely with the Concièrge and his wife, dined with them and ate heartily of their humble fare. After dinner she returned to her dungeon where she remained without interruption until seven o'clock in the evening.

Upon entering her prison, Charlotte Corday had perceived a note at the bars of her window, suspended by a thread to a stone thrown from without ; Availing herself of a momentary cessation of the watchfulness of her keepers—she read as follows :—

Charlotte, sublime soul, incomparable woman ! Thy virtues and thy heroism are far beyond a plea so humble as mine. My devotion to thee will end only with my life. If, to-morrow, angelic creature, thou shouldst in thy passage of death receive, on thy road, a humble yet tender devotion, on beholding a young man deeply agitated, following thee with looks of admiration, that young man will be myself, those looks mine. Can the records of history furnish thy equal O Charlotte ! Rejoice France ! Rejoice Caen ! Thou hast produced a heroine in whom a rival would be vainly sought amongst the people of Rome or Sparta. Thy example, O daughter of France, will never be obliterated from my heart ; it will ever encourage me to love this country, of which I am but an adopted Son : I shall no longer have to dwell on the remembrance of the Heroes of antiquity, it will suffice to think of thee, —Charlotte Corday !

"Yes," I love this country, for which thou would'st suffer death. I love the punishment,

since thy evil judges have condemned thee! thoughts alone of advancing to meet the same death as thyself, will make me despise the power of my executioners.

"I come here seeking to enjoy liberty: but I find every where merit and virtue oppressed, ignorance and crime triumphant. I am weary of living amidst horrors committed in my very sight. Nothing remains to me now but the hope of dying upon the scaffold, honored by thy blood.

"Thou wilt pardon me—noble Charlotte, if I cannot exhibit in my last moments a courage and firmness equal to thine own. I shall, however, rejoice at thy superiority, for it is not fitting that the object adored should be superior to the adorer. "Adam Lux"

When Charlotte Corday read this note, she was moved to tears; there was one man in the world who loved her. This was a support sent like an angel of heaven to remove the bitter draught—when even at her lips.

These heartfelt cogitations were however quickly succeeded by great depression of spirits. This proffered love carried her back to the sky, the innocence of her early days, the blue of her native land, the woods, the flowers and the rich corn lands. She thought how easily the happiness of two persons might have been secured on the banks of the streams of Normandy, under a thatched roof. Thus she reverted in sadness, upon her solitude, her prison—her approaching death.

Some swallows swept along the azure sky, beating the air with their wings. In gloomy thought she further in fancy pictured the far distant countries which those migratory birds were about to visit with rapid wing, towards the close of autumn, which she—herself—would never again behold. It seemed to her that some of them even bent their way towards the land of her birth. She fondly charged them to bid adieu for her to the ancient church steeple, to her small tile-covered dwelling, and to the dilapidated cemetery, wherein her remains would never repose, the miserable victim of a scaffold. Moreover, in sorrow she remembered that the tombs in that sacred spot were covered with soft beds of moss and fungus, whereon the full moon at eventide cast her melancholy rays. Some pieces of wool and down were floating in the air—caught in the decayed bars of iron which secured the window.

She began then for the first time to question her own purpose, the deed which until now had appeared to her to be heroic and beneficial to the world, seemed to her almost a wild, rash and useless act. She enquired of herself if the sheep and the birds left not in their course more of their fleece and down upon the briars and thorns of the wild rose, than heroines in their passage through life upon the cold memory of man, a vast plain of sands whereon every thing is speedily effaced.

Some small twigs waved to and fro in an opening of the wall.

She said to herself, that, perhaps, woman, would do better seating himself hand joined in hand with some partner of his choice, instead of endeavoring to suppress revolutions.

Excitements instigating to mutual destruction, in most cases appeared not then to her equal in value to the moments she passed in the environs of Caen when gazing tranquilly upon the sea. She, therefore, asked herself, what mortals had to do in thus turmoiling themselves, when nature was before them on which to repose their thoughts.

The heavens exhibited to the sight of the prisoner a considerable blue space.

She contemplated with herself which would better please God, the hand which immolates tyrants, or the heart that loves:—and a voice replied to her:—Charlotte, Charlotte, you are perplexed and agitated: but you have not chosen the better course.

Her heart was rent with sorrow, she took a pen to answer the unknown.

Charlotte wrote for some minutes; an overwhelming feeling took possession of her; from time to time she was forced to rest her head upon her hand; tears fell from her eyes, and moistened the paper before her.

She was in the act of writing a letter when the fatal clock struck and at the same moment she heard a heavy footstep approaching; she turned round and beheld the executioner standing at her prison door.

“Already;” she exclaimed, in astonishment, and begged of him to stop one moment, whilst she folded and wafered her letters. The man’s only answer was, “Fille Corday!” to the cart.

Charlotte Corday regained her wonted serenity even in the face of death. Her momentary weakness had been witnessed only by her God; it was a slight tribute to humanity, and she was instantaneously and without an effort in the apparently happy state of indifference which, in the morning at her trial, had so astonished her judges.

One of the letters was as follows:—

“Doulcet de Pentécoult is a coward for having refused to defend me, when it was so easy to do so; he who undertook it acquitted himself with all possible dignity, and I shall preserve a grateful remembrance of him to my latest breath.”

The letter was evidently not concluded, and was neither directed nor signed. It is not known for whom she intended it.

Charlotte Corday had now to undergo the dreadful preparation for the guillotine, called the toilette. We have had occasion, in a former Memoir,* to mention in what it consisted.

The executioner in compliance with a wish she expressed of not having her hair cut, fastened it at the back of her head. A crimson shift was next thrown over her dress, and her hands tied behind her back. Thus equipped she was conducted to the charrette† that stood ready at the prison gate to convey her to the *Place de la Guillotine*, termed by prisoners the living bier. The horse habituated to this trip moved regularly and heavily along.

Charlotte Corday was gazed at in her passage by the ferocious countenances of an enraged multitude assembled at the prison entrance, who poured upon her a torrent of abuse. The whole length of her transit from the prison to the place de la Révolution she encountered on either side a double file of men and women yelling hideously.

These disgraceful sallies were met by her with modest dignity, noble serenity, and incomparable propriety of demeanour. An air of kindness breathed forth from her benevolent countenance, her forehead white as marble, her cheeks slightly colored

* See Memoir of Madame de Lavellette, Magazine of May 1, 1841.

† This appendage was added by the law to the toilette of those executed for murder.

with the bloom of youth; her blue eyes disengaging themselves from time to time from beholding this vast, indignant and insulting crowd, to raise them up to Heaven.

Her calmness and her fortitude forsook her not, even for an instant, during the whole line of rout; her conscience sustained her from the abandonment of despair in a voice louder than the cries of the irritated crowd; she went to the place of execution like Jeanne d'Arc without being moved by the bitter persecutions of her enemies.

On the scaffold, Charlotte Corday was again offered the services of a priest, but again declined the offer.

It was half-past seven o'clock—the hour that Marat had ceased to exist—as Charlotte Corday stood upon the fatal platform of the guillotine. Beautiful as she ever was, she was never more lovely than at that moment. Her brow was as fair as marble, and her cheeks most delicately tinged with the hue of the rose.

Upon being asked if she felt no remorse for her crime, she answered mildly, but firmly:—

“I do not, cannot repent of my conduct. I die contented, since I have erased from the lists of men, a monster who dishonored them by every species of crime.”

The executioner now seized hold upon his victim. Charlotte Corday had lost nothing of her courage in presence of the instrument of death. The crowd gazed on in silent astonishment, awed by her intrepidity and heroic calmness. As the fellow dragged off the handkerchief that covered her neck, a blush of indignation mantled her cheeks and brow with a bright crimson. There was not much more to be done. With a smile, radiant with happiness, her mild blue eyes raised to Heaven, Charlotte Corday bowed her head beneath the blade. In another instant the executioner exposed to view, holding it up by its long brown hair, the head of one of the most beautiful, most devoted, and most heroic women that ever existed!

[The following particulars are from the Times newspaper and the Annual Register. The reader will thereby see the opinions entertained in England immediately after the occurrence; and also that the love with which Adam Lux was inspired was no fiction.]

(From the Times Newspaper of July, 1793.)

CHABOT,—“Your committee had for a considerable time been told, that a deep plot was to accompany the fête of July 14th. It was partly executed yesterday evening: and the single point now is, the effecting of that counter revolution in Paris on the same day that its inhabitants acquired liberty. In order to accomplish this all the deputies of the mountain were to be assassinated; for which purpose the conspirators of Caen kept up a criminal correspondence with their accomplices, your colleagues, who still sit in this assembly. The day that Charlotte Cordé the woman who struck Marat the fatal blow, arrived in Paris, Duperret received a courier extraordinary from Caen. Who was that courier? that very Cordé. Duperret communicated the dispatches to Fouchet.”

“That” continued he, in causing the assassination of Marat the conspirators said the Sans Coulottes, who were of his way of thinking, will wish to revenge his death. They will march to Calvados: they will there meet men of a different opinion. A civil war will commence: and in the midst of these troubles we will establish the counter revolution. What would this revolution be? it would be the recall of the intriguers whom you have only driven away in part, for you have taken pity on Fouchet, who retired during the storm, and who has only returned to the convention to intrigue afresh. These conspirators were to revise your constitution, and leave the people destitute of laws to waste themselves in anarchy. This was the aim of their plot.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]

"A woman has been the first instrument of their crimes: this woman who has plunged a knife into Marat's bosom, seems to me to be one of those who, during the time of the legislative assembly, spoke to Gaudet in favor of the conspirators of Caen. This woman wrote thus to "Marat" last Friday:—"Your civism must make you desirous to discover conspirators. I have a very important one to communicate to you, and therefore beg you will hear me at your house." She presented herself there yesterday morning, but not seeing him, left another note:—"Have you received my letter? if you have received it, I rest upon your politeness. It is enough that I am unfortunate to claim your attention."

"You see, citizens, that this female conspirator rendered justice to the civism of "Marat" who died as he lived the constant friend of the people. Yesterday evening she again went to his house: and Marat who has ever made so many sacrifices to humanity ordered his doors to be opened to her. She spoke much about the conspirators who had fled to Caen. He answered her, that they would one day leave their heads upon the scaffold. At these words she plunged her knife into his bosom, (Cambon shews the instrument,) Marat had only time to say, "I am dying."

His servant entered the room and made a cry,—people ran to her assistance. This new Tisephone went out with audacity; she was stopped. She might have assassinated herself but she did not. When we told her that she would lose her head upon the scaffold, she looked at us with a smile of mockery. She reckons upon the success of the traitorous plots of Caen, and doubtless expects to escape punishment.

"In the pockets of this abominable woman were found 150 livres in silver and 140 in assignats, a letter addressed to Marat, a passport delivered the 8th of April by the municipality of Caen, her baptismal certificate, a gold watch, &c., on her neck the sheath of the knife, and a writing in the form of an address to the French people.

"The extracts of her certificate of baptism, dated July 28th, 1768, state that she was born of M. Jean François Cordé, and Charlotte Godier his wife.

This woman went in the morning to Legrenré's house: but he refused to see her. She said she could not be guilty of two murders, and that it was necessary to begin with Marat."

A decree of Arrest was demanded against Duperret. He wished to speak. The decree was obtained, and he was only permitted to be heard at the Bar.

Duperret,—"Last Thursday my daughter received in my absence, a packet directed to me; it contained printed papers, already known in Paris, and which my colleague, Barbaroux, sent me from Caen with a letter which I shall read. The bearer of the packet, was the woman who has killed Marat: when taken, I went home to dinner, the woman returned and gave me a letter from Barbaroux, who recommended her to me for some private business. I might be silent upon the letter, but—secure in my conscience, I can dissemble nothing, and still less conceal that I join in the sentiments of my absent colleagues and my department.

"I address to you, my dear and good friend," said he, "some interesting works, which it is necessary to distribute." The work written by Salle relative to the Constitution, is that which might produce the best effect. I beg of you to remit to the Home department, the papers of a young lady, concerning whom, you will be spoken to. The female citizen who is the bearer of this letter, interests herself greatly in the affair. All goes on well here, it will not be long before we shall be under the walls of Paris.

Duperret continued:—"This woman begged me to take her to the house of the Minister for Home affairs. Gerat was not at home; and, upon mentioning to his porter that I was deputy, he told me to call in the evening, at eight o'clock. I then asked the woman if she had the papers respecting her affairs: I added, that my recommendation would be of little weight: She answered me that she should not again go to the ministry. In the course of my walks, she frequently invited me to quit the Convention, where I could not do any service to the Republic. I replied: I should remain at my post till I was driven from it. I have no further knowledge of Charlotte Cordé. She appeared to me in the interviews that I had with her—a woman of intrigue, occupied with some important object. She gave me her address, and took mine. This is all the conversation I had with her.

July 16.—The funeral of Marat was celebrated the day before yesterday, with the greatest pomp and solemnity. All the Sections joined in the procession; some with colours, but all with their standards. An immense crowd of persons attended it, four women bore the bathing machine in which Marat was when he was assassinated. His dress stained with blood, was carried by another Amazon, at the top of a pike. After this followed a wooden bedstead, on which the corpse of Marat was carried by citizens. His head was uncovered, and the gash made by the knife of the assassin, could be easily distinguished. The procession paraded through several streets, and was saluted on its march by several discharges of artillery. At half-past ten at night the remains of "Marat" were deposited in a grave dug in the yard of the club of Cordeliers between four hidden trees. At the base of his bed of state, the following words were inscribed:—

"*Marat, the friend of the people assassinated by the enemies of the people. Enemies of the country moderate your joy: He will find avengers.*"

Charlotte Cordé was tried yesterday for the murder of the friend of the people, by the revolutionary tribunal. At the beginning of her trial she thus addressed her judge:—

“I did not expect to appear before you—I always thought that I should be delivered up to the rage of the people, torn in pieces, — and ~~that~~ my head, stuck on the top of a pike, would have preceded—“Marat.” Oh! Frenchmen—if there are still any worthy of that name.

But, happen what will, if I have the horrors of the guillotine, and my clay cold remains are buried, they will soon have conferred upon them the honor of the Pantheon, and my memory will be more honored in France, than that of Judith in Bethulia.” Sentence of death was then pronounced upon this resolute woman, and she was executed in the evening.

Private letters from Paris observed that Charlotte Cordé, the assassin of “Marat,” had private motives of her own for committing this act. It is said that she sacrificed this villain to the manes of a friend whom he had caused to be guillotined.

(*From the Annual Register, 1793.*)

“An incident which happened soon after the flight of the Girondists deputies to Caen afforded means of enforcing a belief in certain reports, and was attended with circumstances calculated to render the insinuations probable.

Marat was known by no acts of his political life more than by his constant and persevering antipathy to this party! and their principle leaders had not considered their strength and talents misemployed in combating this little incendiary. The walls of the convention had frequently resounded with their complaints. They had procured his accusation before the revolutionary tribunal, and their publications teemed with invectives quite as unsparing, and little more decorous than his own. After their expulsion, Marat (June 3d) wrote a letter to the convention, declaring that he would no longer exercise his functions till they were brought to a trial. He did not, however, adhere to this determination, as it was not possible to risk so perilous a measure as the trial, while the departments continued unsubdued, and Paris in a state of uncertainty. He continued his virulent persecution against the obnoxious party, as long as his health permitted him to attend the convention; and when that was no longer possible, his letters breathed the same sentiments. His health was rapidly declining, and his life threatened by a complication of disorders—among which was the leprosy.

July 13.—His existence was terminated by the frantic resolution of a young woman, of good family, whose father resided at Caen, the districts where the fugitive deputies were collected. The name of this lady was Maria Ann Victoria Charlotte Corday. She was well educated, and living in a state of moderate affluence. While Louvet and his associates were at Caen, this young woman called at the Town-house, where they lodged, and conversed some time with Barbaroux, who had been the companion of her earliest years; she appears to have been in some degree privy to their plans, though probably she did not disclose her own, but was instigated to something desperate, by suspicions which Pétion expressed, either of her patriotism or her courage. She travelled to Paris in a public vehicle, and on the day of her arrival was introduced to Duperret, a deputy to whom she carried a letter from Barbaroux. The ensuing day she purchased a knife, and went to the house of Marat, where she ineffectually solicited audience. She afterwards wrote him two letters, declaring she was arrived from Caen, and wishing to communicate important intelligence; the second procured her admission, about half-past seven in the evening.

Marat was just come out of the bath and seated himself half undressed near her on a sofa; he asked many questions respecting the deputies at Caen, and the administration of the department at Evreu, and having extracted, as he thought, the utmost information from his visitor, said that he would in a few days have all the administrators guillotined at Paris. This denunciation served as a signal to Charlotte Corday, who immediately plunged her knife into his heart; he fell back, crying to the woman with whom he lived, “help, help, my dear friend;” but before she could reach the apartment, he expired.

The assassin, contrary to her expectation, was conducted to the prison of the Abbaye, unmolested by the populace; on her trial before the revolutionary tribunal, she avowed the act, said she was instigated only by her own conviction of the crimes which Marat had committed and meditated, and that she had neither advisers nor confidants.

She behaved during her imprisonment, and on her trial, and to the very moment of her execution with the utmost calmness and presence of mind, and her letters and discourses were even distinguished by a certain degree of wit and playful gaiety.

The charms of her person are highly extolled; and the strength of mind she displayed, and the vile character of the wretch whom she destroyed, have given to her name a favorable reception, which ought never to have been bestowed on an assassin.

It is not the least wonderful in this extraordinary transaction, that the conduct of Charlotte Corday inspired a young man of the name of Lux, supernumerary deputy from Mentz, with a violent passion. His enthusiasm in her cause consigned him to the guillotine, and he died a professed and exulting victim to her charms. But if the enemies of Marat were too lenient in their judgment of Charlotte Corday, their error was slight, compared with the absurdity displayed in the extravagant homage paid to the deceased demagogue of his fac-

tion, and, through them, by all France; it is, indeed, among the most abject degradations to which the human mind can be subjected, to see a whole people, in an enlightened age, in the professed search of philosophy, truth and liberty, prostrated before the image of a wretch, more ugly than the idols of Tartar worship, and more malignant than the spirit whom the unlettered Indian adores through fear.

Yet an impure and odious love on one side, and an abject and disgraceful fear on the other, prevented the raising of a single voice or a single hand against the national prostration, before the shrine, the bust, the picture, the very name of Marat. His death was announced in the convention, the commune, and the clubs as a national calamity and disgrace; his eulogy was pronounced with enthusiasm, by members of each, by orators of deputations and sections who attended en masse. His half putrid body was laid in state, and exposed to idiot adoration; his funeral was attended by the convention and constituted authorities, and rendered ridiculous and disgusting by a thousand absurd and anti-Christian fooleries; he was extolled above those of "Cato, Aristides, Socrates, Timolion, Fabricius, and Phocion;" a section of Paris assumed his name, which was also given to several ports and places belonging to the republic; and, finally, it was decreed (Nov. 20.) amidst unbounded proplauses, that the bust of Mirabeau, should be excluded from the Pantheon to make room for that of "Marat."

Notwithstanding the general contumely and detestation, a young man was waiting for hours amongst the crowd, for the arrival of the cart which was to convey Charlotte Corday to her place of execution. The individual in question bore two remarkable and attractive names, ADAM LUX—the first man, and light.

He had been sent from Mayence by the National Assembly to solicit the re-union of that city with the French republic. Of a highly contemplative and enthusiastic temperament, which was further refined under the grey skies of Germany, he found himself at twenty almost a stranger, as it were, on the earth, unable to meet with a soul possessing a corresponding sympathy.

A doctor of philosophy at Mayence, like Mademoiselle Corday he had studied in the school of Jean Jacques Rousseau; his mind was full of illusive hopes.

Towards the end of the 18th century men of station resembled the Jews of old, when the infant Saviour was born in Bethlehem; they were upon the tip toe of expectation that some change was about to take place in their destinies. They believed that the, until that time, ungenial sun was about to visit some more favored land. The young doctor went, then, like the magi of old to behold the nascent revolution in its very cradle. At Paris his illusion burst, his allusions fell to the ground, and instead of this Paradise which he had figured to himself, he beheld a land moistened with tears and stained with blood. He thought to have gathered the flower of liberty and he encountered only cruel thorns; painfully discouraged, he gave himself up to fell despair.

Like all these choice and rare natures, Adam Lux had spent a solitary life, unable to discover one corresponding soul to bear him company. Thus had he wasted his days without forming any liking or attachment either for person or place. He loved from preconceived opinions, as if by intuition. He had fashioned for himself a wife, but the image of his fancy was so confused, his ideal was so far above the ordinary proportions of nature, that he wholly despaired of ever meeting with a living reality; until, at length, he began to think that it was an idle chimera born of his own brain which would perish alike in his own bosom.

So pure and so exalted were his imaginings of the passion of love, that his soul was filled with sorrow at the impossibility of his finding such a companion as his heart desired—and virtue, liberty, devotion, courage, martyrdom, conscience—he was prepared to declare were merely empty sounds, when his wandering gaze, fell, at length, on this ill-fated individual.

From the day when Charlotte Corday was arrested, he had unceasingly watched this noble-minded heroine. Vainly had he that morning tried to attend her trial in the revolutionary chamber; in the evening he went to behold her die. He wore in his button-hole the green ribbon which had fallen from her dress in her conflict with the woman on the stairs of Marat's house.

For some hours, as already mentioned, he stationed himself in the Rue Saint-Honoré which was crowded by a vast concourse of persons: his imagination pictured to him a haughty and courageous woman boldly advancing to meet her doom; but

what was his astonishment when he beheld Charlotte Corday approaching with a benignant expression of countenance ! instead of a bold, self-command which he had anticipated : he shed tears of surprise when seeing her beautiful blue-eyes so modestly fringed with her long dark eye-lids ; her soft yet searching gaze ; those brisk and humid sparks which shot so tenderly from the dilated pupils of her eyes, touching even the very soul ; eyes, indeed, which would have tamed the wild fawn—the last look of a fallen angel.

His soul's spirit seemed that instant to have fled—his whole heart followed the monotonous funeral roll of this horrible vehicle, conveying to slaughter all that he had ever loved.

As Charlotte Corday passed, her gaze met that of Adam Lux : she remarked the thoughtful and poetic countenance of this fine, handsome, dark-visaged young man, who with melancholy air, was posted at the upper extremity of this dense, tumultuous, and brutish multitude ; the sentiments silently portrayed by his quivering and anxious lips ; the green ribbon in his vest, and each silently declared in this rapid look more than either would have ventured to have entrusted to the other's keeping had they tête-à-tête conversed together for a thousand years in the silent recesses of some deep wood. One look ! the soul's rays commingling as they shot with the quickness of lightning from the one to the other ; behold ! this was all that kindled mutual love in the breasts of these individuals ! all that instantaneously united the everlasting destiny of a pair incapable of beholding each other, except through the intervening presence of a host of armed men.

This rapid coup d'œil sufficed, however, to sustain the courage of Charlotte Corday which was about to yield to the increasing rage of an insulting populace ; she needed, indeed, the presence of some angelic spirit, with its holy over-shadowing wings, to preserve her in this den of lions.

His sympathetic soul awakened new energy in her breast, and with unshaken firmness she continued her dreadful voyage. What woes could this enraged and furious multitude now inflict upon her ? Amongst all these upraised heads ready to dash against her like furious waves, there was one being who loved her : and on him alone she centered her regards.

No sooner had she reached the place de la Révolution, than an awful shouting burst forth from all the adjacent streets. The scaffold, as already mentioned, was erected in the centre of the square.

Charlotte Corday still preserved the same sweet and condescending air at this near approach to her latter end, as she had all along maintained towards her accusers and condemners. Her countenance was, indeed, more serene than ever : never had she appeared so beautiful. Her long hair fell negligently over her neck, her unruffled and dignified forehead opposed its marble whiteness to the furious heat of the populace ; from her vermilion lips there was exhaled the freshness of a pure conscience ; and her bearing was at once simple, modest, and firm. Her cheeks preserved all their roses, the hand of death only the more ennobled her, for death brought her nearer to God. It was half-past seven, the hour at which Marat died in his bath.

Charlotte Corday ascended the steps of the platform with firmness. She passed unappalled over the smooth damp planks on which had flowed the blood of kings'. "Nevertheless," says a French author, "she was not then sustained by the arm of God, like the son of St. Louis, but was abandoned to all the weakness of human nature : no hand beside her to direct her mind to the abode of the Just ! no voice exclaiming " mount to Heaven."

This woman, nevertheless, humbled not herself. Her countenance exhibits no sign of internal emotion. A noble and self-determined independence sustains her in the face even of death ; and like the haughty Romans of old whose days terminated like a dream, she was not about to die ; she was only about to put on a new existence.

Adam Lux had followed the cortège—and arrived at the foot of the scaffold ; he gazed on her—on her, his good, his treasure, his paradise, his idol, brutally handled by an executioner. His maddened eye was riveted on this girl, "delicate, descended from a family of distinction, perfect in form, and well educated," (as he himself depicted her ;) upon this modest virgin victimised by these men, and he demanded of

himself, in veriest agony, if an angel from Heaven would not descend to save her : sorrowful and mournful spectacle for this tardy love ! which for a whole life has been seeking its existence in a desert, and at length hath found it, when there is no longer time for loving—when between the enjoyment of this love and the object of his adoration, the awful scaffold exhibits itself with threatening air, armed on all sides.

Charlotte Corday, seemed, now, however, fully impressed with the situation in which she stood, the destiny that awaited her : may be, she had sent toward Heaven in silent prayer, a humble petition which had brought her assurance of the divine pardon : may be, her beautiful speaking and upraised eyes gave utterance to this prayer ; but we deeply regret, says our author, that no prayer was audible, nor was there any altar before which she knelt, nor even the steps of the scaffold where she could have expressed her repentance and have declared the purity, at least, of her intentions.

Philosophy of the last age ! how reserved, how cold. True, indeed, that Providence, apart from religion, had brought to the foot of this same scaffold, all that existed of what was most admirable, most noble, and most holy in the world ! a pure and luckless devotion.

Adam Lux was there : the lover instead of the priest. He it was who performed the last offices of religion for the poor condemned ; his was the upraised spirit which brought pardon, the extended hand which absolved her from crime, the open mouth which exclaimed, " soul of a Christian, ascend to Heaven."

The people, meanwhile, poured forth their incessant imprecations upon the head of Charlotte Corday. Nor need astonishment be here expressed at these brutal clamours and furious cries of vengeance which, in France, are sure to attend the execution of every regicide ! The monarchy had not stamped upon the mind of the people, a milder bearing than did the republic : similar excesses had occurred at the execution of Ravaillac, where the greatest effort alone prevented the crowd from tearing him, living, in pieces ; no sooner, however, was he decapitated, than they cast themselves like vultures upon his corpse ; " nor" says an historian, " was there a soul, though sprung from affectionate parents, who was indisposed to take part in the revolting act : " many drank his blood : and the remains, broken, mutilated and torn asunder by the executioner, were during three days dragged through the rivulets of Paris.

Marat was the second king of the revolution ;* the people mourned him, and were inconsolable at his loss. Charlotte Corday, however, essentially, in fact, served this man. He was passing away gradually like a shadow. His absence from the convention ; his resolve to obtain the dictatorship, his melancholy seclusion would not have failed, in the end, withdrawing from this invalid the attention and lively interest of the multitude ; his violent death restored their affection to its pristine strength, and worked them to a pitch of phrenzy : Marat, thank this woman !

Charlotte Corday for ever preserved in face of the public indignation, and even though beholding the fatal knife suspended aloft from the hideous machine, the same unalterable grace ; and, to the close of her life, even when under the awful knife, a calm and forgiving aspect. She was patient and submissive to the punishment.

One moment, however, when the servant of the executioner had taken from off her neck the large white covering of her bosom and her shoulders, her sense of modesty was aroused, and a slight vermilion hue rose in her cheeks : how surpassingly lovely was she not at that instant.

" In thy mother's name—sir," exclaimed she, " cover me !"¹

This exhibition of offended modesty was immediately repressed ; her countenance re-assumed its wonted severity ; neither fear nor indignation had in anywise created the sentiment which had caused her to blush.

Oh ! How could the hearts of those who witnessed this, be untouched with pity at so moving a sight ?

No much grace, wit, and nobility of soul brutally dragged over the planks of a scaffold ; soft white hands destined to pour forth the aspirations of a well stored mind, or to delineate with graceful art, bound tightly with huge cords ; a youthful and delicate neck, on which angels of Heaven might have bestowed kisses, coldly ex-

* The first was Mirabeau.

posed for a cruel knife to work its deed of blood ; What a scene ! ~~would one not~~ have been tempted, even whilst this necessary act of retributive ~~but terrible~~ justice was about to be performed, to have cursed, (says our author,) notwithstanding their advantages ! revolutions which have given occasion for a woman to seize a dagger !

Her luxuriant health, the rosy hues of childhood, strengthened in the fields and by a pure atmosphere; this full-formed and attractive beauty; this ruddiness of visage, full of roses; this long thick hair; this animated gaze from a blue eye, tempered by a thick eyebrow, produced altogether, along with the mournful guillotine, which was about to destroy all those perfections, a most appalling effect. Oh ! when will mankind comprehend that they must not self-willedly sacrifice what God has made for himself !

This fair and beautiful creature, born for pure love ; this pearl of price and beauty, the possession of whom would have conferred upon this young man the happiness of Heaven, was now enduring excruciating torture amongst the crowd below, behold what society mercilessly sacrifices to the knife of the executioner, thereon to play his part and leave it a corpse. Fairly upon the guillotine Charlotte Corday for the last time cast her regards about her.

As it was summer, the day was not spent. The long alleys of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées scattered with the evening winds the dust which had clogged their long branches ; at sight of these trees, whose fresh and perfumed bows encircled the guillotine, Charlotte Corday could have called to remembrance the green foliage of Normandy. Like the virgin of Domerai, she could recall to mind the soft sayings of her childhood, but of stronger mind than Jeanne D'Arc, she wept not.

The Heavens were overcast ; big clouds, which from time to time had moistened the soil, threatened to pour forth more abundant waters. Some drops of rain, carried by the wind, had wet the extremity of the platform.

On a sudden, in this square crammed with people, before the mourning palace of the Tuileries, at the very place where had flowed the blood of kings, the beautiful and intellectual head of a woman, at a movement by the executioner, and before the eyes of the all-powerful mob, fell from its trunk.

The immense crowd was silent. The guillotine was prepared for removal. The storm burst suddenly sending forth large drops of rain. When pure blood like this has flowed over the planks of a scaffold and upon the pavement of a city, the waters of Heaven are indeed requisite to wash out the stain.

Justice was satisfied : an attendant, however, at the guillotine, one Legros (and well he deserves such a name) took the pale head of the deceased by its long hair, and buffeted it, thrice, before all the people : the head colored deeply and indignantly under this affront ; the internal feelings were in fact outwardly exhibited upon the cheeks to accuse this man.*

A hollow murmur then arose amongst the crowd. Their hearts disowned this act of base and extra-judicial vengeance. The friends of the revolution, the inhabitants of Paris desired her punishment, and her remorseless enemies had no pity for her, but they consented not to continue the punishment after her death, there was but one soul, and he the executioner, capable of such baseness.

The revolutionary committee afterwards punished this servant. May his conscience have also risen in accusation against him.

The people departed, however, with the impression of the justness of this execution ; their minds were still filled with horror at the crime committed against Marat, no less than impressed with the remembrance of the courage, the propriety of demeanour, and the beauty of the young woman whose life was sacrificed, whose head had been severed by the executioner.

Adam Lux quitted the place of execution with a soul heavy as death. Night and day this head haunted his imagination : pale, yet surpassingly beautiful, and still in the executioner's hands.

Earth seemed to him a place of horrors, governed by a set of monsters unfit for rational man to dwell with.

* This blushing was quoted by the learned, at that time, as a proof that the head, though separated from the body, survived for some moments in a state of consciousness.—Upon this subject we some short time back published a curious paper.

This enthusiastic admirer, borne thus conspicuously by the boisterous waves of the revolution, was one of those souls which had arrived too soon, which have not in their time been blessed with fair weather to ripen them. Providence foresees those who lack understanding; as blasted grains are perceptible to the husbandman. But, in the end, nothing is lost in this world; melancholy and reflective natures are continued in other beings, their sentiments are handed down: souls prematurely ripe resemble the too early fruits which fall from a tree, which, nevertheless, only give place to other fruits.

One day, perhaps, we learn that the sweet and solitary dreams of a visionary have effected more for the cause of humanity than the ambitious efforts of a man in action. Adam Lux was a fugitive light; a meteor which was soon to be extinguished: but who knows if these nocturnal fires burning before their time in the world, are not the necessary precursors of an aurora? He had entered the world for three special purposes, to meditate, love and die.

At the sight of Charlotte Corday, dragged in this horrible car "his heart was filled with violent emotions, which until that time, had been wholly unknown to him; emotions, whose sweetness was his equalled by their bitterness, and to be blotted only but from remembrance with his last sigh."

This sentiment of love, full of gall, penetrated deeply into the heart of Adam Lux, and caused him to feel a thorough disgust for life; he could no longer exist in a world where the being he adored ceased to dwell. He longed to unite his kindred soul with hers; he wished to follow her in her flight to immortality.

When Charlotte Corday was cast into prison, a man had run thither, demanding, with eyes suffused with tears and supplicating hands, to take her place, and undergo in her stead the punishment designed for her. The gaolers disregarded his petition and he returned in confusion. This man was Adam Lux.

He, desired, then, to make an expiatory sacrifice of himself to her manes, since his life would not purchase her safety. The look of this woman remained indelibly fixed in his soul, and called him to Heaven. This unpropitious love, awakened too late for indulgence on earth, whence it had been cut asunder by the scaffold, must elsewhere have an existence.

As Adam Lux was a doctor in philosophy, he reasoned logically with himself, in order to prove that man perishes not entirely in the tomb, and that in quitting this world, the previous impressions yet remain indelibly fixed upon the soul.

If there exist in the heart of man, a passion tending to confirm the sentiment of immortality, it is unquestionably that of love. How, otherwise, could the warmth of devotion survive an extinguished flame? or what be signified by those eternal longings for a re-union with the beloved object, if the latter were nothing in reality but a few particles in motion, having the appearance of life.

Moreover, almost all the grand strivings have partaken of a religious character, like that of 1793; and men are sacrificed who possess pure and lofty sentiments which rescue them from death's victory.

O mors ubi est victoria tua!

A few days before the execution of Charlotte Corday, a young deputy extraordinary arrived from Mayence, with a death-like hue of visage; when Marat had been stabbed, the fair German, with blue eyes, addressed the following writing to the committee of safety:—"I detest the murder, and never would I give encouragement to it. When, however, it has fallen on a representative of the people,—assassination assumes a character still more reprehensible. I am not, however, the less disposed to render justice to sublime courage and exalted virtue. Let us for instance take the opinion of posterity, always equitable judges of this act of Charlotte Corday's.

A sensitive female, well born, of attractive person, well educated, whose bosom is animated by an ardent passion to serve her perilled country, thinks that it is requisite to sacrifice herself to save it from destruction, by depriving one man of life whom she imagines to be the author of all these public sufferings*. She purposes

* What was the sentiment in many a breast when Napoleon was threatening to invade this country? This reader, seriously ask yourselves, and honestly call to mind *your own opinion then.*

this on the 2nd June; and on the 7th July with determined resolution quits her peaceful home: she divulges her purpose to no one: regardless of the excessive heat, she undertakes her journey—she arrives—she executes a project, which, according to her hopes would save the lives of millions of men. She foresaw her fate, yet disregards the issue; she even maintains her firmness—her presence of mind,—her sweetness of temper, from the commencement of her imprisonment, during a period of four days—even the term of her existence. From her departure from prison, even to her arrival upon the scaffold, she maintains unshaken placidity. When in the car, without support or consolation she still preserved like equanimity, the same superhuman sweetness, exposed as she was to unceasing buffets and reproaches.

Her looks ever the same, seemed sometimes anxiously surveying the vast multitude to catch if possible a glimpse of one sensitive being amongst them . . . she ascends the scaffold . . . she expires . . . and her noble soul rises high as that of Cato or Brutus.

Thus did she soar on high, leaving in the breast of every one deep cause for sorrow, and sympathy; and, in my bosom, interminable regrets and sorrow.

I vote, that on the very spot where she died, there be erected to the immortal memory of Charlotte Corday, a statue with this inscription:—

PLUS GRANDE QUE BRUTUS !

Paris, the 19 July, 1793: Second Year of the one indivisible Republic.

ADAM LUX, French Citizen.

The reading of this document produced upon the mind of the committee of safety, the effect anticipated by Adam Lux: two gens-d'armes were sent to arrest him, and he was consigned to prison exulting in his lot. "At length," he exclaimed, "I am going to die for Charlotte Corday!"

In presence of his judges, Adam Lux made no attempt at justification; on the contrary, he seemed to fear their clemency: "I pray thee," said he, "honor me by a death from your guillotine, which punishment, henceforth, by the pure blood shed there on the 17th July, is divested of all its ignominy!"

The judges condemned him to death. Adam Lux would have embraced them in the extreme of gratitude. This was the happiest day of his life.

He entered the Conciergerie with signs of great joy: "rejoice," said he, to the other captives, "I am about to quit this prison, soon shall I break my bonds."

"Are you to be acquitted?" enquired his companions with an envious air.

"Yes," replied he, "acquitted, you have guessed, exactly, for since *she* no longer lives, my prison is this habitable world; life is death. To-morrow I shall live."

During the night, the prisoners, as was their wont, entered into mutual pastimes; sometimes serious, sometimes comic, but the scaffold always formed part of the plot of these acted pieces, the actors repeating their parts beforehand, one to the other, in order to execute their tasks in a fitting manner when the day should arrive for the grand representation. Everything was faithfully exhibited in these mysteries, as in actual life—blood, tears, acts, grotesque and noble; they imitated Chatterbox, parodied Louis XVI.

A gloomy lamp lit up the chamber walls.

This night they performed the death of Marat. Madame Roland took the part of Charlotte Corday; and Adam Lux, regarding her as the one lost and dear object whom she personified fell almost in love with her.

After this tragic scene, they prepared a little comedy in which the prisoners all took their parts, at hazard. Marat, now represented as being in the infernal regions, received their shadows as they from time to time arrived, scoring down their names and commenting thereupon in a list intended to be handed to Satan. There was a particular and appropriate annotation upon each name. This vagary, according to the whim of the moment, greatly amused the prisoners; "the French gaiety," said they, "never belies itself:" we think they would have more aptly said, "humanity never belies itself." Grief could not be long endured without a change, and it is one of our weaknessess to have greater occasion for laughter in the midst of our most onerous misfortunes, than in the height of our prosperity.

Each prisoner appeared in turn before the bar of justice, and declared his name to Marat. Madame Rolland, Adam Lux, Condoicet and all the others, each in his turn. At length, an unknown and melancholy figure, not hitherto seen in the prison, or, if so, not remarked in the doubtful gloom of a small and flickering lamp, presents itself for the customary scrutiny.

"Thy name?" demanded the performer who played the part of Marat.

The man, his arms pendent at his sides, replied with sombre voice.

"The executioner."

It was, indeed, he.

"I come to seek," said he, looking over the list, one called Adam Lux.

"Thanks," said the individual in question, who separated himself from a group of prisoners, "I am he."

This terminated the drama. They ceased playing in order to bid him adieu. During the few days spent by Adam Lux in prison, he had gained the love of all his companions in misfortune; he was of a mild and amiable temper, one of those inoffensive beings who would not afflict any one under the sun, but one, alas! whom society would in secret wantonness despise and trample on; for here below there is no mediocrity; you must rule or be ruled.

All the prisoners wept; Adam Lux consoled them. "Life," said he, "is neither good nor bad, except by the use made of it: I can no longer dispose of mine agreeably. Death on the 17th July deprived me of all I held dear, suffer me, then, cheerfully to re-unite my spirit with that of Charlotte Corday.

Thence there arose a unanimous burst of admiration, and several prisoners rushed forward to kiss his hands.

"Behold," said he, exhibiting his countenance lit up with an almost heavenly joy, and answer if I have the appearance of one suffering or unfortunate.

He made his toilet, flattened his long tresses down upon his forehead, folded gracefully the collar of his coat, and fixed to a button the green ribbon which fell from Charlotte Corday's bonnet: what worship is there not in love, has it not its idolatries?

Adam Lux followed the executioner.

Upon the guillotine he exhibited equal courage, equal mildness, equal contempt of death, as the being he had taken for his guide. There was, however, this difference, that a greater brilliancy shot from his eyes. He courted death with enthusiasm.

The planks which he traversed, in his sight appeared holy, since such noble blood had just been shed there; scarcely did he venture to touch the ground with his feet; and he inwardly questioned himself how it happened that this honor should be reserved for him to be elevated thus high towards the heavens.

Charlotte Corday was indifferent as to her fate; Adam Lux courted and welcomed his, as the more certain and quicker mode of uniting him with the object of his every hope—his soul's adoration. He died entranced with bliss, he would fain have kissed the very iron which had severed the head of Charlotte Corday; and his own neck he joyously presented for decapitation!

"I crave of thee one thing," said he, to the executioner, whilst binding him to the fatal plank, "'tis to give to my obtruncated head as many bullets as you did the head of Charlotte Corday.

The fatal knife fell, his head accompanied it.

Thus ended this touching and mournful ceremony which united the lover to the woman he loved. This was not an execution. The crowd silently separated, harbouring against him the mixed sentiment of animosity and forgiveness. An Altar was, indeed, needed, to unite the hands of these exalted souls, which sought each other from two different worlds, and, at the moment in question, that Altar was the scaffold.

* Madame Tussaud mentioned to us that she still possesses some of the articles of dress worn by Charlotte Corday her execution.

The previous portion of this Memoir appeared in the October number.

MONTHLY CRITIC.

D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century, translated from the French by Walter K. Kelly, Esq., B. A. of Trin. College, Dublin, parts, 1, 2, 3. Whitaker and Co.

FAIR promises and first numbers are too often false brethren—we regret not, therefore, that, by delaying till this moment, we can speak of three numbers together and with unqualified praise.

The material of this work being known to the more *recherché* reader, a translation for the general public is an intellectual and *moral* offering of great price. Here have we a readable work partaking of attractive literature for those who dislike abstruse books, yet containing the most solid of all reading—the progress and advance of truth—a work to while away the tedious hours of the thoughtless, yet a truly fitful sabbath book for the reflectively pious members of the community.*

The first part opens at an early period of the world, and describes the state of things *before* the reformation. It commences, and justly, with the earliest symptoms of the decline of Paganism—that vast superstructure of a benighted world, which at length crumbling, gradually, in

* We like to allow an author to speak for himself, particularly as to the spirit with which he undertakes his work—this is generally done in the preface. When we offered our opinions on the same point, we had not perused so far as Vol. iii. p. 261 where the following remarks occur:—

If this history has undergone some criticisms dictated by Romanist views, it seems to have encountered others of a purely literary character. Men for whom I entertain much esteem appear to attach more importance to a political or literary history of the Reformation, than to an exposition of its course, based upon the consideration of its spiritual principles and its inward springs of action. I can understand this way of thinking, but I do not participate in it. The essence of the Reformation, in my opinion, is its doctrines and its inward life. Any work in which these two things do not hold the first place, may be brilliant, but cannot be faithfully and candidly historical. Its author will resemble a philosopher, who, proposing to describe man, should set forth with great exactness and picturesque beauty, all that concerns his body, but assign to that divine guest, his soul, at the most a subordinate rank.

God's appointed time, let in the Heavenly light of promise. Prepared by a thorough knowledge of the prophecies of the Old Testament, which must be ever kept earnestly and uppermost in the reader's mind, he will joyfully begin as with ourselves, the first paragraphs of this valuable work.

The enfeebled world was tottering on its foundation when Christianity appeared. The national religions which had sufficed for the fathers, no longer sufficed for the children. The new generation could not accommodate themselves to the ancient forms. The gods of all nations, transported to Rome, had lost their oracles there, as the nations had there lost their liberties. Set face to face on the Capitol, they had destroyed each other, and their divinity was no more. A great void had taken place in the religion of the world.

A sort of deism, destitute of spirit and of life, floated awhile above the abyss which had swallowed up the vigorous superstitions of the ancients. But, like all negative creeds, it had no power to edify. The lesser nationalities fell with their gods. Peoples melted one into the other. In Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, there was now but a single empire; and the human race began to feel its universality, and its unity.

Then was the Word made flesh. God appeared amongst men, and, as a man, in order to save that which was lost. In Jesus of Nazareth dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

"Here," (continues our author pithily and briefly,)

"We have the greatest event in the annals of the world. The ancient times had prepared it, the new flew from it. It is their centre, their bond and their unity.

And how heartily do we concur with him in this sentiment:—"that,

Thenceforth all the superstitions of the nations were destitute of all meaning, and the sorry remains they had preserved from the great shipwreck of incredulity sunk before the majestic sun of eternal truth.

The Son of man lived thirty-three years here below, healing the sick, instructing sinners, having no place where to repose his head, and displaying in this low estate a greatness, a holiness, a power, a divinity, which the world had never before beheld. He suffered, he died, he rose again, he ascended into Hea-

ven. His disciples, beginning at Jerusalem, travelled through the empire and the world, every where announcing their Master as, "the Author of eternal salvation." From the midst of the people that rejected all others, sprang the mercy that invited and embraced them all. A great number of Asians, Greeks, and Romans, till then led by priests to the altars of dumb idols, believed in the Word. It suddenly irradiated the earth like a beam of the sun, to use the language of Eusebius. A breath of life began to move over that great field of death. A new people, a holy nation, grew up amongst men; and the astonished world beheld in the disciple of the Galilean, a purity, a self-denial, a charity, a heroism, of which till then it had lost the idea.

And here we shall dismiss the introductory portion with the following quotation.

Two principles especially distinguish the new religion from all the human systems which it expelled before it. The one relates to the ministers of its worship, the other to its doctrines.

The ministers of paganism were almost the gods to whom these human religions referred. The priests led the people, as long at least as the eyes of the latter were not opened. A vast and haughty hierarchy pressed cumbrously on the world. Jesus Christ dethroned those living idols, destroyed that arrogant hierarchy, took away from man what man had taken away from God, and restored the soul to an immediate contact with the divine Source of truth, by proclaiming himself sole Master and sole Mediator: "Christ alone is your master," he says: "as for you, ye are all brethren."

'The church,' says our author, was herself the first cause of bringing about a reformation; and for ages the world had been raising an ineffectual cry and essaying to effect it. Taking upon herself vulgar arms—brandishing such weapons, there was an end to her spirituality, and soon, too, she sought to employ Heaven in defence of earth, and laying even sovereigns under contributions, the sovereign Pontiff thereby maintained the luxury of his court and the soldiers of his army—making, in fact, his spiritual power serve him as a ladder over the heads of the kings of nations of the earth, until they exclaimed, "she is become like us." It was not alone matter of antiquity that prepared the religious awakening; there was something new, too, which tended thoroughly to favor it. *The human mind was growing up?* 'This fact alone was destined to bring on its enfranchisement.'

After speaking of some of the continental nations, he says:—

England hardly seemed to promise what she has since performed. Repulsed from the Continent, where she had long been obstinately bent on conquering France, she was beginning to cast her look towards the ocean, as to the kingdom that ought to be the real aim of her conquests, and the inheritance of which was reserved to her. Twice converted to Christianity, once under the ancient Britons, a second time under the Anglo-Saxons, she paid very devoutly at this period the yearly penny to St. Peter. Still there were high destinies in reserve for her. Mistress of the ocean, and present at once in every part of the globe, she was one day to become, with a people that was to spring from her, the handmaid of God to diffuse the seeds of life through the most distant isles, and over the most vast continents. Already some circumstances gave note of her coming destinies; great lights had shone in the British isles, and some gleams of them still remained. A multitude of strangers, artists, merchants, and workmen, flocking to them from the Low Countries, from Germany, and other lands, filled their cities and their ports. The new ideas could therefore find rapid and easy entrance thither. Lastly, England had then for her sovereign an eccentric prince, who, endowed with some learning and with much courage, was every moment changing his plans and his notions, and turning from one side to the other with every gust of his stormy passions. It was possible that some one of Henry the Eighth's freaks should prove of happy consequence to the cause of the Reformation.

At this point, and in the 3d volume, we come in honorable collision with the author, treading almost the same ground, and we shall still more be in his track ere (in our next) we have finished the memoirs of the other wives of this cruel monarch. And England! England! we trust will still more and more work out this high destiny, and, foremost in the act, *liberate the slave*—enable *his* mind to grow up—as the once benighted and enslaved mind of all Britain has sprung up and now itself become the ardent promulgator of the true faith.

Those same symptoms of regeneration visible amongst princes, bishops and the learned, were also found amongst men of the world, lords, knights and seafaring men. The German nobility played an important part. Amongst the most conspicuous of that nation must be reckoned Luther, christened Martin, after the Saint on the eve of whose anniversary he was born,

Nov. 10, 1443. A member of the church he soon exchanged the inutility of the cloister for extreme activity. France was the country in which he hoped to be able to proclaim the truth without hindrance. The greater portion of the second and third volumes is occupied in recounting his labors, and his history, is, indeed, the veriest romance of human life. Switzerland next played her conspicuous and zealous part, in effecting the reformation.

Luther was early of opinion that *priests* ought to be married, whilst others contended that *monks* as well as priests ought to marry. This opinion led him into endless disputes :—

There was indeed a great difference between the two questions. The marriage of priests was not tantamount to the abrogation of their priesthood; on the contrary, it was the only thing that could restore the respect of the people to the secular clergy; but with the marriage of monks there was an end to monachism. The question then was, ought that potent army, which the popes held under their command, to be broken up and disbanded. "Priests," Luther wrote to Melancthon, "are instituted by God, consequently they are free as regards human commands. But it is of their own will that monks have chosen celibacy; they are therefore not free to withdraw themselves from the yoke which they have themselves chosen."

Then came to promote the truth, the new power of communicating the Scriptures more generally to mankind—when the monastic labors of the cloister were no longer *requisite* to multiply copies of the word of God. Luther, aided finally by his friend Melancthon, published first a translation of the New Testament, which was most eagerly read; "passing out of the school and the church, it seated itself down by the hearths of the people." The delighted people carried it about every where with them, learning it by heart and witnessing "how the pages of that book loudly proclaimed to them the perfect agreement of Luther's Reformation with the Revelation of God. We scarcely know how to restrain our "extracting" pen, and in the earnestness of our purpose, are assuming the task of condensers rather than critics. Reader! possess for yourselves, and ye will revel in grateful delight over these valuable pages.

We should have liked to have here added to our present extract, Luther's valuable opinions upon the use of profane writers, as well as upon education generally,

and the history of that grand domestic change, his marriage, which made such an inroad upon the preconceived and established principles of the Popish church. The lovers of our Portraits and accompanying memoirs will find some further and interesting particulars of several of our subjects— Louise de Lorraine, Margaret of Valois, wife of Francis I. The wives of Henry VIII., Catherine wife of Henry V., and of other celebrated women who took a conspicuous part in the affairs of the religious world.

Friendship's Offering for 1812. Smith, Elder and Co.

Our old friend hails us, with many new faces. The first is the frontispiece, entitled *Georgiana*; painted by Sir H. J. Newton, miniature painter in ordinary to Her Majesty and the Queen Dowager; engraved by C. A. Periam. The painter has been fortunate, the engraver fortunate—we are fortunate in the pleasure of beholding so intellectual a beauty, whose conscious lips betray a latent warmth of comparable heart; and the lady's character and pretensions are very *accurately* set forth by the gifted judgment of Miss Camilla Toulmin. As far as we have had the time to make a choice of available extracts by way of specimens for our reader's judgment, we are inclined to think that the pieces we have selected are not amongst the least acceptable of the several contributions in prose and in verse.

Bellajio on the lake of Como, is an effective plate, the objects being well disposed in the near ground as well as in the distance; it is by J. M. Richardson, engraved by E. Radclyffe. The town and castle of Foix, by W. Oliver; engraved by T. Jeavons, pleases us: we like scenery, it leaves a something on the mind to be remembered. On the whole we should be disposed to answer if *pressed* to give our opinion—moderate.

THE BLACK DE BOURGHO.

An Irish Legend.

AY J. HOUSTON BROWNE.

ON a dark and stormy night in the winter of 1333, two persons in the garb of *woodkernes*, or natives, quitted the postern gate of the priory of Hollywood, on the shore of the bay of Belfast, and took their way towards the beach. An eastern wind swept in from the precipit-

ous headlands which bounded the "lough," creating a heavy sea, and causing the waves to break upon the shore with a deep echoing noise. The night travellers walked hastily among the mazes of the thick oakwood, which extended down to the sea, and exchanged no word till they stood over a little creek in which a rude *curragh*, or boat of wicker work covered with skin, lay moored in the shelter of the trees.

"Drag out the curragh, MacNial Oge," said one, "and see that there be no fowlers abroad on the beach. 'Twere ill for it to be known to-morrow that the priory servants had a part in the work of to-night."

"There is little fear of fowlers abroad in such a storm," said his companion, "it is bad shooting with a wet bow-string."

"Then steer for Carrickfergus," said the first speaker, as he took his place in the boat which MacNial Oge had unmoored. "There shall be strange news, ere the morning, of the black De Bourgho."

Mac Nial Oge shoved off from the shore. A few strokes of the oars brought them out of the shelter of the land, and their little vessel was rising and falling on the short waves of the lough. The breeze was adverse, and the spray ever and anon broke over the boat and drenched its occupants, although they were making scarcely any headway. Still, however, MacNial pulled lustily at the oars, and his companion held the rudder in his hand. In this manner they toiled against the wind and the rising tide, the storm every moment becoming fiercer, and the lightning beginning to sweep through the atmosphere, flash following flash in quick succession. At length a blue-forked brand swept past, almost before the eyes of the rowers, followed by a long, sharp roll of thunder.

"Jesu Maria! Con O'Hanlon," said MacNial, "wilt thou not turn from this attempt to-night; when the Virgin herself seems to be against us? There are those in the castle of Carrickfergus, who will do their work all the better without our presence."

"Tis lest their work should be done too well that I am here to join them," replied O'Hanlon. "Think'st thou, man, that I should now be tossing on Garmoyle in a crazy curragh, with the blue lightning sweeping about mine ears, without a good cause for my journey?"

His companion made no reply, but took again to his oars.

William, Earl of Ulster, whom O'Hanlon denominated "the black De Bourgho," was at the period of which we write the principal enemy with whom the northern Irish chieftains had to contend. The failure of the expedition of Edward Bruce, brother of King Robert of Scotland, had left a large portion of Antrim debateable ground, and De Bourgho, Earl of Ulster, had seized upon Carrickfergus. Many attempts had been made to dislodge the Saxon settlers by the O'Kanes, Mac

Quillans and O'Neills, but without success. The Earl had his residence in the castle of Carrickfergus, where his Countess and an only child resided with him. He was a brave and warlike man, and brought both superior skill and weapons to defend his colony against the assaults of the natives. The natural consequence of his being hemmed in upon all sides by the Irish, however, was, that his followers became intermingled with them by marriages and other ties, and at length some of his own domestics lent strongly towards the neighbouring chiefs in their affection although outwardly they owed their fealty to the Earl. To suborn these to the interests of O'Kane of Doon-y-even, or Dungiven, was found to be a matter of comparatively easy performance, and accordingly a conspiracy was set on foot in his own household for the assassination of De Bourgho.

Con O'Hanlon, who with his companion made his way across the bay towards Carrickfergus, was a young chieftain who held his lands from the holy brotherhood of Holly-wood Priory, on the condition of doing battle for their rights when they were assailed, an event of frequent occurrence in Ireland in the fourteenth century.

O'Hanlon had succeeded his father in the lands of the monks, and being brought up in the neighbourhood of the priory, the fathers had imparted to him such an education as comported with the lay condition to know. He was consequently superior to his fellow-chieftains in many respects, and possessed a chivalrous spirit known to few of the Irish at that early period.

It happened that O'Hanlon had been one evening fishing in the bay some months before the night upon which our story opens, when his companions desired a party, among which were women, leaving De Bourgho's castle, and straying along the beach. The careless group had no sooner been discovered by the Irish, than it was resolved to intercept them should they allow the twilight to set in during their walk. With this intention they lay upon their oars, and watched their intended victims leave gradually behind them the protecting presence of the strong castle of De Bourgho.

The English, unconscious of their danger, continued their walk until the growing darkness warned them that they should return to the castle. They retraced their steps for some distance accordingly, and had almost half-way returned, when a low whistle was given upon the beach, and they found themselves surrounded by armed men. The fishing party had cautiously approached the shore, and succeeded in their design of intercepting them. When they first made their appearance to the affrighted group, three of De Bourgho's soldiers, who had accompanied his lady and her attendants, attempted to give battle, but the number of their opponents was too great, and after a short struggle the whole party were

made prisoners. Nothing could exceed the joy of the Irish at the success of their design, and many projects for the conveyance of the prisoners in their limited number of boats, were mooted by different members of their rude council. Each, however, was liable to some fatal objection, until at length one of the savage *kerne* suggested murder. O'Hanlon held a short paddle in his hand, which he had been recently using in his boat, and a stroke from that weapon, which felled him to the earth, was the only reply that greeted the author of the proposal.

The three soldiers were left bound hand and foot on the beach, and the females embarked in the curragh. O'Hanlon assisted in rowing the one which contained the Countess, and had given instructions to his companion, in an under tone, at the moment of their leaving the shore. The effect of these instructions was soon visible, for as the night advanced and the darkness grew more intense, the distance betwixt the curragh of O'Hanlon and those of his fellows became wider and wider, until at length by some secret and preconcerted signal, both rowers at once lay upon their oars, and the strong breeze drifted them swiftly up the bay.

They were soon in the still water, beneath the castle of De Bourgho, and pulling lightly and silently to the shore; and the moment the boat touched the sand, O'Hanlon told its fair occupants that they were at liberty, and assisted them to land. He then pushed off, without staying for speech, and made way quickly along the beach; till running at length upon the shore, he struck his sword through the wicker-work and hides of which the curragh was composed. The water gurgled up through the breach, and she quickly filled and sank.

The two Irish were now without the means of taking again to the bay, and stood deliberating with each other how to proceed. De Bourgho's followers, they knew, must ere now have marked the delay of the Countess's party, and were, no doubt, scouring the country in all directions in pursuit. Their chief care, then, was to keep clear of any of these searching parties, and with this purpose, they determined to take the most unfrequented paths through the woods. They had scarcely started, however, through the forest, with this determination, when the moon, which had been for some hours struggling with a heavy atmosphere, burst lightly through, and revealed the face of the bay, the dark pine-covered mountains, and the castle of Carrickfergus in the distance. And it revealed more than these. A party of the followers of De Bourgho had marked the approach of the curragh to the beach, and the moment they could recognise in the moonlight the Irish garb of its late occupants, a shower of arrows saluted them, one of which lodged in the arm of MacNial Oge. The fugitives had no time to think of how they should act; for the English had no

sooner discharged their arrows, then they rushed in upon them; and as O'Hanlon and his follower attempted to defend themselves, they were struck down from behind, and made prisoners, and lodged in the keep of De Bourgho's castle.

The Lady De Bourgho slept that night but for a short space, and when the morning broke, the prisoners were gone. The rage of the lord of the castle was beyond all control, but his only remedy was to slay the sentinels, and to digest his grief.

Return we now to the night on which O'Hanlon and MacNial Oge tossed upon the bay on their way to Carrickfergus Castle. In spite of storm and lightning, hard pulling at the oars drove the light bark through the water. Their progress was slow, and only achieved with great toil; but their efforts were crowned at length by success, as the curragh, about two hours after midnight, ran into the creek at which O'Hanlon had liberated the Countess some months before. The darkness of night had been favorable to their approach to the castle, for although four warders paced its battlements, no alarm had been given of their approach. O'Hanlon, on reaching the creek, did not land, but putting MacNial Oge on shore, and telling him to "keep a wakeful ward," he pulled slowly and silently into the spot where the deep still water washed the dark walls of the castle.

On the day preceding that particular evening, an Irish *seanach* or harper had arrived at the castle on a journey throughout the district, wherein he exercised his musical vocation. His visit was a welcome one to the inmates of the mansion, and especially to such as were of the native Irish tribes, and the Earl himself had permitted him to be brought into the banquet-hall, after the fashion of the native chiefs.

The capacious apartment which formed the banqueting-hall of De Bourgho's castle, presented a cheerful appearance about the hour at which O'Hanlon shot his boat under the shadow of the walls. The English Earl had relaxed from the pride which marked the Norman race, of which he sprung, and gave a loose to the revelling of his Irish retainers. Seated at the head of the old oak table, with his casque and corslet laid aside, and his stout blade leaning against the wainscot, he sent round the usquebaugh and sack with an air of hospitality that would not have disgraced a descendant of Milesius. Two great wood-fires blazed in the wide chimnies of the hall, and a number of lamps lighted the apartment, reflecting their lustre from helmets and platejacks, and all the machinery of war ranged around the walls.

The harper had not been allowed much cessation from his labors, and his extemporaneous ballads had been recited both in praise of the Norman and the Irish nobles. As the night advanced, and the revelry became more

tumultuous, however, he reverted more frequently to the latter theme, singing of

"Nial of the pledges nine,"

and all his warlike successors, the song of Heremon and Ir. At length, when the revel was at its height, the earl himself demanded a legendary song. The old senach took the harp, and casting a meaning glance toward the circle of woodkerne, who had gathered around him, he bent over the instrument, and striking its cords sang thus:—

"The warden paces the seaward tower,
All at the break of day,
Where the morning mists from the waters rise,
And roll in clouds away.

What ships are these on the rolling sea,
That greet the watcher's view?
With their gilded prows to the castle turned,
The white foam dashing through.

They come not from the Scottish shore,
Across the northern main;
They come not from McDonnell's isles,
Nor the sunny land of Spain:

Their lord is not of Spanish wine,
Nor of the Eastern wood;
But their decks are filled with mail-clad men,
And flash with helms of proof.

On every deck shines a stout plate-jack,
And waves the Norman plume,
And they spring to the shores of Innisfail
Bringing slavery and doom.

Our bravest fall before their blades;
Our mightiest are laid low;
The race of our kings was loyal once
Their sons! where are they now?

In exile or in bondage foul,
The chain is on each neck,
And servants to De Lacy we,
Or the De Bourgho black!"

The earl had marked the excitement which the harper's lay was gradually producing among his servants, and would have stopped the singer, had he not himself requested the song. At length, as the old man ended, looks so threatening were cast towards him, that he bethought him of seizing his sword. He had scarcely moved from his seat with this purpose, however, when the old harper sprang to his feet, and pointing towards the earl, exclaimed, "Vengeance for the death of Mac-Guillamore!" In an instant a deafening cry filled the apartment, and all the Irish drew their daggers and rushed upon the earl. De Bourgho sprang towards the wainscot, and had just laid hand upon his rapier, when the stab of an Irish skeine almost severed his neck and he rolled over upon the floor of the hall, writhing in death. The thirst, however, of his savage murderers was not yet satisfied, for one skeine after another was plunged into his body, until it would have been difficult to have recognised in the ensanguined mass which lay at the feet of the kerne, the features of William De Bourgho, the "comly" Earl of Ulster.

At the death of the Earl, another fiendish

cheer rang through the arched roofs of the old castle, and the murderers rushed along the halls and corridors, and took possession of the strength. Meantime, an English domestic had escaped to the chamber of the Countess, and warned her of the proceedings in the hall. What resistance could she make, however, to the infuriated multitude? She and her maids swung the door of the hall which approached her chamber close, and drawing in the bolts, retired to abide their fate.

A new adventure, however, awaited them. They had just returned to the chamber, when the window which looked out upon the bay, and through which the newly risen moon had been streaming her light, was suddenly darkened, and wrenching aside the iron bars O'Hanlon sprang into the apartment. "Fly, Lady De Bourgho!" he exclaimed, "the blood-hounds who murdered the Earl are at the door of thy chamber. Trust to me! a stout rope swings from this window to my boat. It was placed there and the bars cut through by treachery, but now it shall answer a more noble purpose."

"And shall I fly with one reeking from the murder of my husband? Do thy will, hell-hound! spare none here, for life is now worth but little."

At this moment a loud sound, as of the blows of a ponderous hammer, commenced at the door of the chamber.

"Fly! for the sake of the Mary mother, fly!" exclaimed O'Hanlon, seizing the Countess round the waist, and dragging her to the window. He had caught hold of the rope, and was about to commit himself and his now insensible burthen to it, when a loud crash announced that the chamber door had fallen before the battering-ram of its assailants. O'Hanlon dropped from the window, and committed himself to the rope. He had scarcely half-way descended, however, when a bright light shone on the walls of the castle and the water beneath. He looked hurriedly upwards, and there an awful sight greeted him. From the window in which his rope was fastened, gleamed a torch of bogwood, throwing its red light on the demoniac features of an Irish kerne. A cold perspiration broke upon O'Hanlon, and his hands almost unloosed their hold.

"They are escaping by a rope, and we are foiled," exclaimed the kerne above.

"Then for what use is a skeine in thy belt, fool?" replied the voice of the harper.

The rope quivered for a moment in the hands of O'Hanlon—it separated above, and a dashing noise, as of the fall of a heavy body into the water, resounded the next moment along the walls of the castle. O'Hanlon struggled for a moment with the waves, but his companion had grasped his arms, and after an ineffectual and agonizing struggle, they sank. The next tide left high upon the beach the bodies of O'Hanlon, and the ill-fated Countess of Ulster.

AN EVENING AT DR. KITCHENER'S.

BY MRS. WALKER.

NEVER shall I forget the pleasure, some fourteen years since, with which I accepted the offer of a friend to take me to a *soirée* at the late Dr. Kitchenor's, and give me a special introduction, to the dear, eccentric, pleasant, clever Doctor himself. I was very young, and had all youth's awe of genius, and possessed, besides, an implicit belief in the utter infallibility of any man or woman who had written a book! And many such were to be present, I learned, on the evening in question. I am sure, that had I been about to behold all the masculine and feminine potentates of the earth congregated together, I should not have felt half the curiosity and fear I did on this occasion. The evening arrived, and in due time the carriage set us down at the good Doctor's residence, situate in Warren Street, Fitzroy square. The drawing-room, into which we were ushered, was quite full; and our host was bustling about in all the excitement of restless pleasure.

Before I proceed to speak of the guests, let me introduce the Doctor to those who are too young to remember him. Dr. Kitchenor had, I believe, been educated for a physician, and for some years followed the profession; but dislike to the pursuit, as some state, or, (the truth I believe) the acquisition of property sufficient to secure independence, without the exercise of the Esculapian art, made him abandon it. At the time I speak of, except, as an *amateur*, he certainly did not practice. Literature was the avocation, as well as pleasure, of his life. He had just published his famous "Cook's Ovids," and was reveling in the celebrity and the profits, which were large, which the work procured for him. But besides literature—besides gastronomy and physic, he was an amateur musician, and composer; an astronomer, though not quite equal to Herschel; and a *pseudo* professor of optics. He assuredly was a singular man, and if not a first rate genius, possessed a vast deal of general and useful talent, which he made available for the amusement and advantage of others.

It is only recording the truth of him to say, that a man more ready to assist with his services, often with his purse, those who needed either, never existed. True, he had a large *bump* of the organ of self-esteem, whose development frequently exposed him to ridicule; but for myself, I was so much amused by his entertaining gossip of the prose and poetry he had written—of the music he had composed—the sauces he had concocted—the philosophical and astronomical instruments he had invented, that I forgot in my pleasure, how very often the little pronoun "I" commenced each sentence. He was a very early riser, and employed all the morning till eleven in writing. He then took a substantial lunch, and was for the rest of the day "at the ser-

vice of his friends." And I really believe he passed the time, except during the hours stated, in perambulating, or driving through the streets on missions of real or fancied benefit to others. In person he was tall, and a sort of singular twist about his body, added to his costume—a blue or black coat of the most extraordinary cut, black small-clothes, and silk stockings,—gave to his appearance an oddity, which made him, once seen, to be easily remembered. A paralytic stroke, I believe, had deprived him of the use of one eye; to conceal which defect, he wore glasses, of course of his own invention. There was intellect in his countenance; but, nevertheless, an expression almost amounting to cunning blended with it. He was an incessant talker, (unless sunk in one of the fits of deep dejection, to which he was subject,) and as I was a patient and most admiring listener, I soon established myself in his good graces.

And now for a glance at the assembled guests.—Alas! alas! of the throng of that night how many hath death swept away, or circumstances scattered over the face of the earth! My first eager enquiry was, "which is Miss Landon?" For I knew she was to be there. When pointed out, I was never weary of gazing at the sweetest poetess England ever boasted. Not that she possessed any peculiar personal charms: for she was a common-place, undistinguished looking girl in appearance. But the halo of genius encircled her, and gave in my eyes, beauty to her face and form—music to her voice. Poor ever lamented. "I, E.L.!" in many a bosom, the sigh is not yet hushed which thy early and mysterious death called forth! I soon got into conversation with her, and was not a little staggered at hearing her say "she hated the country, and hoped she should never go further than the limits of a hackney coach drive." Poor girl! how little did she deem, that destiny ordained she should traverse thousands of miles to find—a grave! I asked her if she was fond of music? "No: whenever she went to the Opera she put her hands to her ears!"—Was the sea an object of inspiration and delight? "No, the melancholy monotony of the waves so oppressed her, that whenever she was within hearing of them, she tried to sleep all day!" Whether these were her real sentiments, or only uttered to puzzle her hearers I know not. But I do know that to many others, at subsequent periods, she reiterated the same declaration. Her spirits were that night exuberant; one could hardly imagine a saddened image ever crossed her mind. Sitting near her, and in strong contrast with her vivacity, from the extreme repose of her face and attitude, reclined the gentle, feminine, lady-like Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelly, looking the very image of Miss O'Neil's portraits, which she greatly resembles, with her long fair silken ringlets, and seeming by her soft voice and placid smile, and calm demeanour, just the very last person one would have guessed to be the

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creator of "Frankenstein" and its "Monster." By the way, there was a poet stalking through the rooms, who, one of the ladies remarked to Mrs. Shelly must have suggested the idea of the Monster in question. The excellent, unselfish, single-minded Miss Benger, authoress of several clever works, was also another "Blue Lioness," to whom I was presented. She, too, is now no more, and died too soon for herself and others. There were several poets—Alaric Watts, Croly, &c. &c. And last, not least, the handsome author of the "Tower of London," and—that I should be compelled to add!—of "Jack Sheppard,"—then very young, and but a poetaster, and little perhaps thinking of the fame that awaited him some fourteen years later. Conspicuous amongst the many, by his aristocratic and noble bearing, was the late Lord Dillon, (first cousin to the Marquis of Norinanby,) pouring forth a torrent of words on the merits of his own last new novel, "Rosaline de Vere," and absolutely outrivelling our host himself in the happy estimate he affixed to his own productions. But who would not pardon this weakness, when, as in Lord Dillon's instance, so many high, noble, and chivalrous qualities counterbalanced it? His lordship, when first pointed out, was in eager converse with poor Graham (shot a few months subsequently in a duel in America;) but then editing a London journal of some repute. He had promised in it a favorable notice of Lord Dillon's novel, and the noble author was pointing out what passages he thought most deserving of attention. Graham, with his remarkable *insouciance* of manner, was in strong opposition to his impassioned companion. This *insouciance* he did not even lay aside, when afterwards conversing with the young lady whom his talents had captivated, and who, a short time afterwards, in a fit of despair at his indifference, took laudanum, and cut her throat in a hackney-coach! *He* sleeps in death, and *she* is now well and happily married—such is human life!

The pauses in conversation were filled up by music; some of the first London vocalists

being present. Brahan, with his handsome wife, commenced with the Lord's Prayer, set to music by the Doctor, and so exquisitely did he execute it, that its repetition was demanded three times in the evening, to the Doctor's unbounded delight, who thought the compliment all his own. Sinclair, also, sung a composition of our host's; but languidly, the recent death of a beloved child preying on him. "To preserve its existence," (I heard him say,) "he would gladly have walked a blind beggar through the world all the rest of his life." The dear old Doctor, who liked to be the one object of attention, after listening for the third time to his "Lord's Prayer," summoned those who liked to accompany him to his observatory, to try the power of an immense telescope, constructed under his superintendence. It was a delicious night in July, and many of us were glad to escape from the heat of the crowded rooms to enjoy the external air, and take a peep at the lady moon shining in meridian splendour above. Oh! the bustling delight of the Doctor, while bringing the telescope to its proper focus, and calling on us one by one to inspect the moon and starry skies! And when, in truth or courtesy, we declared we had never seen the shadows on the moon's disk so distinctly, no one's triumph could be greater than his—"Of course you never did; you never looked before through *such* a telescope," replied he, chuckling and rubbing his hands. When all had gazed their last, we descended to supper, where some of his gastronomic treasures were served, and where every thing was of the best quality. Supper discussed, we ascended to the drawing-room. It was now near twelve, and it was understood by all, that beyond that hour, no one was permitted to linger. "God! save the king," the solo parts beautifully sung by Brahan, Sinclair and Miss Cubitt, and the chorus by the company, the Doctor amongst the rest, concluded the evening—one of the pleasantest I ever passed, and which commenced an acquaintance with Dr. Kitchener, to be terminated only by his much lamented death.

SONG.

Come!—let me dive into thine eyes,
So dim, so deep, so filled with love!
Touched with soft azure, like the skies,
When evening veils the light above.

Come!—let me gaze upon thy hand!
No ring! all's fair and virgin white.
Thy heart? I would I could command
Thy heart to open on my sight.

Yet, no: I'll trust those stars of blue,
And ask them now my doom divine:
No need: thy lips give answer true;
They move,—they murmur,—“I am thine!”

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE CONVENT DOOR.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

Where—where is peace?—How oft the breast
 Ere stilled in death's untroubled rest,
 Breathes forth the words!—how oft a sigh
 Is all that echoes in reply!
 Where—where is peace? Can wealth or gain,
 The yearn'd-for sought-for boon obtain?
 Will glory—fame—ambition—power,
 If won, confer the priceless dower?
 Dwells it with love's seductive wile,
 Or pleasure's bright and sunny smile?
 Oh not with these, for all betray,
 And own the taint of earth,—decay.
 Religion only can impart
 Peace to the wrung—the aching heart;
 And she, who, crush'd 'neath sorrow's weight,
 Is kneeling at the convent gate,
 Its blessed promise comes to share,
 And cheer with light her soul's despair.
 And can it be, alas! we trace
 Care's shadow on Ianthe's face?
 So late with radiant starry glance,
 And step the blithest in the dance,
 And cheek whose bloom could e'en outvie
 Her clime's rich sunset's gorgeous dye;

And now her rapture, changed to fears,
 Her eyes' sweet lustre, dimmed with tears—
 Alas! one moment can destroy
 The fragile links of human joy!
 Morn saw her happy—buoyant—gay:
 Noon came—her bliss had pass'd away.
 It brought the fatal scroll to tell,
 That he, her husband, lov'd so well,
 Lay wounded on the battle plain,
 Without her voice to soothe his pain.
 Uncow'd by fear of warfare's strife,
 She only felt she was his wife!—
 That, let or weal or woe betide,
 Her place was by her Guido's side.
 But first that holy man she sought,
 Whose precepts sage her childhood taught,
 To ask a blessing and a prayer,
 And to his gentle pious care
 Her fair and treasur'd boy confide;
 Implore his youthful steps to guide,
 Should fate decree the kiss, which now
 She prints upon his baby brow,
 The last—and he be doom'd to know
 The lonely orphan's bitter woe!
 The trust accepted—blessing breathed
 Ianthe's clasping arms enwreath'd
 Around her precious child once more,
 She rushes from the convent door!

THE WHITE ANT.—(From a Correspondent.)—Although numerous plans have been suggested from time to time for preventing the ruinous devastations committed by these destructive insects, yet not one of them has as yet been found to answer the purpose desired. It is hard to be credited, but it is a well authenticated fact, that a colony of *termites* will, in the course of a very few months, perforate and sap massive beams of Said timber (which latter is as hard as our English oak), and so effectually corrode it, that when removed, it shall, as to the interior, precisely resemble the cellular face of a honeycomb. And the inmates of bungalows in India are continually liable, without suspecting it, to have their houses suddenly fall about their ears. Recently, however, a gentleman in the indigo trade, residing at Ayrinchur, has discovered that the bamboo poles which are used as *fulera* in the constructions of his out-houses, have not been visited by the white ant, and he can account for it only upon the principle, that the mud of which the above buildings are composed, was chiefly collected from the *tumuli* raised by these emmets. These *tumuli* are turriform, and their *apices* culminate, he observes, some of them as high as 9 feet above the level of the plain, and quite deface the appearance of the country where they predominate. The terrene matter of which they are constituted resembles a strong cohesive cement, produced by the stringent action of the formic juices, which are judiciously mixed up by these skilful

architects with the separate atoms of earth they individually collect to integrate the whole mass, in the act of raising the above ingenious superstructures. When these aspiring columns are once abandoned by a colony, none other will, as if operated upon by an instinctive repugnance to the dwellings, succeed to them; and, if the mud which is employed in the edification of huts and out-houses, were sufficiently combined with the earth taken from the *tumuli* of the *termites*, the same would, there can be no doubt, prove free from the intrusion of these destructive annoyances.—*Times*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The negotiations in reference to the lease of Her Majesty's Theatre were, says the *Standard*, on Friday the 22nd brought to a close. Mr. Lumley, the solicitor, who is well known to the subscribers and a very large portion of the patrons of the establishment as a gentleman of the greatest activity, and as having stood in the capacity of treasurer to the theatre for several years as the representative of several parties with whom the late Monsieur Laporte was associated in his connection therewith, is the lessee for the ensuing season, at an increased rental upon that hitherto paid. Laporte had latterly paid the sum of 12,000*l.* but Mr. Lumley is to pay 14,000*l.* with the expectation that some difficulties arising out of Mr. Chambers' affairs may be arranged, when there cannot longer be any obstacle to the purchase of the theatre.

SEVERE STORM IN SCOTLAND.

Early on Thursday morning Oct. 5th, a tremendous gale, with copious rain, sprung up from the east and continued to blow during the whole day, increasing in fury as night approached. The greatest fears were entertained for the safety of the vessels in the Frith. Fortunately the few vessels in the roadstead at Leith, were either enabled to make the harbour at tide hour, or found shelter under Inchkeith, and we are happy to learn that little damage has been done, except washing away the stages which were erected for the workmen employed in extending the pier. Such, however, was the violence of the gale, that one of the London schooners, lying between the drawbridges, in the old harbour, dragged the large stone and ring to which she was moored, entirely out of the ground. The most powerful steam-vessels were unable to resist the fury of the hurricane. The *Adelaide*, from London, which arrived off Leith harbour during the day, finding it impossible to land her passengers, had to anchor in the roads; but the gale increasing, and finding that her anchors would not hold, she slipped, and took shelter in St. Margaret's Hope. She returned to Granton on Wednesday morning, when she landed her passengers, and, in the afternoon, got safe into Leith harbour. A small steamer, bound to Fife, on Tuesday afternoon, with a number of passengers, on reaching the Fife side, found it impossible to land them, and returned to Leith in the evening. Various boats, lying between Leith, Newhaven, Stirling, Inverkeithing, Fife, and other ports on both sides of the Firth, were unable to perform their usual trips. A small steamer belonging to Berwick had her paddles broken, and other parts of her so much injured, that she was towed into Leith on Wednesday afternoon to undergo repairs.

At Granton the scene was terrific. The steamers which should have sailed in the morning for Aberdeen and other ports beyond the Firth, as well as those for Stirling, found it impossible to encounter the gale. One with passengers for the Stirling races ventured out about midday. A small steamer, intended, we believe, to run between Newhaven and Stirling during the race days, was observed in sad distress. A pilot boat put off to her relief, when it was discovered that her fires were drowned out, and her hold nearly filled with water; at great risk she was towed into Granton, where she lies a partial wreck. The Forth steamer left Stirling at five in the afternoon, but did not reach Granton till five on Wednesday morning, having been compelled to take shelter during the night above Queensferry. At Granton pier two sloops sunk; one the *Peggy*, of Inverkeithing, laden with stones, the other, the *Polton*, of St. David's, with coal. The latter, however, was so far lightened in the course of Wednesday afternoon, as to be floated, but the other lies in a help-

less state. Tuesday night the waves dashed with the utmost violence over the tops of the warehouses at Granton-pier; 13 feet or more of the outer portion of the pier was carried away, and the strong iron and wooden framework on the eastern side, on which the diving bell rested, was demolished, and the bell, weighing five tons, precipitated at the bottom, where it now lies at a depth of 16 feet at low water. Along with this framework several large cranes were also washed away, the strong wooden beams of which were found on Wednesday morning at a distance from the pier, firmly imbedded in the sand, and covered by heaps of seaweed which had been cast ashore. The iron railway used for conveying stones to the end of the pier was in many places riven to pieces.

About a quarter before 9 o'clock A. M., a sloop, supposed to be from Alloa or Clackmannan, and laden with coal, upset and instantly went down near Borrowstonness, the wind blowing a gale from the east. A boat which went out could see nothing of the crew, but saw that the sloop's boat had gone down with her. A brewer's half-hog-head came ashore from her, marked 2,472, Nelson, Westbarns. Part of the topmast was seen above water after she went down. The boat that went out from this, was manned by James Bettan, pilot, alone; all others refusing to accompany him, as the gale continued; but he persevered, and within half an hour after the accident happened he was at the wreck, but the crew had gone down with the vessel. Bettan's generous courage deserves reward; he has a family looking up to him for their daily bread.

SAGACITY OF A CAT.—One evening a short time ago, says the *Stockport Advertiser*, a worthy neighbour, who keeps a shop in Little Underbank, was much surprised at the conduct of his cat. He was standing in his shop, when pussy put her paw on his trousers and endeavoured to pull him towards the cellar, leading out of the shop. He took no notice at first, but this she repeated three times, and in order to see what could be the cause of her thus troubling him, he took her into his arms and carried her into the cellar, where he kept a large quantity of leather. Pussy immediately sprang from him, and jumping upon a piece of leather, began to look underneath it as in search of something. Her master raised the leather, and he there found a boy of 12 or 14 years of age concealed under it. On bringing the young rascal from his hiding place, he naturally asked him what he was doing there. The reply was, that he had not money to pay for a lodging, and thought he would stay there till morning. The worthy shopkeeper made him remember that a feather bed was preferable to a leather one, by inflicting summary punishment on the offender. Thus the sagacity of this famous cat most probably saved the premises from being robbed and its master perhaps murdered.

AWFUL CONFLAGRATION

OF THE

TOWER OF LONDON.

AN event which will be long remembered in the annals of English history, and which may be regarded in every respect as a truly national calamity, visited the metropolis on Saturday night last—viz., the entire destruction, together with its contents, of that magnificent building, forming so prominent a feature in the far-famed *Tower of London*, denominated "The Grand Storehouse and Small Armoury," containing, in addition to an almost innumerable quantity of trophies, and other evidences of British glory, no less a number than 200,000 stand of arms, &c.

In order that an adequate idea may be formed of the extent of this serious loss to the country, it may be as well to lay before our readers an accurate description of the buildings destroyed, taken from authentic records, before entering into any of the facts connected with it.

The Grand Store-house is north of the White Tower, a fine building of brick and hewn stone; it extends in length 345 feet, and is 60 feet broad; it was commenced by James II. and finished by William III. On the first floor of this edifice is that magnificent room called the Small Armoury. On the south side of this structure is a stately door-case, adorned with four columns, an entablature, and a triangular pediment of the Doric order. Under the pediment are the queen's arms, with enrichments of trophy work, by the celebrated artist Gibbons. At the west end of this building is situate the church, founded by Edward III., and dedicated to St. Peter in chains, in which are deposited the remains of many noble and some royal personages, executed within the Tower or on the hill, and buried here in obscurity. On the east of this building is situate the newly-erected Jewel Tower, in which the regalia and all the Crown jewels are kept.

The conflagration, which exceeded in grandeur even the great fire at the House of Commons or the Royal Exchange, caused the greatest consternation throughout the entire metropolis, and from the commanding situation of Tower-hill, many thousand persons had an opportunity of witnessing the progress of the devouring element. From the great excitement and confusion which it may naturally be expected such an event occasioned, it was impossible that on Saturday night anything but a mere outline of particulars could be obtained. The following, however, being the result of diligent research

in every quarter, and from information derived from the very highest authority, cannot fail of being as accurate as circumstances will admit of.—

The first outbreak of the fire took place precisely at half-past 10 o'clock, at which time the attention of the sentinel on duty on the terrace, near the Jewel-office, was attracted to what appeared to be a glimmering light under what is termed "the Round Table," or cupola of the Round Tower, which is detached from the Armoury on the north side, facing the Trinity-house, Tower-hill, and eastward to the grand staircase leading to the Small Armoury. In the first instance the sentinel took no notice of it, but shortly after observing that it became stronger, and being convinced that something was wrong, he fired his musket to give an alarm, and in a few minutes the whole of the officers turned out, and the entire battalion of Scots Fusilier Guards, quartered in the Old Mill Barracks, mustered to the sound of the rappel. The flames in a few minutes burst forth from the windows of the Round Tower with fearful violence. To describe the excitement which prevailed, not only amongst the militia, but the civil residents of the fortress, would indeed be an act of supererogation. Suffice it to say, the instant the drums beat the alarm, the whole of the troops, several hundred in number, were seen rushing out of their quarters in all directions, many in a state almost of nudity. The moment Colonel Auckland Eden, the officer commanding, was made acquainted with the nature of the alarm, he lost no time in despatching information to Major Ellington, the acting governor of the Tower in the absence of Colonel Gurwood, the deputy lieutenant. He then directed the soldiers to turn out the nine Tower engines and they were immediately brought to the spot to meet any emergency: for some time water could only be provided for one, which was of little service owing to the extreme height of the Round Tower and the difficulty of playing upon it. A few minutes after the alarm the flames were visible on Tower-hill; information was conveyed to the various fire-engine stations, and thousands of persons congregated. The first engine was from Allhallows Barking; three others followed from adjoining parishes. The western gate was now completely barricaded, the officer in command having received orders to admit no one. Other engines shortly arriving, the whole

were admitted, and at once proceeded to the Broad walk fronting the White Tower and Small Armoury, taking up their positions facing the grand entrance to the latter—previously broken open—although no danger was then apprehended, the fire being confined to the Round Tower which was burning with increased violence. The warders directed the firemen to the various sunken tanks; the hose was conveyed through the Grand Store-house below, up the grand staircase, to the roof of the Armoury—then untouched; aided by the willing soldiery the engines were set to work. None could now tell how to gain access to the clock tower and the roof; soon afterwards the hose of the engines was unable to reach the water in the tanks. Numerous engines now arrived (some from the fire in the Strand) accompanied by Mr. Braidwood. By 11 o'clock the Round Tower was completely destroyed, and here it was expected the fire would have ended; but the Armoury roof next adjoining was discovered to be on fire; a general rush was now made by the soldiery to secure arms and other valuables, and water had to be obtained through the medium of engines near the river, Mackay and Staple, engineers, carried the branches through the great Armoury, and, for nearly half-an-hour played upon the ceiling wherever flames appeared, and a large quantity giving way, the whole of the interior between the roof and the ceiling was visibly on fire, thereby compelling them to make their escape by the grand staircase, and almost instantaneously the entire ceiling gave way filling it with smoke and fire. The flames now (11h. 20m.) issued from all parts of the roof, approaching towards the Clock Tower in the centre. Notwithstanding almost superhuman exertions, that magnificent edifice, the Armoury, was totally destroyed. The scene which presented itself was at once terrible and awfully magnificent. The flames which shot up to a most alarming height, had so reddened the horizon that it had attracted to the neighbourhood of Tower-hill countless multitudes, and the lurid glare which the devastating element shed around and upon the various craft stationed in the river was picturesque and appalling in the extreme. Crowds of people still continued pouring in to Tower-hill from every avenue leading to it, and several times it was feared and truly, perhaps, that an assault would be made by the populace on the Tower gates; and but for the strong bodies of troops stationed there, and the arrival of numerous bodies of the city and metropolitan police. The cries of persons anxious for admission, whose friends resided in the Tower, were incessant, and several conflicts took place.

Major Eltrington, this state of things continuing, sent for a reinforcement; a battalion of the Scotch Fusiliers Guards, 400 strong, arrived at half past one to the great

relief of those on duty. The gongs of the large floating engine of the fire brigade announced their respective arrivals, and greatly added to the general din and confusion. Moored along side Trooper's-gate, numbers of persons flocked to their assistance, but the water having to pass through a distance of 700 feet to oppose the mass of flame, their assistance was of but little avail.

At twelve and a half, a.m., the conflagration had extended through the floor of the small armoury into the lower compartment, occupied by the train of artillery and those splendid trophies of England's glory so well known to the public, and the greatest apprehensions were entertained that every part of the Tower would be destroyed. Fire gushed forth from every window, and the heat was so intense that the whole assumed the appearance of a volcanic eruption: it was impossible for a human being to stand on the Broad walk between the Armoury and the White Tower, and some of the engines before they could be removed, were considerably burnt. At one o'clock the whole of the Clock Tower, which had tottered for some time, and a great mass of the roof with some portion of the upper heavy stonework of the building fell in with a crash like the firing of heavy artillery. The flames now shot higher and higher, sending forth a livid hue, fit companion for Dante's Inferno, blown over in the direction of the White Tower. It is curious to remark that the vane on the top of the cupola of the Clock Tower, notwithstanding the intense heat which it had sustained, kept its point to the north east from the commencement till the tower fell. All attention was now directed to the White Tower and the church of St. Peter. The leaden water-pipes from the roof of the former were melted, and the window-frames had already ignited, but copious streams of water being well-directed against it, by the firemen, soldiers, &c. was saved. The church owes its preservation to the commendable exertions of the officers and garrison.

The Jewel Tower next attracted attention; the wind having shifted and destruction appeared inevitable; this reaching the ears of the governor, major Eltrington, instantly directed the warders to break it open at all risks, to secure the regalia and crown jewels, and bring them at once to him. This was effected by crow-bars. Mr. Swift, master of the Jewel Tower, when sent for, only possessed the key of the outer room, the other valuables being locked in by the Lord Chamberlain. Entrance gained, the strong iron bars that surrounded the diamonds presented new difficulties, which were however removed in twenty minutes; and now, behold warders carrying crowns, sceptres and other valuables of royalty between groups of soldiers, police and firemen, and others from the Jewel Tower, to the governor's residence, situated

at the furthest extremity of the green, where they arrived without sustaining the slightest injury, and the Jewel Tower by the most laudable exertion was saved.

At two o'clock the fire was evidently at its greatest height; it was now reported that a large magazine was attached to the armoury and would certainly explode: the flames occasionally vomited forth burning embers of immense size, then subsiding, again repeated awful bellowsings, until near three o'clock, when the fire so far abated as to enable the men with their engines to re-approach the buildings. Prior, however, to this taking place, a new cause of alarm arose in the Map Office, which contains some very valuable maps, records, &c. catching fire. This, however, was soon got under, and all the property placed in safety. Attention was now again directed to the main building, and copious streams of water poured into it in every direction, about five o'clock on Sunday morning all fear of the fire spreading further had ceased. Shortly before this a portion of the upper part of the round tower fell with fearful violence on to the roof of the barracks opposite the King's Head, which it drove in but without injuring any one. During the entire of Sunday the centre of the building presented one mass of fire, though no danger was apprehended. Nothing remains but the walls, and the splendid piece of architectural masonry at the summit of the building, over the grand entrance, and they are in such a tottering condition that they are expected every moment to fall, and sentinels are stationed in order to prevent persons going within a prescribed distance. The only relic of glory that meets the eye amidst this huge scene of desolation, is an immense anchor taken at Camperdown, which stood on the left of the grand staircase.

Major Elrington has favored the public with further particulars, from which we extract the following information:—The gallant Major states that Colonel Gurwood, the deputy lieutenant of the Tower, who acts as

Governor of the entire garrison, having occasion to leave England for France during Saturday; at six o'clock that evening he assumed the post of Governor of the Tower of London. At half-past ten o'clock he was at his official residence, facing St. Peter's Church, when he was alarmed by the beat of the drums of the troops, comprising a battalion of the Scots Fusileer Guards and a company of artillery. The rolling of the drums had scarcely subsided when he was informed that the armoury was on fire; he instantly gave orders to Colonel Auckland Eden, who was the colonel in command of the troops, to employ the men as actively as possible, &c. In the midst of the spreading flames, Colonel Davies of the Scots Fusileer Guards, rushed up the grand staircase, and with the assistance of his servant, secured the belt and sword of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and also the celebrated Maltese gun, which was taken from Malta by the French in 1798, and subsequently captured by Captain Foote with the *Sensible* frigate, &c. All apprehension having ceased of the further spreading of the flames at four o'clock A.M. the Major thought it his duty to inform the Duke of Wellington of the lamentable event, and despatched a messenger to Apsley-house, his Grace returned an answer expressive of his regret at so great a national calamity, and requested to be furnished with the particulars, and also to know if his presence would be required.

Major Elrington also states that the workshops in question were closed about the same time as the gates of the armoury, five o'clock, and from inquiries he had caused to be made of the persons who were the last to leave, the buildings appeared perfectly safe. With respect to the origin of the fire, he thinks it was caused from the flues of the stoves.

With regard to the amount or value of the property destroyed, it is impossible at the present time to give an adequate idea; it is, however, says 'the Times,' generally supposed to exceed the sum of £1,000,000 sterling.

M'LEOD'S ACQUITTAL.—This event, the latest political intelligence of importance during the month, has secured peace to England and America, and probably to the whole world.

THE CAPTURE OF CANTON.—This achievement, the news of which reached England about the 8th of October, is one amongst not the least glorious of the deeds of British valor. We had fully expected such a result, though not so rapidly decisive and secure a blow.

SPAIN.

Murderous attack by the Christinos upon the Queen in her own Palace.

The long threatened invasion exploded here in one night: about 1500 men attempted to possess themselves of the Palace and carry

off the Queen and her sister. They effected an entrance, but were resisted by a small body of Halberdiers (only 18 in number) until the noise of musquetry brought their comrades, troops of the line and National Guards to their assistance. After sharp fighting they were expelled, and retreated outside the city at 1 o'clock, to the Compo del Moro; generals Concha and Leon, brigadier Fulgario and others were taken prisoners, whilst several hundred men surrendered to Espatario in the morning.

Her Majesty appeared at the balcony and was received with the warmest vivas: four halberdiers were killed, and twelve wounded. The Queen and her sister bore the alarm admirably. A musket ball entered the room in which they were during the conflict.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE LAMENTED DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.
LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK.

By EDWARD DANIELL, Esq.

I knew her in the vigor of her days,
When life was redolent with bliss ;—when joy
Upon her radiant pathway brightly beam'd
And God's own glory settled on her head.
When all was calm and gentle as the breeze,
Which fans the leaflet on a summer's night ;
Or still, as is the deep and darksome sea,
When Alcyone hovers round her young,
And dips her pinions in its fitful wave.

She walked amid the blessings of her kind
Diffusing light and love. The widow's sighs
Which rend the stricken heart ;—the orphan's tears
And the pale form of destitution's self,
With all the haggard train of starving want,
Ceas'd at her blessed approach. The magic wand,
Of universal Love, 'twas here to wield,
Transforming tears to smiles,—and care to joy.
Then holy Charity trod side by side,
And, hand in hand, uncrippled in her walk
By forms,—by fashions,—bigotry or pride ;
A plenteous horn held in her fair right palm,
Whence bounties sprang exhaustless,—rushing forth
A hallow'd stream refreshing all,—and free
As is the breath of zephyr,—blessing and blest !

Deeds like hers hung on the charmed air,
Balsamic, as the odour shed around,
By scatter'd flow'rets crush'd beneath the tread,
Of some fair bridal train, or as the incense
When it rides to Heaven in curls of rich perfume.

Yes ! the bright actions of her angel life,
Shine on the darkness of a selfish world,
Like brilliant gems within the cavern's mouth
Or as the lucid worm, whose jewell'd light,
Studs the black wing of Erebus, and hangs
Upon the ebon brow of night ; her beams
So soft, so placid, and so sweet, that earth
Upon its wide domain, can peer it not.

But why yon nodding plumes,—that mournful throng,
Yon sabled solitary horse *—the measured march,
Of tenantry ;—the crowd which hems the way ?
Why gush the streamlets from those burning eyes ?
And why do bosoms heave convulsively,

* At her Ladyship's Funeral her favorite horse clad in mourning followed the hearse.

Lines on the Death of Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick.

With sobs and sighs,—which ever and anon,
Like prison'd winds, do rive the harass'd chest,
And pass away in deep and heavy moans ?

Know in that confine rests the scathed form
Of her :—so loving and belov'd !—who late
(As doth the stately Oak, in her own woods)
Stood nobly in her pride ; and like the Oak
Extending arms of kind protection round
Her lov'd domain. Death on his pale, pale horse,
Caparison'd with terrors all his own,
Rush'd from his dark abode ;—he sought the halls,
Where Innocence and Virtue lov'd to dwell
Effulgent in their Gertrude's breast—she crown'd,
With the soft sunshine of a Sister's smiles.
Arm'd with his iron mandate,—none can brave,
Death still'd the pulses of her gentle heart,
And snapt in twain the silv'ry cord of life !

Now drooping by her solitary bier
Weep the pale forms of Charity and Love
While Virtue bending from her home in Heaven
Shrieks to behold the dark and narrow bed
Of her,—she cradled from the dawn of life ;
Then from her dewy eye drops down a tear
Which only angels shed,—a tear so sweet,
So full of pity,—yet of holy light,
That its soft ray touch'd ev'ry mourning heart,
Fill'd every soul with peace,—and bade each tongue,
Lisp hymns of praise—seraphic songs of joy.
What ! though the mortal dust returns again,
To mix and mingle with its mother earth,
And the dank grave-worms revel in their prey,
Fretting each form,—and marring beauty's self ;

Yet shall the spirit from its thralldom free,
Bask in the fulness of eternal light,
In floods of glory,—radiant with bliss,
Our flames shall wither, and our flesh dissolve ;
Connections cease,—and nature droop and die,
But the bright essence of Eternal Mind,
Lives midst the crumbling wreck—though years may roll
And Time's unsparing hand all vestige sweep,
Of human greatness—or of human pride ;
Though earth dissolve, and the cerulean arch,
Be wrap'd as is a scroll ;—though sun and moon
And stars—the wandering orbs of heaven
Which garnish out the light ;—drop from their spheres,
And into chaos sink,—yet God proclaims
“ That holy virtue never shall expire.”



THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE
PRINCESS ROYAL—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ADELAIDE MARIA LOUISA.

October 1. (Windsor.) The weather being unfavorable, Her Majesty did not leave the Castle. H. R. H. Prince Albert shot for an hour in the Home Park, instead of pheasant shooting in the preserves in the Great Park, owing to the weather. At three o'clock H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent arrived from Woolwich, on a visit to her illustrious daughter.

Her Royal Highness's suite consisting of Col. Wylde, Capt. Francis Seymour and attendants, arrived at Woolwich, after a passage of 13 hours, having left Ostend at 11 p. m. on the Thursday.

His Excellency Chekib Effendi, Turkish ambassador at this Court, left London for Paris. Foad Effendi, first Secretary of the Embassy, is *pro tem.* Charge d'Affaires, at the English Court, from the Sublime Court.

2. Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, walked a considerable time on the Terrace. In the afternoon H. R. H. Prince Albert drove Her Majesty in the Park, in a pony phaeton, accompanied by the Royal Duchess.

The Earls Delaware and Jersey took their departure.

3. The Court attended Divine service in the private chapel in the afternoon. The service was performed by the Hon. and Rev. Southwell Keppel.

4. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert drove to Adelaide Lodge in a pony phaeton, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent afterwards accompanied her illustrious daughter in a drive through the Parks.

The Princess Royal was taken her usual airing.

The Hon. and Rev. Ed. Southwell Keppel, took his departure.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester attended by Lady G. Bathurst, and H. S. H. Prince Hesse Philippsthal, attended by Sir Andrew Barnard and Sir David Davies, left Sudbury Hall, the residence of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, for town; Her Royal Highness and the Prince came by the Birmingham railway at the terminus in Euston-square. H. R. H. attended by her Lady in Waiting, and Sir A. Barnard, proceeded to her residence Gloucester-house, Piccadilly, and H. S. H. Prince Ernest proceeded to Marlborough-house, the residence of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

5. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady A. M. Dawson, left for London, and returned in the evening.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert drove in a pony phaeton to Adelaide Cottage.

The Princess Royal was taken her usual air-

ing. Her Majesty, and H. R. H. Prince Albert driving, left the Castle in a pony phaeton.

H. R. H. enjoyed the sport of pheasant shooting in the Great Park, near Sandgate.

6. Her Majesty held a Privy Council at half-past 12 p. m., attended by H. R. H. Prince Albert. The Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretary of State, the Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse. A Royal Commission was ordered to be issued for proroguing Parliament until the 11th of Nov.

The Earls and Countesses de Grey and Cowper, arrived on a visit to her Majesty, also Sir Chas. Bagot, who kissed hands on his appointment as Governor of Canada.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert first drove to Adelaide Lodge, then round the Park.

The Princess Royal was taken her usual airing.

7. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert took their usual early drive in a pony phaeton. H. R. H. afterwards passed some time shooting at the Flemish farm. In the afternoon her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert left in a pony phaeton, H. R. H. driving. The Royal cortege passed through the Long Walk into the Great Park and Forest drive.

His Excellency Sir C. Bagot took his departure for town.

Earl Jermyn arrived on a visit to her Majesty.

8. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert drove to Adelaide Cottage, and afterwards walked on the Terrace.

The Princess Royal was taken her usual airing. The Royal party left the Castle in the afternoon, Her Majesty and H. R. H. in a pony phaeton, the Prince driving.

Lady Charles Dundas succeeded Lady Anne Maria Dawson as Lady in Waiting upon H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

9. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert visited Adelaide Lodge, took their accustomed drive in the Park, attended by their usual suite. The Princess Royal took an airing.

The Judge Advocate had an audience of her Majesty.

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington arrived on a visit to her Majesty. Sir James Clark and Dr. Locock came and passed the night at the Castle. Sir James afterwards returned to town.

Her Majesty's intended departure was postponed.

The Duchess and the Princess of Cambridge

arrived in town from their residence at Kew. Their R.H.'s visited the Duchess of Gloucester, and partook of a *déjeuné*.

H.S.H. Prince Ernest of Hesse-Philippsthal left town to pay a visit to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

10. Dr. Locock continued at the Castle in attendance upon Her Majesty. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent purposed being in town, but the order for the carriages was countermanded.

Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert did not join the Royal dinner party.

11. Her Majesty took her usual airing in a pony phaeton, driven by H.R.H. Prince Albert. H.R.H., accompanied by his Grace the Duke of Wellington, rode in the Great Park and had some excellent sport with the Beagles.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Charlotte Dundas, walked on the terrace.

H.R.H. the Princess Royal had her usual airing. Dr. Locock took his departure.

Sir James Clark arrived in the evening.

Their R.H.'s, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge arrived in town; the Duke visited H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, then returned to Kew.

12. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert did not leave the Castle owing to the unfavorable state of the weather. Her Majesty had submitted to her inspection a most beautiful specimen of *Bisquellina*, comprising a full-length portrait of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, and also a basket in imitation of "fine twiggins," a process peculiar to that manufactory, with which her Majesty was most graciously pleased to express her approbation.

The Marquis of Ormond succeeded Lord Byron as Lord in Waiting. Captain the Hon. Alexander Hood succeeded Sir Frederick Stovin as Groom in Waiting.

Her Majesty's health was re-established.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady Caroline Legge, left her residence, Gloucester House, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Mayo, at their residence, Baginbun.

13. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked for some time during the morning on the terrace. The Princess Royal was taken her usual airing. At half-past 3 o'clock p.m. the Queen and the Prince left the Castle in a pony phaeton, his Royal Highness driving, and followed by the usual retinue.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch from Whitehall gardens, and the Right Hon. G. L. Dawson Damer arrived on a visit to her Majesty. Lord Byron departed.

14. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked on the terrace a considerable time. Shortly afterwards the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Buccleuch, enjoyed an hour's shooting at Frogmore.

H.R.H. the Princess Royal took her usual airing.

H.R.H. Prince Albert drove her Majesty out in a pony phaeton, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

15. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked on the terrace, also H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Charlotte Dundas. H.R.H. Prince Albert afterwards rode on horseback to the Great Park, where the party attend-

ing had a run with the Beagles. H.R.H. and her Majesty left the Castle for an airing in a pony phaeton, H.R.H. driving. Their graces the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Right Hon. G. L. Dawson Damer took their departure.

16. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert did Mr. Moon the honor of inspecting a valuable ring of brilliants, presented to him by his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, as a mark of high consideration of their Imperial Majesties for his liberality and talent in promoting the fine arts. H.S.H. Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal left Marlborough House to visit their R.H.'s, the Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Viscount and Viscountess Jocelyn, and Col. Sir George Cowper, Bart., arrived on a visit to the Queen.

17. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Royal household, attended Divine service in the Private Chapel.—The Rev. Isaac Gossett officiated. Her Majesty appeared in excellent health.

18. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert enjoyed for some time their usual walk on the Terrace; afterwards H.R.H. went to Norfolk farm and spent the forenoon in shooting. Her Majesty, we are happy to say, is in excellent health; and after dining with her illustrious guests and suite did not retire till after ten o'clock.

Her Majesty and H.R.H. were pleased to inspect the last full-length portrait of the Military Duke of Lucre, submitted by Mr. Moon.

The Viscount and Viscountess Jocelyn left.

H.S.H. Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal returned to Marlborough House.

19. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert arrived at Buckingham Palace at four o'clock, escorted by a party of Hussars, from Windsor Castle. The Equerries in Waiting, Lord Charles Wellesley, Clerk in Marshall, and Colonel Bouverie, Equerry to the Prince, followed in a chariot and four. H.R.H. the Princess Royal and her attendants and the Royal suite, including the Dowager Lady Lyttleton, Hen. Misses Paget and Anson, Baroness Leichen, Marquis of Ormond, Hon. C. A. Murray, Hon. Captain Hood, and Captain Francis Seymour.

Her Majesty and H.R.H. were received at Buckingham Palace by the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, and Lord George Lennox, Lord in Waiting on the Prince.

The Royal Standard was hoisted on the Marble Arch.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Charlotte Dundas, visited the Queen.

Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage in the Parks. The Royal Coldstream band attended at the Palace during the evening.

H.R.H. the Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge honored Covent Garden Theatre with their presence, and returned afterwards to Kew.

H.S.H. Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal left Marlborough House for Kew.

22. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked both in the fore and afternoon in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. His Royal Highness rode out afterwards on horseback.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge visited H.R.H. Prince Albert.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady Caroline Legg, arrived at Gloucester House from Burstled Lodge near Bogner, Sussex, the residence of the Earl and Countess Mayo.

23. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert; also H.S.H. Prince Hesse Philippsthal. The band of the 2^d regiment of Life Guards attended during dinner.

24. (Sunday.) Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert attended divine service in Buckingham Palace. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Keppel officiated.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the Chapel Royal St. James's. Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Haden.

25. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert took an airing in the Park. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. The band of the 1st. Life Guards were in attendance during the evening. H.S.H. Prince Hesse Philippsthal visited the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge at their residence at Kew.

26. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge visited H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester at Gloucester House, and then returned to Kew.

27. H. R. H. The Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. The band of the Grenadier Guards attended during dinner.

28. All the necessary preparations for Her Majesty's accouchement were in readiness. The interesting event may be hourly expected, (says the *Court Circular*) or possibly, may not occur for a short time; as, although, the Queen has been rather indisposed the last day or two, yet she has not considered it necessary to keep her room. Orders were given some days past for summonses to be issued from the Home Office to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop of London, Lord Chancellor, and those Cabinet Ministers whose duty it is to be in attendance when a Birth is expected.

Sir R. Peel's horses have been kept harnessed for the road two days and nights, in order that if any information should be received, the *Ht. Hon. Bart.* may not be delayed one minute.

Hon. Miss Devereux succeeded the Hon. Miss Paget, as Maid in Waiting on the Queen.

29. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the Gardens of Buckingham Palace. The bands of the 2d. Life Guards and the Scots Fusilier Guards were in attendance during dinner.

H.R.H. Prince Edward of Saxe Weimer, lauded from the Batavier from Rotterdam, and proceeded to Marlborough house; afterwards left for Sudbury hall, on a visit to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and we are happy to state that the Catterhal affection is now giving way, and her Majesty feels much better.

Her Majesty the Queen was considerably better in health than for several days past.

Lord Ellenborough had audience of Her Majesty; and kissed hands on being appointed Governor General of India.

30. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. The band of the 1st Life Guards was in attendance during the evening. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager is in most respects much the same, though at one period of the night Her Majesty was much harrassed by Her cough. H. R. H.

the Duke of Cambridge arrived in town from his residence at Kew, and visited the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester. H.S.H. Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal went to Kew to visit their R.H's, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

31. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert and the Royal Household attended Divine Service in Buckingham Palace—the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Keppel, deputy clerk of the closet in waiting officiated.

ATTENDANTS UPON HER MAJESTY IN HER RIDES AND DRIVES a. AT THE THEATRE b. AT CHURCH c. AND VISITORS AT HER MAJESTY'S TABLE d.

Mr. G. E. Anson—1a 2d 11a 16a 17a 18d 20d 24d

Col. Bouverie—1a 2a 4a 6a 9a 11a 14a 20a

Col. Arbuthnot—1d

Dowager Lady Lyttleton—4a 6a 9a 14a

Lady Anna Maria Dawson—2a 4a

Hon. Matilda Paget—2a 4a 20a

Hon. Frederick Stovin—2a 4a 16a

Lord Charles Wellesley—2a 4a 6a 9a 11a 20a

Capt. Francis Seymour—2a

Hon. Henrietta Anson—4a 9a 14a 20a

Hon. Miss Paget—6a 14a

Earl of Jersey—9a 27d

Hon. C. A. Murray—14a

Right Hon. Dawson Damer—14a

Lady Charlotte Dundas—14a 20d 22d 24d 28d 30d

Col. Richardson—14d

Duchess of Kent—20d 22d 24d 25d 28d 30d

Lord George Lennox—20d

Lord and Lady Lyttleton—20d

Earl of Liverpool—22d

Sir George Cowper—22d

Earl of Erroll—23d 24d

Earl Delaware—22d 23d 24d

Baron Stockmar—22d 23d 24d 27d 28d

Col. Wyld—27d

Earl of Aberdeen—27d

LOCUSTS OF SPAIN, *war against*.—An extraordinary Government circular, addressed to all the political chiefs of the kingdom, lately appeared in the *Gaceta* of Madrid, urging them to make war against the *langostas*, or locusts, so destructive to the harvests of Spain. The chiefs were to assemble their *Ayuntamientos* and the surrounding agricultural population, and to take the field against those destroyers in September, with rakes, rollers, harrows, nets, fire, and every weapon that could avail for their extermination. Precise and very excellent directions are given for proceeding in detail against the common enemy, and premiums are declared for captures, by the bushel, whether in embryo, grub, or winged insect. The political chiefs could not be better employed. Recently the entire corn crops of the province of Jaen, in Andalusia, were eaten up or broken into chaff by a descent of these locusts. But the plague does not cease there, for when these myriads have devoured everything, they die, and putrifying in masses so infect the air, that serious local diseases are the consequence.

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

BIRTHS.

Barton, the Lady of Charles C., esq., of a daughter; Dusseldorf, Sept. 27.
 Baskerville, Lady of Mynors, esq., M.P., of a son; 21, Queen-square, Bath, Sept. 21.
 Bevan, Lady Agneta, of a daughter; Trent Park, Sept. 28.
 Bowen, Mrs., of a son; Budgewater, Oct. 23.
 Buller, Lady of James Wentworth, esq., of a son; Downes, Oct. 23.
 Campbell, Lady of Colonel, of a son; of Avisyard, Ayrshire, at Paris, Oct. 8.
 Coxe, Lady of Col. Digby, 25th Bengal N.I., of a son; Sept. 30.
 Deacon, the Lady of James W., esq., of a daughter; Blackheath Park, Oct. 28.
 Elderton, the Lady of Charles Merrick, esq., of a daughter; Abbey-place, St. John's Wood, Oct. 6.
 Errington, Mrs., of a daughter; Hill-street, Berkeley-square, Oct. 27.
 Evans, the wife of the Rev. T. Simpson, M. A., vicar of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, of a daughter; Sept. 22.
 Faunce, Lady of Captain, of a daughter; Marsted Deddington, Kent, Oct. 13.
 Freeman, the Lady of Wm. P. Williams, esq., of a son; Fawley Court, Oct. 20.
 Fowkes, Lady of Henry George, esq., of a son; Haverfordwest, Sept. 1.
 Gilbertson, Mrs. James, of a son; Hertford, Sept. 29.
 Harbin, Lady of Peter Tait, esq., of a son; Oct. 27.
 Harding, Lady of B. Harding, esq., of a son; York Terrace, Oct. 23.
 Hayward, the wife of J. Curtis, esq., of a daughter; Quedgeley-house, Gloucestershire; Sept. 29.
 Hepburn, Lady Buchan, of a son; Smcaton, Oct. 24.
 Howarth, the wife of Charles, esq., of a daughter; Colemans, Lancashire, Oct. 30.
 Howard, Lady Howard de Walden, of a son; Lisbon, Sept. 29.
 Hosking, Mrs. Wm., of a son; Woburn-square; Oct. 18.
 Hicks, the wife of F. E., esq., of a daughter; 7, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, Oct. 7.
 Kinsey, Lady of the Rev. Matthew, of a daughter; Boles Rectory, Salop, Sept. 24.
 Knobel, the wife of W. E., esq., of a son; Upper Baker-street, Oct. 21.
 Lawrence, Mrs. Edward, of a daughter; Grove-terrace, Kentish-town, Oct. 8.
 Lloyd, wife of Robert, esq., of a son; Chester-terrace, Regent's-park, Oct. 16.
 Moore, wife of the Rev. J. Walter, of a daughter; Horelley, Ellesmere, Salop, Oct. 21.
 Milligan, wife of James, esq., of a son, Finsbury Circus, Oct. 24.

New, the wife of the Rev. F. T., of a son; Chester-place, Regent's-park, Oct. 16.
 Oswell, wife of the Rev. Henry Lloyd, of a daughter, at Cleobury, Mortimer, Oct. 22.
 Peel, wife of Wm. Peel, esq., of a daughter; Pannaris, Carmarthenshire, Oct. 19.
 Pelky, the wife of J. Henry, esq., of a daughter; 34, Eaton place, Oct. 8.
 Phillips, wife of Lovett, esq., M.D., of a daughter; Torville, Torquay, Oct. 21.
 Phipps, Lady of Colonel, of a son and daughter; Oaklands, Tipperary, Oct. 2.
 Ryder, wife of the Hon. Frederick Dudley, of a son and son; Grosvenor-square, Oct. 15.
 Stopford, Mrs. William, of a daughter, Chester-square, Oct. 3.
 Stutely, the wife of M. L., esq., of a daughter; 2, Gower street, Bedford-square, Oct. 19.
 Sweet, wife of the Rev. Benjamin, of a daughter; at the Vicarage Upton, near Gainsborough, Oct. 22.
 Syms, the wife of William, of a daughter; Old Ford, Bow, Middlesex, Oct. 6.
 Talbot, Lady Charlotte, of a daughter, in Belgrave-square; Oct. 8.
 Taylor, wife of J., esq., of a daughter; Hanover, Oct. 11.
 Torris, wife of Richard, esq., of a son, Englefield Green, Oct. 25.

MARRIAGES.

Alston, Harriet, second daughter of Rowland Alston, esq. of Roehurby, in the county of Hertford, to Thomas Neville Addy, esq., of Albans, in the county of Essex, by the Rev. Chas. Boyle Abdy, Rector of Copersall, Essex; Oct. 19.
 Bangor, widow of Viscount Bangor, of Castle-ward, county of Down, and second daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Lord Farnham, to Captain Nugent, 35th regiment, son of Andrew Nugent, esq., of Portsterry, county Down, and nephew of the Viscount De Veset, Oct. 4.
 Barrow, Elizabeth Sarah, daughter of the late John Barrow, esq., of Davies-street, Berkeley-square, to the Rev. W. Beckett, B. A., Trinity College, Oxford; Oct. 19.
 Bernal, Matilda, eldest daughter of Ralph Bernal, esq. to George Long, esq. of Wimpole Street, St. George's, Hanover-square; Sept. 30.
 Bovill, Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Benjamin Bovill, esq., to B. Bovill, esq., of East-hill, Wandsworth, by the Rev. C. Delafosse, of Wandsworth; Oct. 2.
 Bowen, Sarah Fenwick, only child of Wm. Strallock Bowen, esq., of Naseby Woolleys, Northamptonshire, and grand-daughter and heiress of the late Thomas Fenwick, esq., of Barron Hall, Lancashire, to Ed. Matthew, 2d

son of the late Ed. James, esq., of Jamaica ; at Naseby, Oct. 6.

Birkmyre, Isabella, only daughter of the late Wm. Birkmyre, esq., Glasgow, to Oscar Leslie Stephens, esq., at St. Pancras, by the Rev. Sir Wm. Dunbar, Bart. ; Oct. 15.

Broderip, Emma, daughter of Edmund Broderip, esq., of Weymouth, to Walker Busfield, esq., of Miner-field, near Bingley, Yorkshire ; at Weymouth, by the Rev. J. Somerville Brodrup, M.A., Oct. 19.

Butler, Ann, widow of the late Gen. Butler, to Anthony Shepty Greene, esq., at Brighton ; Oct. 6.

Bund, Ursula Frances, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. Bund, of Wick-house, Worcester, to the Rev. P. Hill, incumbent of Lye, Worcestershire ; at the Abbey Church, Great Malvern, Oct. 6.

Corbett, Caroline Albinia, daughter of the venerable Stuart Corbett, D.D., Archdeacon of York, to the Rev. George Cumpion Berkeley, vicar of Southminster, Essex ; Oct. 19.

Covington, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of George Covington, esq., of Missenden Abbey to Captain Charles Henry Best, of the Hon. E.I.C. Madras Artillery ; at Great Missenden, Oct. 19.

Cramer, Caroline Amelia, ygst. daughter of the late John Harvey Cramer, esq., of the Isle of Wight, to Chas. Taylor, esq., jun. of Kensington ; at St. Pancras New Church, Oct. 19.

Denps, Ellen, 3d daughter of Sir George W. Denps, Bart. and niece of the late Earl of Pomfret, to the Rev. Frederick Robertson, by the Rev. J. Hane ; at the residence of the British Consul, at Geneva, Oct. 6.

Elliot, Eleanor, daughter of James Elliot, esq., of Woolflee, Scotland, to the Baron Pogrimtz ; at Frankfurt.

Eustace, Katherine, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Cornwallis Eustace, of Sandford Hall, Essex, to Robert King, esq., of Chester Street, Grosvenor Place ; at St. George's, Hanover Square, Sept. 2.

Fenton, Janet, 2d daughter of the late James Fenton, esq., of Hempstead, to Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, Bart., by the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley of Strathfieldsaye, Mortimer, Bucks, Oct. 25.

Fuller, Julianna Rebecca, only daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Joseph Fuller, G.C.H., to Hugh Hume Campbell, of Brahmout, Bart. M.P. ; at St. George's, Hanover Square, Oct. 9.

Gosset, Mary, daughter of Daniel Gosset, esq., formerly of Edmonston, to Stephen T. Watts, esq., at Southampton, Oct. 1.

Grogan, Fanny, daughter of Col. Grogan, to Captain Edward Pole, 12th Lancers, son of Sir R. P. Pole ; at Dublin, Oct. 2.

Heitland, Elizabeth, 2d daughter of the late Major Heitland, to John Robert, eldest son of John Brown, esq., of Norton ; at Colkuk, Norfolk, Oct. 14.

Hill, Maria Dyneley, eldest daughter of Richard Hill, esq., to Charles Baynes, esq., of the Madras Civil Service ; at Michaelstone Lepit, in the county of Glamorgan, Oct. 29.

Hopkinson, Mary, eldest daughter of Wm. Hopkinson, esq., of Hamilton-place, New-Road, to Richard Catarnis, esq., of Greenwich, and Mark Lane ; Oct. 19.

Howe, Eliza, ygst. daughter of the late Thos. Howe, esq., of Bonerit, to John Walker, esq., M.D., of Baker-street, Portman-square, by the Rev. W. Ludlow, M.A., George-street, Hanover-square.

Hayne, Mary Ann, 2d daughter of Josh. Hayne, esq., of Fordington-house, Dorchester, Dorset, to Lieut. Richard Sweet Cole, 6th regiment of foot, only son of Lieut.-Col. Cole, formerly of the 81st regiment ; Oct. 2.

Humphreys, Elizabeth, daughter of John Humphreys, esq., of Upper Clapton, to Wm. Turner, esq., of the same place, by the Rev. Dr. Dodsworth ; Oct. 21.

Jackson, Sarah B., of Boston, United States, to Joseph Hobbins, esq., surgeon, Wednesbury, Staffordshire ; at George's Church, Liverpool, Oct. 11.

Jackson, Marianne, 2d daughter of the late Captain R. Melbourn Jackson, R.N., to the Rev. Richard Gee ; at Abbots Langley, Herts, Sept. 30.

Kennedy, Elizabeth, the 6th daughter of Brigadier Kennedy, C.B., commanding the Rajpootana Field Force, to the Rev. H. Pratt, A.M., chaplain Hon. East India Company's Service ; at Nusseerabad, in the East Indies, August 12.

Leeks, Ellena Mary, daughter of Sam. Alphonsa Leeks, esq., of Great Coram Street, to George Watson Wood, esq. at St. George's, Bloomsbury ; Sept. 30.

Mary Anne, eldest daughter of George Johnston, esq., late of Carnarvon, North Wales, and Camden-place, Bath, to S. H. T. Hayne, esq., eldest son of Jonathan Hayne, esq. of Park-hill, Croydon, by the Hon. and Rev. H. M. Villers ; at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, Oct. 18.

Marshall, Louisa Phillips, 3d daughter of Captain Sir John Marshall, C.B., Gillingham-house, Kent, to George Black, esq., Captain in the Royal Canadian Rifles, by the Rev. Dr. Page ; at Gillingham, Oct. 5.

Middleton, Ann, widow of Boswell Middleton, esq., of Winstead, Essex, to John Reary, esq., of Mecklenburgh-square ; Oct. 6.

Mount, Henrietta Gypss, eldest daughter of Wm. Mount, esq., to Henry John Gauntlett, esq., at All Saints, Canterbury, Oct. 6.

Noble, Ann, widow of the late W. Noble, esq., to the Rev. Thomas Chandler Carties, B. D. and Vicar of Linton, Herefordshire ; at Heptonstall, Yorkshire, Oct. 19.

North, Louisa Frederica, ygst. daughter of the late Rev. Charles Augustus North, Rector of Alverstoke, Hants, to John Samuel Bowles, esq., of Milton-hill, Berks, by the Rev. Erskine Knollys, at Brighton, Oct. 21.

Parkinson, Mary Hester, eldest daughter of the late J. W. Parkinson, esq., of Holton-square, to Charles Holman Warren, esq., of Milverton, by the Rev. Henry Sweeting, at Dulverton, Somerset ; Oct. 4.

Partridge, Louisa French, only daughter of Roger Partridge, esq., of Queen Ann-street, to Henry John Garratt, esq., of Welbeck-street, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester ; Oct. 23.

Pepper, Ann, only daughter of George Pepper, esq., of Kew-green, Surrey, to Francis R. Hedden, esq., third son of the late Walter Hedden, esq., of Stockwell, Surrey, by the Rev. Dr. Chisholm, Oct. 28.

Popham, Isabella Leyborne, ygst. daughter of General Popham, of Littlecott, to Robert Miller Mundy, esq., Royal Horse Artillery, by the Rev. J. L. Popham; Oct. 16.

Puston, Isabel, only child of the late Rev. George Puston, M.A. Rector of Luxden, Essex, to Ed. Nolan, esq., of Gloucester Villa, Regent's Park; at St. Pancras Church, Oct. 12.

Ryle, Caroline Elizabeth, ygst. daughter of J. Ryle, esq., of Henbury, Cheshire, to the Rev. W. Courthope, B.A., youngest son of the late G. Courthope, esq., of Whilgh, Sussex, by the Rev. J. R. Wood, M.A.; Oct. 29.

Samler, Aune, eldest daughter of the late Richard Samler, esq., of East-hill, Wandsworth, Surrey, to Fernando Giachosa, Hanoverian consul, by the Rev. Mr. Maule, at St. Mary's Church, Dover, Oct. 18.

Startin, Charlotte Anne, ygst. daughter of James Startin, esq., late of Harborne, Staffordshire, to Charles Burr, esq., of Luton, Beds, by the Rev. Thomas Sikes, Rector of Puttenham, Herts; at St. Stephen's, Finsbury, Oct. 20.

Swan, Anne, daughter of the late Percival Swan, esq., of Baldwin's Town, county of Wexford, to Captain E.N. Wilford, Royal Artillery; at Woolwich, Oct. 21.

Synons, Catherine, eldest daughter of the late N. B. Synons, esq., of Conorchard, to Mr. W. Prockter, of Louneclly, near Stratton, Cornwall; Oct. 17.

Tallap, Catherine, daughter of James Tallan, esq., of Dundalk, to Alex. Duncan, esq., Government Assistant Surveyor, at Ceylon.

Teesdale, Henrietta, 3d. daughter of John Teesdale, esq., of Russell-square, to Edmund, son of the Rev. G. F. Barlow, Rector of Burgh, Suffolk, by the Rev. Isaac Spencer, M.A., vicar of Acomb, Yorkshire, at Harrogate, Oct. 5.

Thomson, Margaret Agnes, only daughter of Professor Thomson of the University of Glasgow, to Dr. R. D. Thomson; by the Rev. James Thomson of Eccles, Oct. 13.

Vesey, Jane, daughter of the late Rev. Arthur Vesey of Knapton, and niece of Viscount de Vesci, to Henry Barry Knock, rector of Hadleigh, and co-dean of Bocking.

Wansey, Eliza, 2d. daughter of Geo. Wansey, esq., of Warminster, to J. Lindsay Travers, esq., of Clapham-park, Surrey, by the Rev. G. Armstrong, of Bristol; at Warminster, Oct. 16.

Wilson, Jane Lydia, ygst. daughter of the late John Seacroft Hall, near Leeds, to Wm. Spooner, esq., eldest son of Archdeacon Spooner, of Elmden, Warwickshire; at Whitkirk, Yorkshire, by the Venerable Archdeacon Musgrave, Oct. 6.

Williams, Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Alex. Williams, esq., of Enfield House, Enfield, to Edward Lancaster, esq., by the Rev. Mr. Luck, A.M.; at Saint Bride's, Fleet Street, Oct. 13.

Woolsey, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Woolsey, esq., Admiralty, to the Rev. Henry de Laval Willis, third son of the late Rev. Thomas G. Willis, L.L.D. Rector of Kilmurry and Derry Galvin, diocese of Limerick, by the Rev. Wm. Jameson, M.A.; at Castle Bellingham, Oct. 16.

Woollams, Anne, only daughter of the late J. Woollams, of Connaught-terrace, to Samuel Marton Hubert, jun., by the Rev. J. Leigh Spencer, at St. Mary's, Lambeth, Oct. 16.

DEATHS.

Andrews, Edward, L.L.D., late Minister of Berresford Chapel, Wulworth, aged 55. He retired to bed at eleven o'clock on Monday evening in perfect health, and expired at three o'clock on Tuesday morning. His loss will be severely felt and deeply regretted by his numerous congregation and friends.—At the interment there were upwards of twenty mourning coaches, and as many private carriages, and there could not have been fewer than 1000 individuals present in the Cemetery: died 19th Oct.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Arnold, James Edward Gaunt, son of — Arnold, esq., of Stamford Villa, Fulham, aged 18, died 18th Oct.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Back, James Penn, esq., formerly of New Inn and Upper Berkeley-street, and late of North Lodge, Ripon, Yorkshire; at Shirley, Hants, Sept. 30.

Emly, the wife of William a Beckett, esq., Solicitor General of New South Wales; at Sydney, June 1.

Bennett, Kezia Mary, daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Bennett, of Queen's College, Cambridge, aged 20, died 3d Oct.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Bewicke, Mrs. A. L., sister of the Rev. C. J. Bewicke, at Hallaton-hall, Leicestershire, aged 70; Oct. 21.

Bettingham, John, esq., at his residence, Wellington-square, Cheltenham, aged 75; Oct. 21.

Blair, Colonel, of Blair, Ayrshire, at Prince's Street, Edinburgh; Oct. 21.

Blunt, Mary, widow of Henry Blunt, esq., of Chelsea, at Streatham, aged 76; Oct. 19.

Bridges, Elizabeth, widow of the late John Bridges, esq., of St. Nicholas Court; at Ramsgate, aged 77, Oct. 20.

Butter, Thomas, esq., late of the Ordnance Office; at his residence East Wickham, aged 77, Oct. 14.

Burrowes, Lieut.-Col. Wm. Nesbitt, late 17th Lancers; Oct. 3.

Cathcart, the Hon. and Rev. Archibald Hamilton, Rector of Methley, Vicar of Rippal, and Prebend of York, at Rippal, near Pontefract, aged 77; Oct. 8.

Carver, Sam., esq., at the residence of C. H. Bowley, esq., at Myddleton-house, Enfield, aged 85; Oct. 8.

Cooper, W. S., esq., of Hull, aged 58; Oct. 23. Cooper, Thomas, esq., at Lewes, many years a solicitor in that town, aged 52; Oct. 23.

Cousens, Stephen, 3d. son of the late John Cousens, esq., of Prinstead Lodge, Sussex; in Maddox Street, Oct. 7.

Charlewood, Sophia, Margaret, ygst. daughter of the Rev. Chas B. Charlewood, esq., of Oats Hill, county of Stafford, aged 25; Oct. 2.

Christmas, John, esq., of Huntley-street, Bedford-square, aged 73; Oct. 1.

Currie, 1 eginold Gore, eldest surviving son of the late Blackwood Gore Currie, esq., of Wimbledon, after a short illness; at Brighton, aged 7, Sept. 30.

Dawson, Lieut. Clotworthy, R.N., eldest son of the late Admiral Dawson of Carrickfergus, Ireland; on his passage home from Mexico, Sept. 13.

Debary, Rev. Peter, B.D., late Senior of Trinity College, Cambridge, aged 77; Oct. 9.

Dawson, Betty, of Walworth, widow of the late Joseph Dawson, esq., of St. John's, Horse-lydown, aged 78; Oct. 16.

Era, Richard, Long Lane, Southwark, aged 45, died 29th Sept.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Fenning, Frances Eliza, wife of George Fenning, esq.; at Highbury, aged 36, Oct. 21.

Fitzpatrick, Lady Gertrude, at Tarming Woods, Northamptonshire, after a short illness, to the inexpressible grief of all her relatives and friends; Sept. 30.

French, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of James Moore French, esq., of Stockwell, aged 49, died 4th Oct.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Fuller, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Joseph, G. C. H., in Bryanston-square; Oct. 16.

Graham, Sarah Ann, 4th daughter of Wm. Graham; at Abington, aged 17, Oct. 13.

Gordon, the Right Hon. Lady William, at the Green Park-lodge, Piccadilly, aged 80; Sept. 29.

Gower, the Rev. Granville Leveson, at St. Mabyn Rectory, Cornwall; Sept. 28.

Gilbert, Mrs. Jane, at Merton-lodge, Merton, Surrey, the residence of her uncle, John Samuel Schwenck, esq.; Oct. 5.

Gutteres, Louisa, daughter of M. Gutteres, esq., at Belmont, Sidmouth, aged 21; Oct. 22.

O'Grady, wife of the Hon. Walter O'Grady, of Stephens Green, and sister of the late Lord Massey; at Kingstown, Dublin, Oct. 2.

Hallburton, Alex., esq., for many years a magistrate for that county, at Whitley; near Wigan, Lancashire, aged 74, Oct. 17.

Hall, Rev. John Robert, Rector of Batford, and Prebendary of Exeter; at Batsford, Gloucestershire, aged 72, Oct. 18.

Hanner, Mrs. Lucy Ann, Great Ormand-street, aged 80, died 6th Oct.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Hawkes, Mrs. Harriet, of Norwood, aged 47, died 19th Sept.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Head, Isabella, widow of John Head, esq., at Ipswich, aged 65; Oct. 19.

Heymar, Captain, Paymaster of the 4th Light Dragoons, at Kirkee, India.

Hodges, Wm., esq., 15, Cumberland Terrace; Oct. 21.

Hollingworth, Marian, daughter of Archdeacon Hollingworth, at Hampstead, aged 2; Oct. 3.

Holmer, Ann, relict of Wm., esq., late of Southwark, at Hammersmith, aged 34; Oct. 12.

Home, Alexander, Earl of Home; at the Hirsell, aged 72; Oct. 24.

Hort, Barbara, wife of his Excellency Major Hort, 81st regiment, Lieut.-Governor of Dominica.

Hume, Mrs., in Gloucester Place; Oct. 11.

Jones, William Fowler, esq., of Ashurst Park, in the county of Kent; in Cavendish-square, Oct. 24.

Jesson, Henry, esq., of Wolverhampton, aged 77; Oct. 10.

Johnson, Charles Howard, ygst. son of the late Wm. Johnson, esq., Canton Place, East India Road, aged 18; Oct. 5.

Koch, Rosalie, ygst. daughter of Robert Koch, esq., her Majesty's Vice Consul at Frankfurt.

Leigh, John George, esq., at St. John's-wood, aged 67; Sept. 28.

Leekie, Elizabeth Canson, the beloved wife of Captain James Henry Leekie, late 39th regiment, at St. Helena Terrace, Richmond, Surrey; Oct. 26.

Liddell, Charlotte, relict of the late William Liddell, esq., aged 81; Oct. 19.

Martin, Mrs. Coote, widow of the late Lieut.-Col. Coote Martin, Grenadier Guards, at Tunbridge Wells; Oct. 7.

Mackenzie, Caroline, wife of Roderick, esq., of Flowerburn, Ross-shire, and daughter of the late — Nicholson, of Bradley Hall, Durham; Oct. 20.

M'Kenzie, Emma Rebecca, daughter of Stephen M'Kenzie, esq., Thornton Heath, Croyden, aged 6 months, died 5th Oct.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Melhuish, Miss Mary Anne; at Taunton, Somersetshire, Oct. 16.

Morgan, Emma, the beloved wife of the Rev. Henry Morgan, and eldest daughter of the late Major Henry Scott, of Bislow, Salop; at Peckham, Oct. 18.

Monson, the Right Hon. Frederick John, Lord Monson, much respected and regretted, aged 32; Oct. 7.

Millington, Maria, wife of the Rev. R. H. Millington, at Westerham, Kent, aged 37; Oct. 2.

Nelson, Charles, the beloved son of the Rev. John Nelson, Rector of Beeston, near Millham, and Little Durham, Norfolk. His amiable qualities and unvarying excellence of conduct had rendered him dear to all around him, aged 16; Sept. 26.

Ogle, Henry, esq., Lieutenant Royal Navy, eldest son of the Rev. John Seville Ogle, of Kirkley-hall, Northumberland, and Prebendary of Durham; at Eastbourne, Sussex, after a short illness, Oct. 17.

Peate, Elizabeth, relict of the late John Peate, esq., of Bells Hill; Northumberland, at Belford, Oct. 4.

Pechell, dowager Lady Brooke; at Hampton Court Palace, aged 81, Oct. 23.

Perring, Harriette, third daughter of the late J. Perring, esq., of Combefforey, in the county of Somerset, deeply regretted; Oct. 5.

Rawes, Robert Booth, M.A.; at Bromley, Kent, aged 56, Oct. 21.

Roberts, Thomas Lockwood, ygst. son of the Rev. Richard Roberts, of Wallingford, Berks, at George Town, Demerara, aged 27; Sept. 17.

Robinson, Letitia, widow of the late George Robinson, esq., at Plumstead-common, aged 57; Oct. 6.

Sanders, Ann, the beloved wife of Charles Sanders, esq., of St. John's, Exmouth; in Great Cumberland Street, Oct. 12.

Sampson, Elizabeth Corbett, to the irreparable loss of her husband and family, after nine months' suffering; at Langley Vicarage, Oct. 6.

Schofield, Sarah Ann, daughter of Mr. Henry Schofield, Bridge Road, Lambeth, aged 17 months; died 27th Sept.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Stephenson, Hon. Jane, relict of John Stephenson, esq.; at Chessington, aged 68, Oct. 8.

Stories, John George, ygst. son of the Rev. John George Stories, Vicar of Camberwell; Sept. 29.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Port Edward, son of Robert Arthur S., North Road, aged 9 months 27, died 9 Oct.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Mary, wife of A., esq., surgeon. the third daughter of Thomas N. of Reigate, Surrey, deeply loved by her family and friends; after illness, Aug. 24.

Totham, Albert,, 3rd. son of the late John Tot., esq., of Dorset Place, Regent's Park; at Jamaica.

Tomkinson, the Rev. James, at Dorfold, Cheshire, aged 60; Oct. 5.

Thornhill, Henry Cromwell, son of Walter Thornhill, Brewer-street, Golden-square, aged 4, died 4th Oct.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Vetch, Wm. Drummond, 2d son of Captain James Vetch, Royal Engineers, of scar, at Hamilton-place, Birmingham, aged 4, at

Wathan,, widow of the late Samuel Wathan, Newhouse., at Balham, Surrey, aged 71,

Wharton,, wife of — Wharton, esq., Park Road, Clapham, aged 61, died 22d Sept.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Wich, James D., at Leytonstone, aged 35; Oct. 7.

Weldon, Walter, esq., at Camden Road Villas, Camden Town, no 178; Oct. 2.

Wheeler, Isabella, wife of Charles John Wheeler, esq., at the Spring, Kennilworth, aged 70; Sept. 30.

White, Miss Maria Elizabeth, Coventry-street, St. James, aged 19, died 7th Oct.; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Wood, Lady of Charles, esq., M.P., in Eaton Square; Oct. 17.

Wyatt, Louisa, wife of Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Wyatt, of consumption; at Paris, Oct. "

Young, Elizabeth, relict of the late Edward Young, esq. of Sydenham, at the house of father, Bro. Roberts, esq., in D. Oct. 1.

Office for Printing and Publishing the Court Magazine, No. 5, Rathbone Place (Oxford Street).

A plan of a PRINTED ALPHABETICAL REGISTRATION of MARRIAGE, BIRTHS and DEATHS, was proposed some years back to the Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the *Harrow Road Cemetery* and the new system of exhumation in England—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse to the country might be made, namely by the Parish where a death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed and, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, printed somewhere about the year 1837—12 years afterwards. The plan the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system if present, is strikingly displayed in the name of in a residence was in, he died in Sussex, and he was buried in Middlesex—a few hence how laborious might be the search, notwithstanding the present annual registration act, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred, likewise also with persons marrying away from home.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not a few concerned will be inconsiderate enough not to register with this establishment. So also a—how often is the house, in which born, together unknown—the place, even when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, very few Life Assurance establishments which would not at once receive this *proof piece* the day of birth as *proof positive* of an individual's age.

